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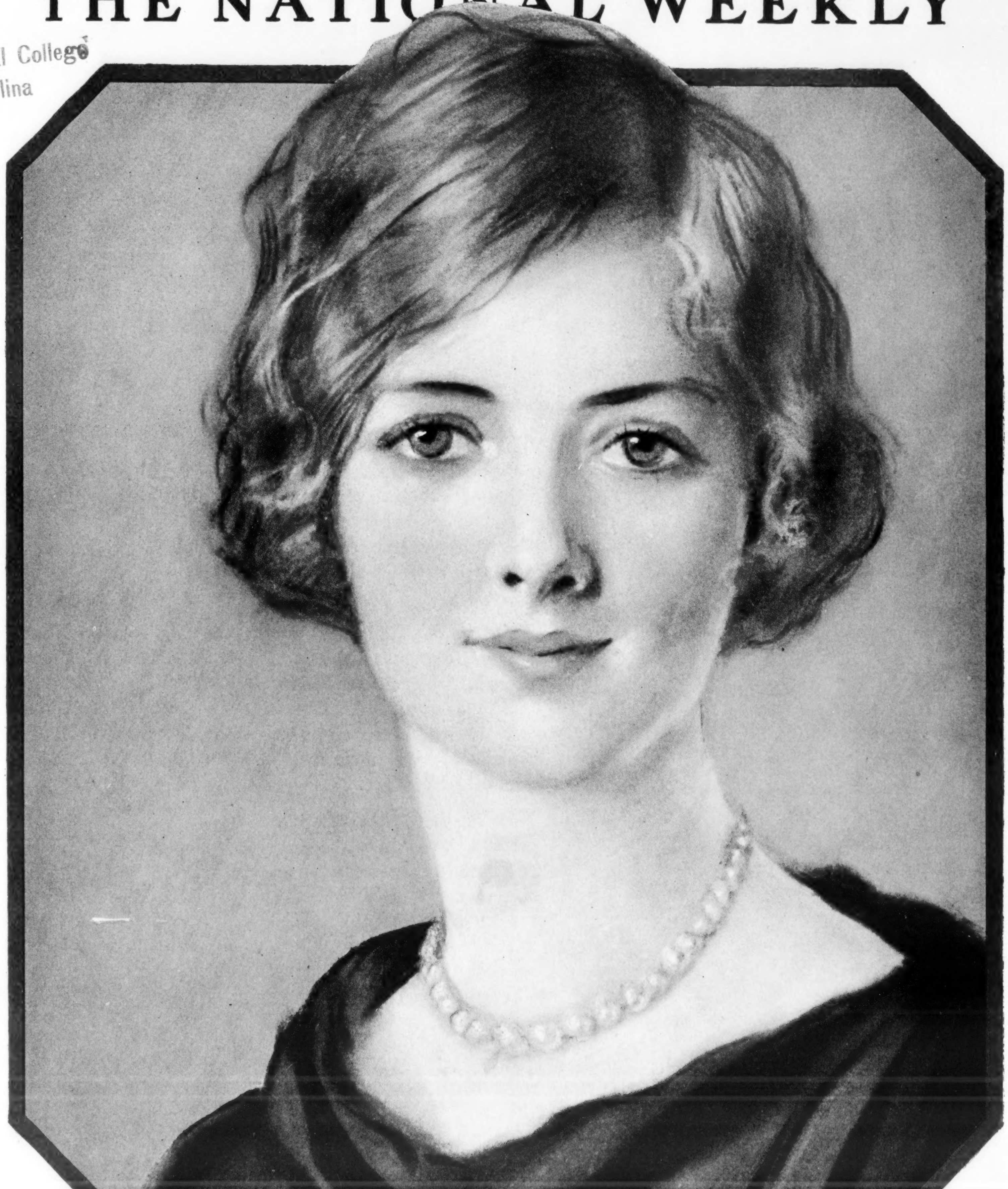

Cover by Haskell Coffin

“Just Dying to Go on the Stage”

By George Arliss

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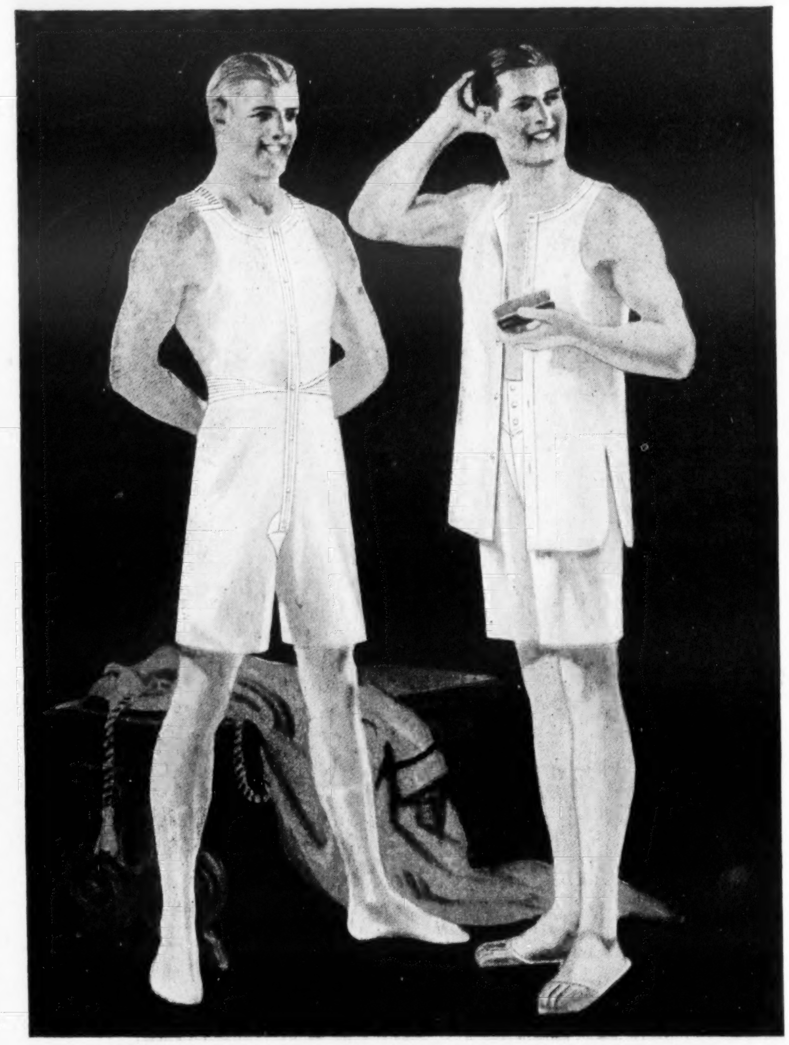

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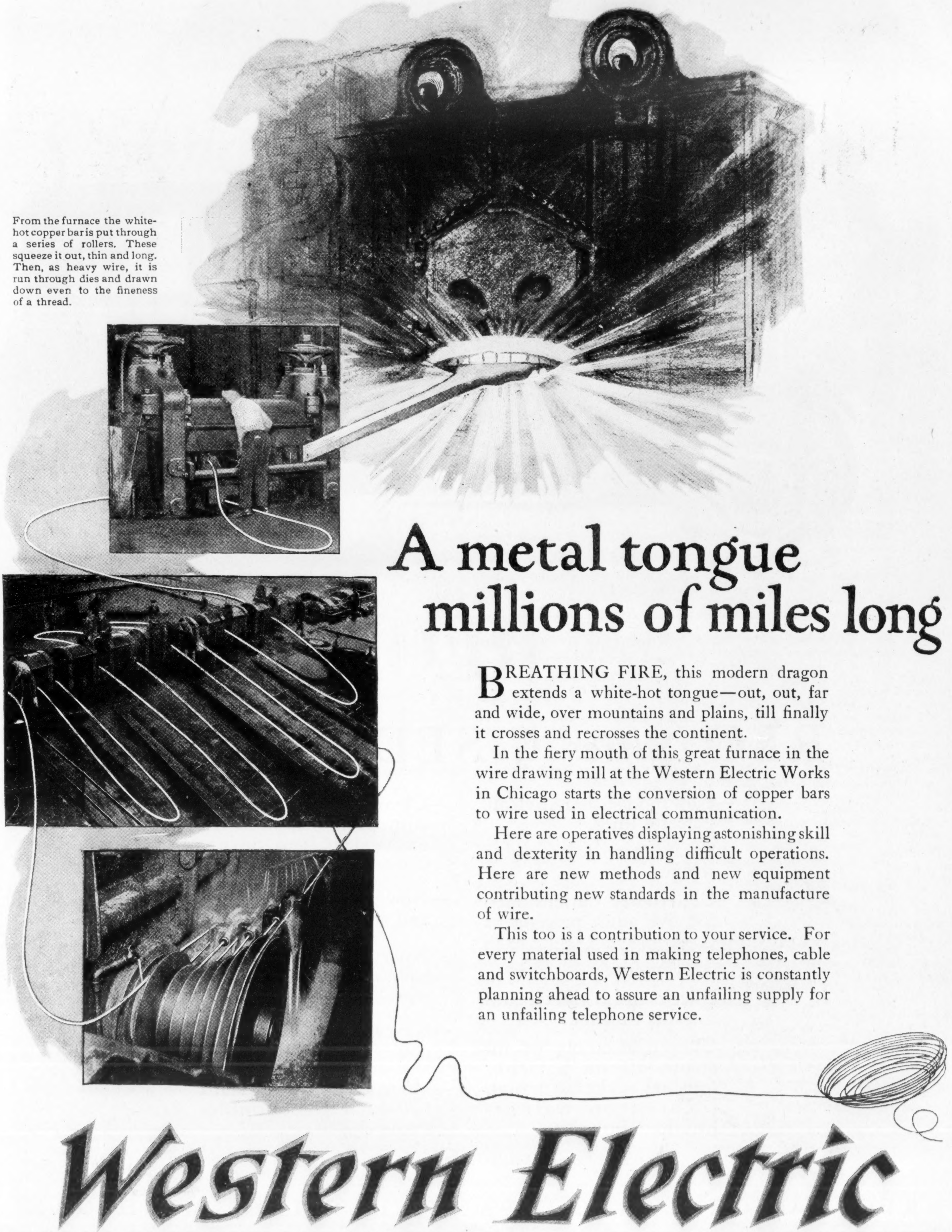

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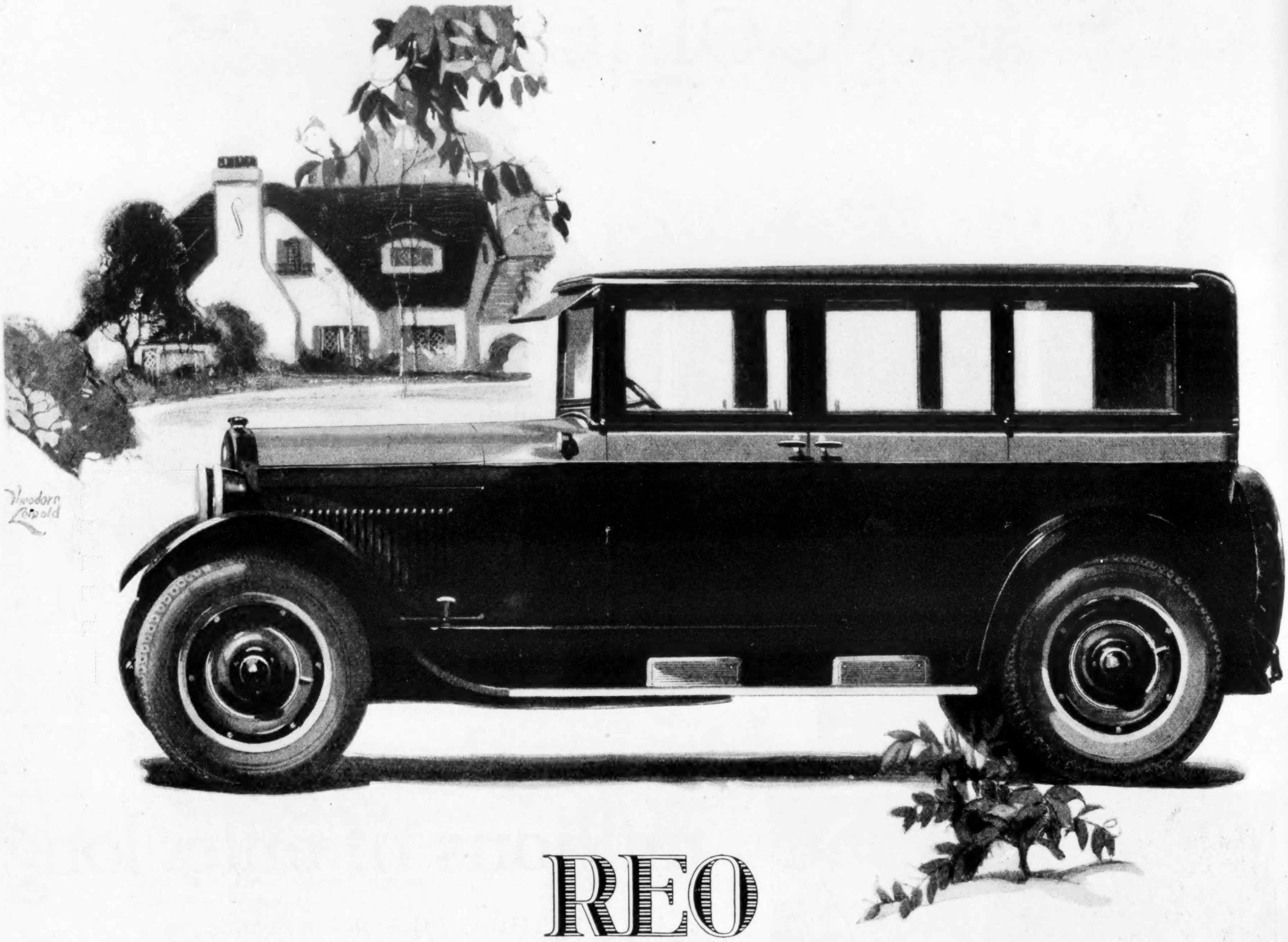

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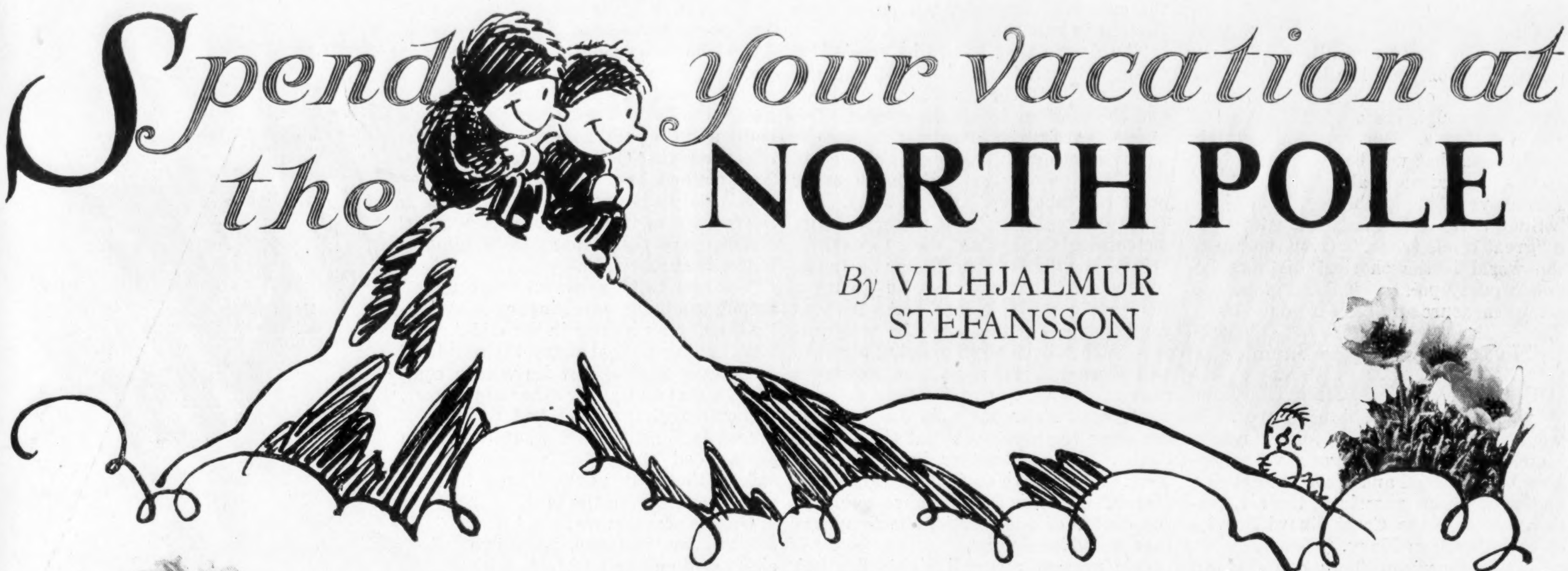
Spend your vacation at the NORTH POLE



By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

When this picture was taken Mr. Stefansson was 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle. His costume is of blue denim. The poppies were not imported for the occasion

YOU think it's impossible? Well, read this article. It's by a great explorer and he explodes some of our pet ideas about the arctic regions. He has found the "frozen north" full of grass and flowers and animal life; and he sees no reason why we can't summer near the top of the earth—provided we can discover land there. Too cold? Don't you believe it! "If land is found," he says, "it will have a climate similar to that of Montana and probably will look like our prairies." Too hard to reach? Not to-day, thanks to the airplane. The explorers are busy now. Land may be found. And it won't be long before you can hop in a plane, have a look at the Pole and forget all about torrid weather.

BEFORE long you may be planning to spend your summers not far from the North Pole. Nothing completely crazy about it, nor is it too soon to take the idea under consideration.

There may be land at or near the center of the Arctic—not a continent, but plenty for a summer resort. If there is, and it is low, it has only light snows in winter—snow that disappears like magic in the spring, giving place to carpets of grass and flowers wherever the soil permits. If there are mountains, then and only then will you have permanent ice on shore, although there will be floating ice in the surrounding seas all summer.

Butterflies and bumblebees on this possible land? Why not? Peary reported finding both on the north coasts of Greenland and Ellesmere Land. We found grass and flowers and insects on the remotest islands that we discovered—Borden Island, for instance.

But is there land of any size? If so, what size? What are the reasons for asserting that it has a livable climate? What good would such land be?

Peary went to the North Pole, but scientific men now realize that another pole is more important—the Pole of Inaccessibility.

We now know that instead of the North Pole being near the center of the icy area in the north, and therefore corresponding in difficulty to the top of a mountain, it really lies only one third of the way inside the fields of floating ice.

Ships can sail to the edge of the ice and airplanes can start from the ships' decks from the water beside the ship, or from near-by land.

The Pole of Inaccessibility lies near 84° north latitude and 160° west longitude, or nearly 400 miles from the North Pole, in the direction of Alaska.

That point, not the North Pole, corresponds to the top of a mountain, and is and always has been the most inaccessible place in the Northern Hemisphere.

The hardest point to reach, and no one has ever reached it!

What an appeal to the sporting instinct! The progress of aircraft has at last made the feat possible.

Three of this summer's expeditions to the north have been widely advertised. I happen to know of a fourth expedition now hatching in New York and so carefully guarded that nothing can be said at this time as to its backers or its method of attack.

Everybody knows about the Norwegian-American expedition, which was planned by Roald Amundsen of Christiania (Oslo) and financed by Lincoln Ellsworth of New York.

No doubt by the time this appears the British and the American expeditions will have started. Grettir Algarsson, a Canadian of Icelandic descent, commands the former; and Donald MacMillan, who is backed by the National Geographic Society, is leading the latter.

Any or all of these explorers may discover new land somewhere in the million square miles of unexplored sea that centers about the Pole of Inaccessibility.

Would such lands have intrinsic value? Yes. Not for purchase this year or next, but to take their place as way stations in transarctic flights ten or fifty years from now when air commerce expands, and as lands to be colonized when more southerly countries become overcrowded.

Coal and oil and good grazing for reindeer have been found on the most northerly islands so far discovered. Other resources may be discovered later.

Scientists have established the principle that no land in the Arctic can be permanently snow-covered unless it is mountainous.

If land is found, it will have a climate similar to that of Montana or Dakota. Its appearance will probably be not unlike that of our Western prairies. The winters will be eight months long, but at their extreme not much colder than January in Dakota and not so cold as the northern edge of the wheat belt in Siberia. For extreme winter temperature depends upon a combination of three factors: great elevation above sea level, great distance from the equator, great distance away from the ocean. Only the middle condition is likely to exist in the Inaccessible Land.

Stepping Stones Across the Sea

INACCESSIBLE LAND cannot be a continent. We call Greenland an island—no room there for an island as big.

It is improbable that there is an island as big as New Guinea. The soundings taken by Peary, Nansen and my own expedition show abysmal depths around the unexplored area. Deep soundings are seldom obtained anywhere near land. This is the chief of many reasons why any land existing cannot be large.

From the absence of icebergs in the polar ocean, we know that there is no land there with an ice cap extending down to the sea, as there is in Greenland. This means that, if land there is, it cannot be high and certainly has no great mountains near the sea. Therefore we say with confidence that it is livable; with entire confidence we tell in advance the climate.

But think what this means! Stepping stones across the polar sea, way stations for future airplanes and dirigibles that will eventually make a network of transportation lines about the globe.

A train or an automobile must stick to land. A ship must stick to water. But in the air you can go straight.

The shortest way from Chicago to Calcutta is to fly north along the west shore of Lake Michigan, across Lake Superior, over Hudson Bay, and thence across the Arctic to Siberia, passing over the Trans-Siberian Railway at Tomsk.

That will be the easy part of your flying. The great difficulties will come on the rest of your bee line, when you have to rise over the Tibetan Plateau and go through some of the passes of the Himalayas. But you can certainly find passes that will be less than 15,000 feet. Our airmen already fly 35,000 feet above Dayton, Ohio.

Such a route is what navigators call a "great circle track." Over the top of the world is the shortest distance between many points. Take a globe and a tape measure and see for yourself.

No Darkness in the Summer

THE chief value of Inaccessible Land would be to world commerce. It would be a place of mooring masts, landing fields and hangars, with supplies of fuel, food and other necessaries, and with rescue vessels of the air, corresponding to the Coast Guard Service of the American Navy.

If the American fliers can find an island in the middle of the polar sea, if they plant the Stars and Stripes on it and follow up discovery by exploration and occupation, the United States will have the same sort of base in the Arctic Ocean that the Hawaiian Islands are in the Pacific.

What conditions face the fliers north this summer?

The polar sea is not a stormy one. Reports of especially stormy weather come only from people encamped on shore or traveling near land.

There have been only four expeditions that are really entitled to give testimony as to Arctic weather far from land. They are the Jeannette (1879-1881), Nansen (1893-1895), my own expedition (1913-1918), and the voyage still going on, of Amundsen's Maud, which is commanded by Captain Wisting.

Some of the Jeannette's records were lost and Wisting's records are not yet in. Nansen reported the outstanding peculiarity of Arctic weather to be the prevalence of calms and light winds. The reports of my own expedition put the case less strongly, but agree with Nansen in general.

The Arctic that has to be crossed in flying between the Old World and the New is one of the least stormy areas, and the weather is not the coldest. The temperature at the North Pole for the entire month of July, ten feet above sea level, is probably around the freezing point (32° above zero Fahrenheit). Because of conditions well understood by meteorologists, but not easy to explain briefly, the air over the Arctic basins in summer gets warmer as you go up a thousand or two thousand feet. A thousand feet above the pole, the temperature in the shade of your flying aircraft will average from ten to twenty degrees above freezing, or forty to fifty degrees above zero Fahrenheit, in July—about the same temperatures that the United States Mail encounters between New York and Chicago on its daily flights in March. Over the Pole of Inaccessibility, the center of the Arctic, the temperature would be similar.

Our present air-mail flights are not all of them daily. Some of them are really nightly. But in summer there is no night in the Arctic—another polar advantage.

Arctic fogs are very prevalent, it is true. They are more numerous than north Atlantic fogs in summer, and may even average denser. But they are low-lying. Between Newfoundland and Ireland you would usually have to fly right through the fog banks, but in the Arctic you could usually fly over them.

There may be snowstorms. But they will be no worse than those met day by day by our transcontinental air mails in winter. They are a nuisance here, and will be a nuisance there, but they seldom break the New York-Chicago schedule badly and they will have no more serious effect on the Chicago-Calcutta trans-Arctic schedule of the future.

A disadvantage of the Arctic route is the fewness of landing places at present. Neither are there many good landing places in the Atlantic—yet.

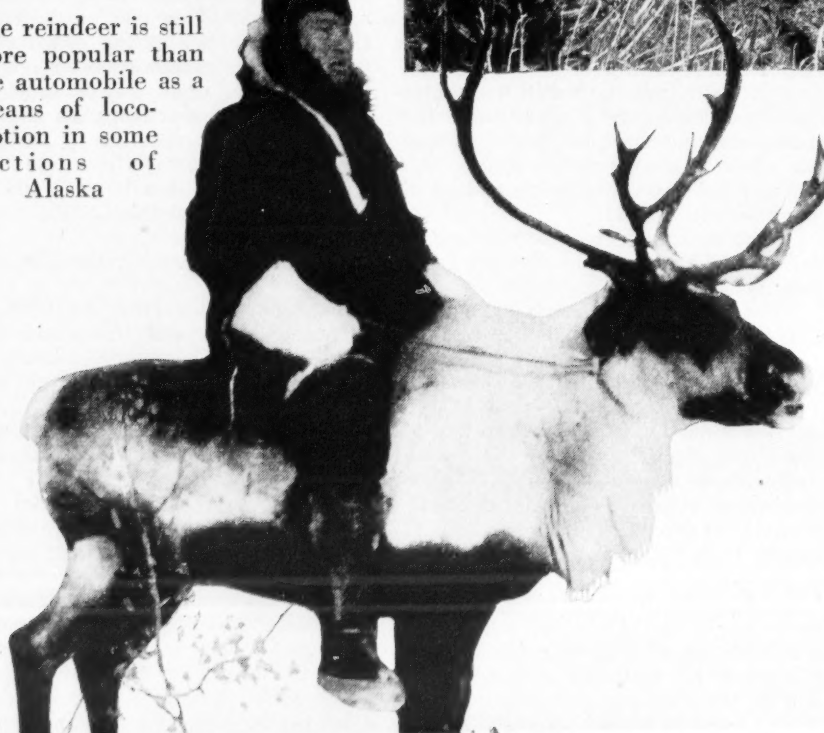
You may think you would rather land among tumbling waves in the mid-Atlantic than on an ice floe in the mid-Arctic. But, having walked many thousands of miles over floating sea ice with a compass, a gun and a few other appliances, I should feel that if I had to make a forced landing there I would have the same good chance of getting out in safety that our parties have had on many occasions in the past.

On one occasion we found ourselves, for instance, with two sick men in a party of four, with provisions for less than ten days and nothing to rely on except our guns, 700 miles from the nearest Eskimos or other human beings. There are few places in the Arctic where you could make a forced landing and find yourself farther from assistance than we were then. Presumably none of your companions would be sick at the time—unless, of course, they were injured in the landing—and it would not be too much to expect that you would carry at least ten days' provisions and two or three rifles, with ammunition, and a sledge.

With that much outfit you would be as well off as we were at 80° 30′ north latitude and 110° west longitude in May, 1917. But we shot game for ourselves and the dogs, nursed our sick two weeks till they were well, and reached human beings before the end of August.

She lives in Arctic Canada, but she can have all the flowers she wants

In country like this—north of the Arctic Circle—760 kinds of flowering plants have been found



The reindeer is still more popular than the automobile as a means of locomotion in some sections of Alaska

To Banish the Northern Terrors

ANOTHER advantage of the transarctic route is that most big centers of population are separated by mountain ranges if you fly east and west, but by lowlands and seas if you fly north and south. Mountains are a special nuisance for dirigibles, as we learned in the United States when the papers reported to us so completely the first coast-to-coast voyage of the Shenandoah.

But the greatest advantage of the Arctic route is that you save miles, and therefore time. The shortest distance, for instance, from New York to Canton, China, is almost directly north and south. With only slight deviations from that route, as customary in picking up traffic on railways and steamers, you would have six cities of over 600,000 to more than 1,000,000 inhabitants each located on that route—Montreal, Peking, Shanghai, Hangchow, Ningpo and Foochow. Flying from Jacksonville to Canton, you would not have to deviate much from the straight route to pick up Chicago and Winnipeg and then the same Asiatic cities we have just named.

These are, then, important projects we have before us, the various schemes for flying the Arctic this summer. The interest in merely getting to the North Pole is sentimental, and hardly that, since a place cannot be discovered more than once. Peary reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909, and anyone who visits it now will be no more than a glorified tourist.

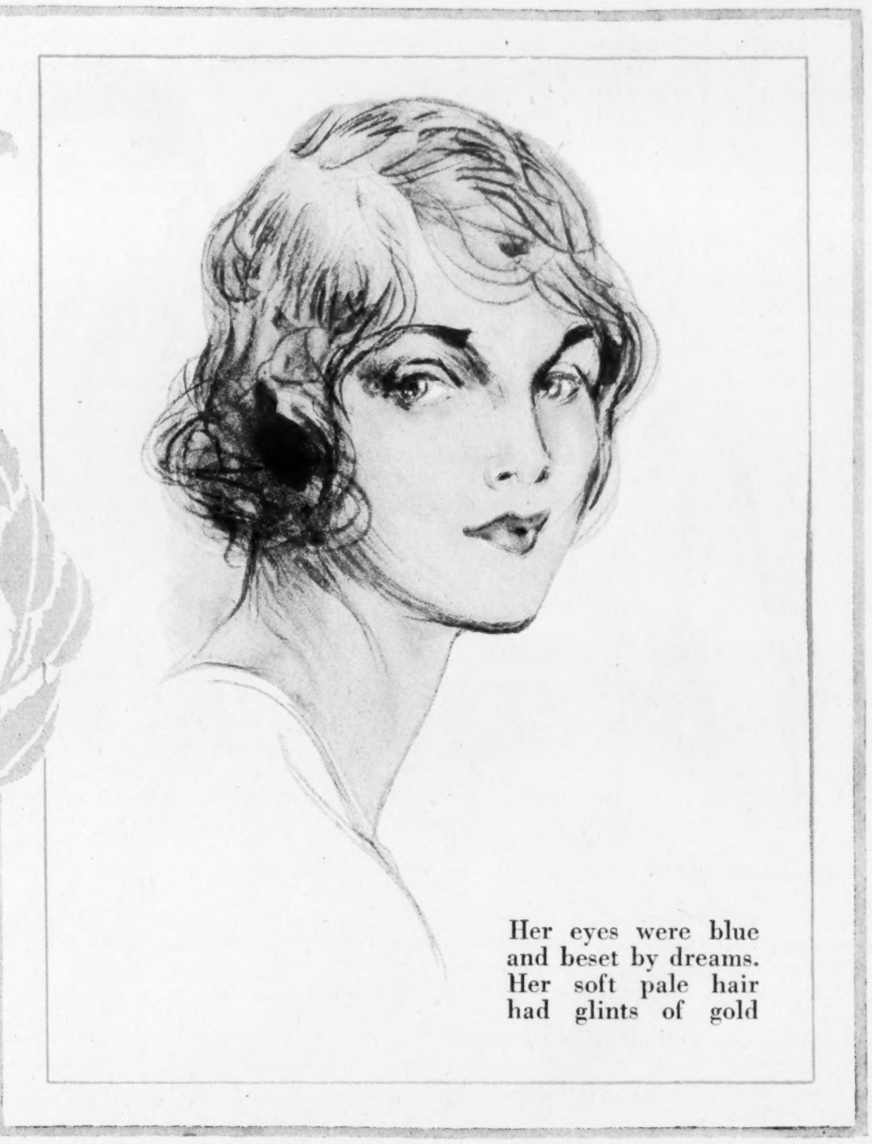
Islands that may be discovered, whether large or small, will be chiefly valuable as stepping stones across the Arctic, somewhat as the Hawaiian Islands are stepping stones in the Pacific. Most Arctic islands do have intrinsic mineral and other value, but that will develop later.

The chief thing is to cross the Arctic, and to banish the imaginary northern terrors somewhat as Columbus banished the twilight and the dragons of the Atlantic. When that is accomplished we shall be at the beginning of a new era of international communication and world commerce.

Rose-Lee

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL



Her eyes were blue and beset by dreams. Her soft pale hair had glints of gold

"NO," said Sonia, at the door of the waiting-room, "it's after office hours. You can't see the doctor."

Davy relayed this to the doctor, who sat at his desk in the front office. Davy added: "Gee, the new mother's all right. She's no softy like you."

The doctor looked up and frowned. "What's this? Are you and she to put me in my place? Revolt! Up!"

And he hurried back into the dimly lit waiting-room. Sonia was just saying, "No matter how important it is."

Turning, she tried to warn the doctor from approaching. Her eyes flashed, she almost stamped her foot. But he marched on.

"How! How!" he boomed. "Who is trying to break in here?"

Sonia whispered: "Oh, you won't let me help you, you won't!" She sighed, chagrined, and gave way. . . .

"It's I, Roy Finkel, Dr. Rast," said a young man. "And I've got a young lady here. Rose-Lee, come into the light."

There came a timid, frail, beautiful creature out of the darkness of the hall. She raised her eyes: they were blue and beset by dreams. Her soft pale hair had glints of gold. Her hands were delicate, her feet small, and she stood, in a little light coat, as if she were thistledown ready to blow away.

It was Sonia, lover of all beauty, who said then, "Do come in," and Roy Finkel and Rose-Lee entered.

"Do you mind, Rose-Lee, sitting here, while I talk to the doctor a little?"

Her voice was low, soft, but very clear—clear as well water. "No, I will wait, Roy."

"Davy," said the doctor, "out with you. Way for the emperor!"

Davy shot a malicious look at his father, and muttered, "You don't treat the new mother right, Dad."

"I'm no good," said the doctor. "Make tracks!"

He shut the door on Davy and motioned the young man to the big chair beside the desk. Then he lit his pipe. "It's a story, is it?" he asked.

"The strangest story, Doctor," said Roy. "You know I'm a photographer, over on Rivington Street—regular, have a showcase on the sidewalk, family photographs. And on the top floor a skylight studio, and live in adjoining rooms. My mother's a little old bright woman who helps me. She talks to the sitters, makes the arrangements, brings them in—makes them smile. She's a good woman, and I've been a good son to her."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor.

"I've only had one big weakness," Roy went on. "I would like to make pictures of angels and nymphs and gods. I get tired of family stuff, girl graduates, grandmothers, four generations, and look this way, please. I'm sort of absent-minded. It's bad for business."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor.

"Now, I've never been married, Doctor, because I've never seen a woman that pleased me. My mother, bless her, pleases me well enough. She's like bread and salt and a bank account. But once I read something by a man about a woman 'with a star on her forehead.' You are a student, Doctor, and a professor, and know what I mean.

"It isn't either as if I hadn't seen enough women. They come every day—stout and thin, tall and short, young and old. One look is enough. I feel as if they were relations. Relations never have stars on their foreheads.

"Now I have a little money and could take care of a woman. My mother wouldn't mind. She likes to cook, sew, and do business, but she doesn't like to listen to me. She says, 'You need a little bird to sing with you.' She is quite right. It would be a nice arrangement. And now, Doctor, you will understand it."

The doctor looked at Roy. "About what?"

"Rose-Lee," said Roy.

"And she is the story?"

"She is the story. . . ." Roy leaned forward eagerly. "Doctor, it was six months ago, Indian summer, and stars in the evening. Mother said, 'Go and get me some pig's knuckles and sauerkraut.' Just as I got down to the lower hall, in walks Rose-Lee, and falls down on the floor. I pushed her up, sitting against the wall like a puppet, and rubbed her hands. And I looked at her. And I was never the same man again. She had a star on her forehead."

AS HE said this, it seemed as if some hidden man spoke in him. The crispness went out of his voice, and in its place a deep sustained tone, a depth of pure feeling, a kind of awe. His eyes shone with tears, his lips quivered.

"You see," he went on, "I rubbed her little hands, and I thought, 'I am your slave.' I begged her to speak. And she opened her eyes upon me, and when I saw them, I could not see. I was crying. And then she stared far away, and said, 'Oh, the lilacs . . . he crushed them . . . and now he is gone!' and then she fell down again in a faint.

"She was so light, Doctor, in my arms, as I carried her up the stairs. I could have carried her to the stars. I took her in to my mother, who made eyes and said, 'Heavy day! what is this?' But she is a good woman, my mother. She put Rose-Lee to bed in our extra room, and a hot-water bag for her feet, and gave her some milk to drink. And Rose-Lee slept and was content. . . .

"I told my mother: 'She is in some trouble and has run off. We must not tell anyone. We must give her shelter and take care of her. She is sick and hungry, tired and frightened.'

"'Ah,' said my mother, 'you love her already. But be careful. She may belong to some man.'

"Do you know what we found out then, Doctor? She had no memory. She knew neither her name nor where she came from. She did not know her childhood or her people. Yet she could tell everything about her, and liked this and disliked that. What do you call it, Doctor?"

"Aphasia," said the doctor.

"That's it. So as she didn't have a name I said to her, 'Do you mind if I name you?' 'No,' she said. 'Then,' I said, 'I will call you Rose-Lee.'

"She was lovely and gentle, Doctor, and so graceful. She flitted in and out, it didn't seem her feet touched anything. She was shy and always behind something, tripping away when customers came. But she helped Mother, and sewed, and cleaned the rooms, and sat and dreamed. And all the time it was as if her memories were trying to be remembered. She seemed far off even when she talked to me, and looked away, and was startled at a noise, and sometimes big tears came into her eyes.

"And when she came," he went on, "oh, it was like life coming into my heart. It was like when you hear music suddenly when you are sad. It seemed to me as if the top floor was a garden and she was all the flowers in it. Everything grew light. I thought: 'If I could spend all day watching her, the way you watch a rose open and then shut, and if I could just make pictures of her all the time, then my top floor would be Paradise.' You know, Doctor. She was just like a dream, and I didn't wake up. I took all kinds of pictures of her. Here are a few."

And he drew out some photographs and passed them to the doctor. The doctor examined them.

"Yes," he said, "she is unusual, beautiful. You are much in love with her."

"Ah," said Roy, "I am her slave. Nothing else matters. If she asked for my right hand, I would chop it off."

"And have you found out nothing about her?" asked the doctor.

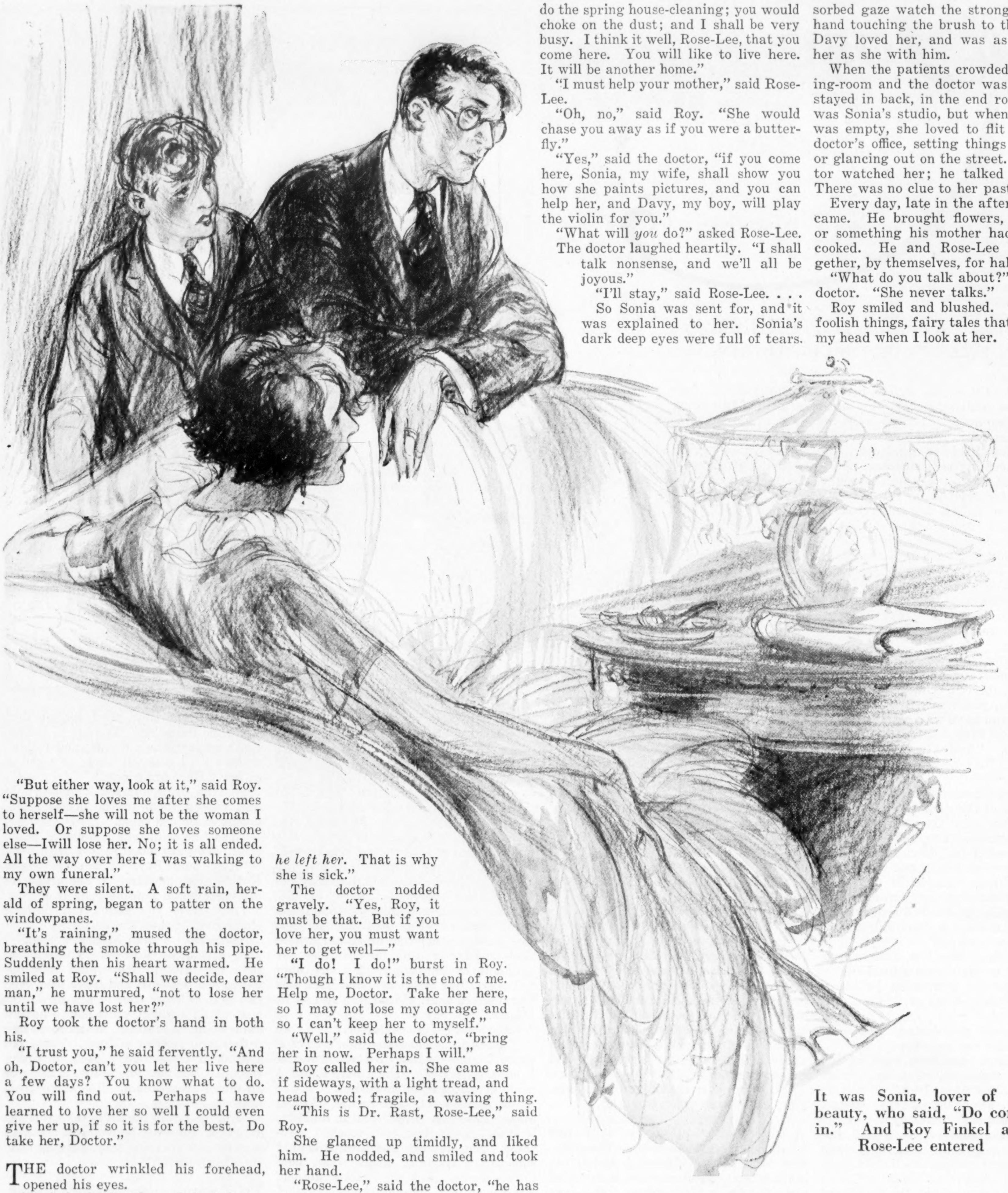
"Nothing. I was afraid, afraid. I was afraid of doctors. They would take her away. She would find out where she belonged and leave me. And you see, Doctor, this is the strangest part of it: I didn't want her to have a name, and a family, a mother and father, and a street address. Then, you see, she'd be a real person, a young woman. But now she is like a fairy or an angel or a dream. She came from nowhere."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor gently, "but didn't it ever strike you that others may be suffering and sorrowing because she disappeared?"

ROY gave an agonized groan. "Oh, God in heaven," he broke out, "it is terrible. It is a sin. But I love her so. Don't you see, Doctor," he went on passionately, "why I had to see you to-night? My conscience could bear it no longer. And I heard you were a good man and would understand and would help. See what I have done! If I waited till to-morrow, I'd have had no courage left. Bringing her here, I am giving her up. My whole life is over. Yes, I am a dead man."

His face went white, broke out in perspiration, and he sank back. . . .

"It may not be as bad as that," said the doctor.



It was Sonia, lover of all beauty, who said, "Do come in." And Roy Finkel and Rose-Lee entered

"But either way, look at it," said Roy. "Suppose she loves me after she comes to herself—she will not be the woman I loved. Or suppose she loves someone else—Iwill lose her. No; it is all ended. All the way over here I was walking to my own funeral."

They were silent. A soft rain, herald of spring, began to patter on the windowpanes.

"It's raining," mused the doctor, breathing the smoke through his pipe. Suddenly then his heart warmed. He smiled at Roy. "Shall we decide, dear man," he murmured, "not to lose her until we have lost her?"

Roy took the doctor's hand in both his.

"I trust you," he said fervently. "And oh, Doctor, can't you let her live here a few days? You know what to do. You will find out. Perhaps I have learned to love her so well I could even give her up, if so it is for the best. Do take her, Doctor."

THE doctor wrinkled his forehead, opened his eyes.

"Ha! that's the plan. I don't know. But tell me first," he went on, "you said that when you found her she said something about lilacs?"

"Yes," said Roy. "I remember every word distinctly. She said, 'Oh, the lilacs . . . he crushed them . . . and now he is gone.' "

"Did you question her?"

"Yes. She remembered nothing." He began to tremble; his voice lowered. "I've thought often about 'he crushed them, and now he is gone.' But I wouldn't even admit to myself what I know is true. When the thought comes, I grow faint and sick. Yet I've got to say it, Doctor. *She loved someone, and he left her.* That is why she is sick."

The doctor nodded gravely. "Yes, Roy, it must be that. But if you love her, you must want her to get well—"

"I do! I do!" burst in Roy. "Though I know it is the end of me. Help me, Doctor. Take her here, so I may not lose my courage and so I can't keep her to myself."

"Well," said the doctor, "bring her in now. Perhaps I will."

Roy called her in. She came as if sideways, with a light tread, and head bowed; fragile, a waving thing.

"This is Dr. Rast, Rose-Lee," said Roy.

She glanced up timidly, and liked him. He nodded, and smiled and took her hand.

"Rose-Lee," said the doctor, "he has given you a beautiful name."

"Yes," came her clear, low voice.

"And didn't you ever have another name?"

Her eyes became dreamy, her voice far and faint. "I don't remember."

"You remember the lilacs?"

"What lilacs?"

He laughed softly: "We were just talking. Don't bother, Rose-Lee. Only tell me this: would you come and live here with Mrs. Rast and Davy and me a few days?"

She glanced at Roy.

"This is not my home," she said.

Roy cleared his throat; his face paled. "You see, Rose-Lee, my mother must do the spring house-cleaning; you would choke on the dust; and I shall be very busy. I think it well, Rose-Lee, that you come here. You will like to live here. It will be another home."

"I must help your mother," said Rose-Lee.

"Oh, no," said Roy. "She would chase you away as if you were a butterfly."

"Yes," said the doctor, "if you come here, Sonia, my wife, shall show you how she paints pictures, and you can help her, and Davy, my boy, will play the violin for you."

"What will *you* do?" asked Rose-Lee.

The doctor laughed heartily. "I shall talk nonsense, and we'll all be joyous."

"I'll stay," said Rose-Lee. . . .

So Sonia was sent for, and it was explained to her. Sonia's dark deep eyes were full of tears. She gathered Rose-Lee close in her arms. . . .

"How beautiful you are," she said.

Roy leaned and kissed the frail hand of Rose-Lee. "I shall call to-morrow," he said. "I shall be lonely, Rose-Lee, but I shall come every day to see you."

THEY hardly knew that she was there, and yet she permeated the place like a perfume. She was always receding like a shadow if anyone approached; or going into an empty room and dusting the furniture. Sometimes she sat at the window and watched the people pass. Or she would sit on a wooden box beside Sonia, and with absorbed gaze watch the strong painter's hand touching the brush to the canvas. Davy loved her, and was as shy with her as she with him.

When the patients crowded the waiting-room and the doctor was busy, she stayed in back, in the end room, which was Sonia's studio, but when the front was empty, she loved to flit about the doctor's office, setting things to rights, or glancing out on the street. The doctor watched her; he talked with her. There was no clue to her past.

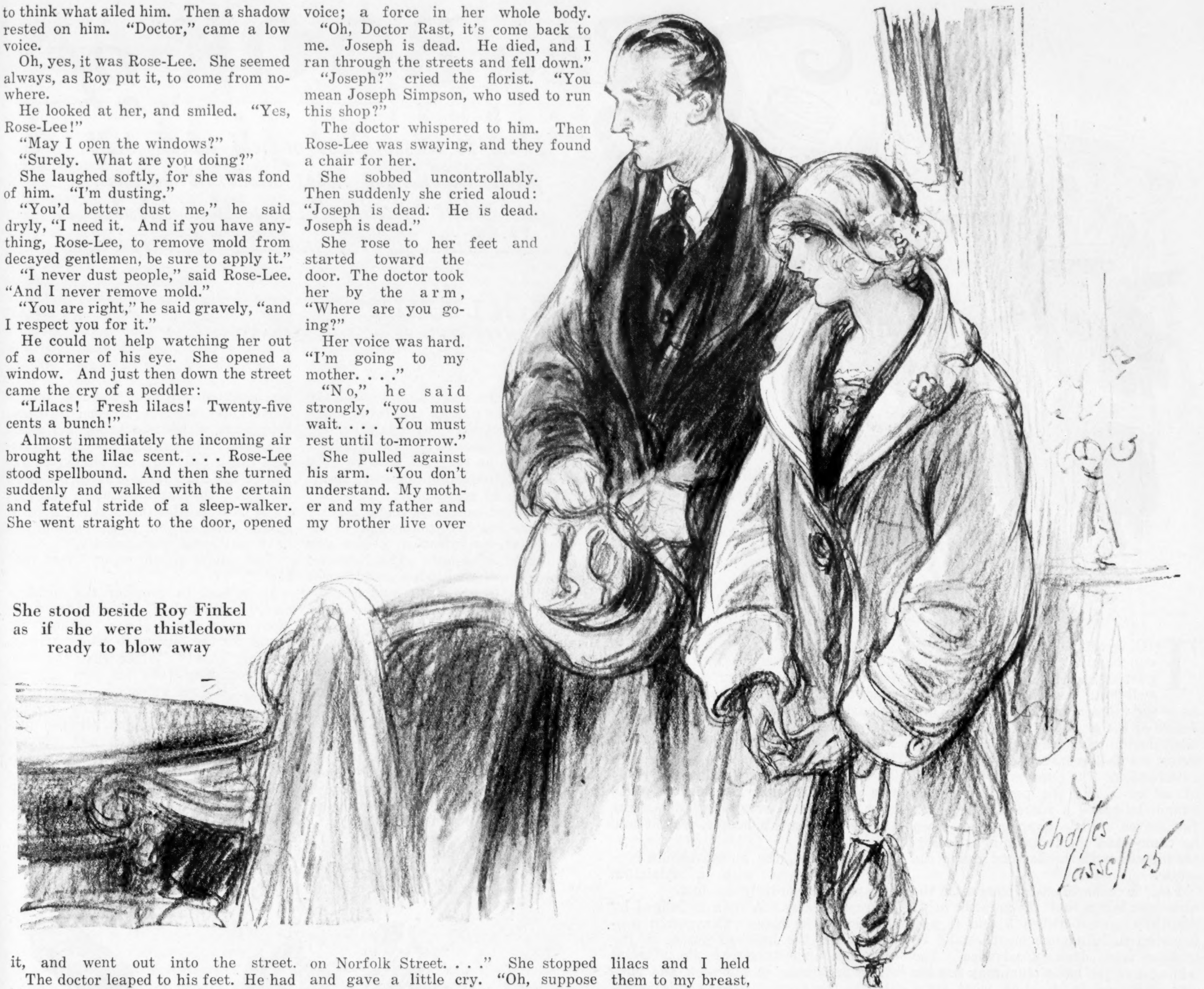
Every day, late in the afternoon, Roy came. He brought flowers, or candy, or something his mother had specially cooked. He and Rose-Lee talked together, by themselves, for half an hour.

"What do you talk about?" asked the doctor. "She never talks."

Roy smiled and blushed. "I tell her foolish things, fairy tales that come into my head when I look at her. You know, Doctor. Moonbeams and toadstools, and the princess who was once a star. It is very foolish; but she listens and asks me questions."

The stay was prolonged. Five days passed. Then, one afternoon the doctor was at his desk, working on his papers. He was very busy. The room had that frail liquid light of a soft spring day. The earth was stirring. The city felt it, and the bells were softened in their clanging; the noises of the street tried to make tunes of themselves; the voices of people seemed charged with some distant magic. Promise was in the air; May was coming.

The doctor yawned. He did not stop



She stood beside Roy Finkel as if she were thistledown ready to blow away

to think what ailed him. Then a shadow rested on him. "Doctor," came a low voice.

Oh, yes, it was Rose-Lee. She seemed always, as Roy put it, to come from nowhere.

He looked at her, and smiled. "Yes, Rose-Lee!"

"May I open the windows?"

"Surely. What are you doing?"

She laughed softly, for she was fond of him. "I'm dusting."

"You'd better dust me," he said dryly, "I need it. And if you have anything, Rose-Lee, to remove mold from decayed gentlemen, be sure to apply it."

"I never dust people," said Rose-Lee. "And I never remove mold."

"You are right," he said gravely, "and I respect you for it."

He could not help watching her out of a corner of his eye. She opened a window. And just then down the street came the cry of a peddler:

"Lilacs! Fresh lilacs! Twenty-five cents a bunch!"

Almost immediately the incoming air brought the lilac scent. . . . Rose-Lee stood spellbound. And then she turned suddenly and walked with the certain and fateful stride of a sleep-walker. She went straight to the door, opened it, and went out into the street.

The doctor leaped to his feet. He had his hat in an instant. He shouted in to Sonia:

"Phone Roy to come here, quick, quick. I'll be back with Rose-Lee."

She was turning the corner as he reached the street. He rounded it. She seemed to know where she went: bareheaded, crossing the open space of Seward Park, her hair glinting in the sun, her head erect, her little feet taking surprisingly long strides.

He kept behind her, his heart beating fast.

She left the park, walking north. At Canal Street she turned to the left. And three doors down she paused a moment before a florist's shop. . . .

THE doctor was at the door and saw it all. Inside, the fresh lilacs were in brown earthen jars in the spacious window. Without a word Rose-Lee took up a large bunch and hugged it to her breast. Then she wept.

The astounded florist, a little pale man, with a short mustache, and a dapper manner, danced before her.

"But, lady, what's come over you?"

Rose-Lee turned on him.

"Oh, I remember. Oh, God, I remember. Oh, God; oh, God!"

The doctor took her arm. "What do you remember, Rose-Lee?" he asked.

She turned on him, her eyes shining with tears. She was another person. A strength was in her face, a tragic strength; a purposeful power in her voice; a force in her whole body.

"Oh, Doctor Rast, it's come back to me. Joseph is dead. He died, and I ran through the streets and fell down."

"Joseph?" cried the florist. "You mean Joseph Simpson, who used to run this shop?"

The doctor whispered to him. Then Rose-Lee was swaying, and they found a chair for her.

She sobbed uncontrollably. Then suddenly she cried aloud: "Joseph is dead. He is dead. Joseph is dead."

She rose to her feet and started toward the door. The doctor took her by the arm, "Where are you going?"

Her voice was hard. "I'm going to my mother. . . ."

"No," he said strongly, "you must wait. . . . You must rest until to-morrow."

She pulled against his arm. "You don't understand. My mother and my father and my brother live over on Norfolk Street. . . ." She stopped and gave a little cry. "Oh, suppose they moved and I don't know where to find them?"

"We will find them," said the doctor. "You see, you must wait. Then everything will be all right."

"Oh, how could I forget about them and Joseph? I hate myself."

"No," he said, "you suffered a terrible grief, and this happened to you. It isn't your fault. Come," he urged. "Come home. You must see Roy."

"Roy?" her voice was suddenly sad. "Yes, I will come. . . ."

He took her back in a taxicab, and she wept in his arms all the way. Roy and Sonia waited in the office; but Rose-Lee was blind with tears, and the doctor led her to the couch, where Sonia sat beside her, rubbing her hands and forehead. . . .

Suddenly Rose-Lee spoke.

"It is all torturing me. Oh, Dr. Rast, come here."

He took Sonia's place and held her hand.

"Yes, Rose-Lee," he whispered.

"I must tell you; it is a torment. . . . I am not Rose-Lee; I am Lillian—Lillian Daum. My father is in the shoe business. We live on Norfolk Street. . . . Last year—yes, it's a whole year ago—my mother's wedding anniversary came, and I thought, I'll get her some flowers. I always bought flowers on Canal Street, at Joseph Simpson's."

She paused, then went on:

"That day he gave me a bunch of lilacs and I held them to my breast, for I was in love with him. Suddenly he caught me in his arms and crushed the lilacs between us. And I met him that night when the moon was up, and we walked over the Williamsburg Bridge and stood in the middle and saw all the city with its lights shining. He loved me. . . . But in the autumn he caught a cold; then he had pneumonia, and died. . . .

"I was at the funeral in his house, with my mother and father. A crowd was on the street. As they carried the coffin to the hearse, I stood there. And that is all I remember, except that I was running and running and fell down. . . . Oh, God, Joseph! Joseph!"

She had risen a little; now she fell back.

"She's fainted," said the doctor. "Bring a wet towel, Sonia. . . ."

He worked over her; then they waited.

As she lay there unconscious, Roy, the tears running down his face, said: "Doctor, she is all changed. I said it would be so." He wrung his hands. "She is not Rose-Lee any longer. She is not the woman I loved."

The doctor laughed softly. "Roy, when you develop a photographic plate, what happens? First everything is very faint, then it comes out strong. That is Rose-Lee. She has come out at last, but she is the same as ever."

Roy looked at the pale face. The eyes opened. "Roy," said Rose-Lee.

He knelt at her side, and took her hand. "Oh, Rose-Lee, speak to me. . . ."

"I feel," she said softly, "as if something heavy had fallen away from me."

"Tell me," he urged.

For answer she turned her head and looked at him. For a long time she gazed at his face. Then at last she smiled faintly.

"Oh, tell me, Rose-Lee," he said again.

SHE was breathless. "It is so strange. It is all mixed. When I was thinking how Joseph looked—" she paused.

"Then? Then?" he cried.

"It was your face I saw, and I forgot it was your face. And now when I look at your face, it is the face of Joseph."

She sat up slowly.

"Oh, Roy, I have been with you so long, and you loved me so, and were so good to me, that I think to me you became Joseph, and Joseph became you."

A radiance dawned on her face. Roy sat back stunned.

But the doctor said: "It is well and as it should be. You have taken Joseph's place, Roy, and she is healed again. You love each other."

"It is true," said Rose-Lee.

Roy murmured: "Holy heaven! It is beyond belief. It is a miracle!"

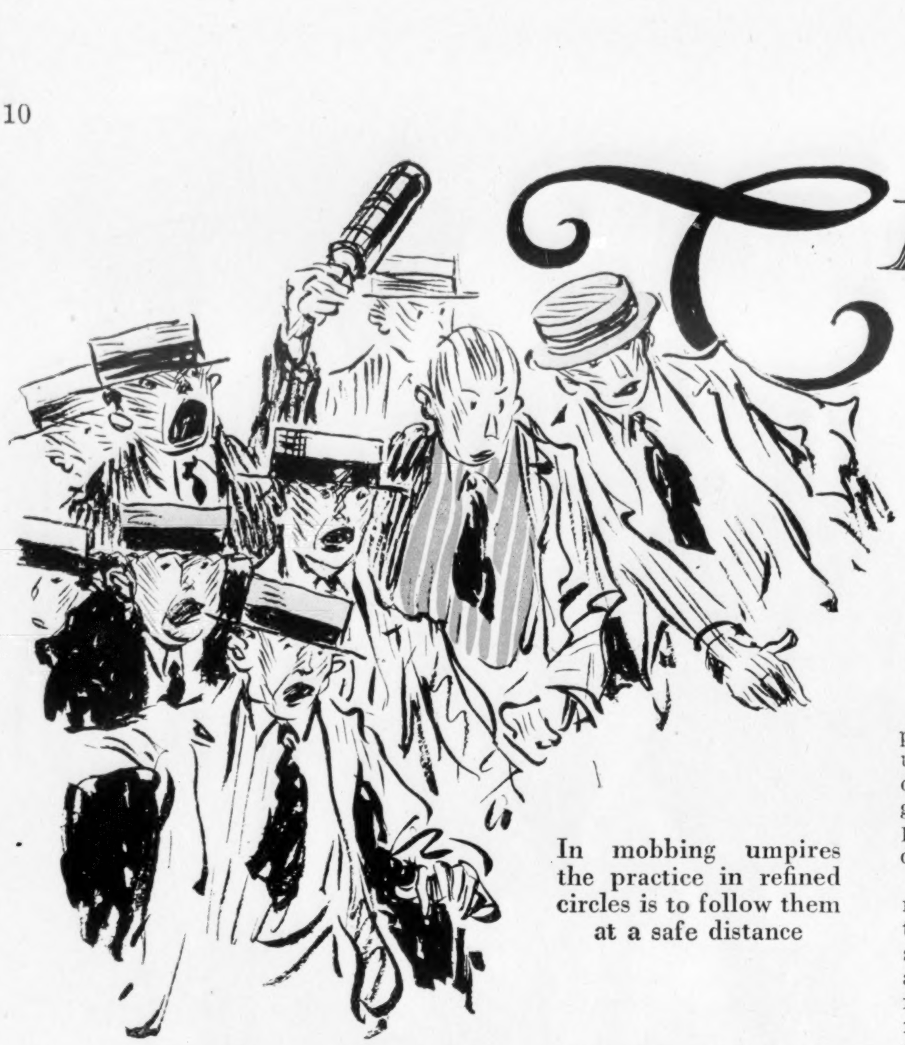
And his arms were about her and their lips met.

The BOOK of

How to misconduct oneself at the ball park, including notes on what to wear and what to take off, as well as invaluable hints for the mobbing of umpires

By H. I. PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. J. TREMBATH



In mobbing umpires the practice in refined circles is to follow them at a safe distance

THE greatest pride of the American baseball fan is the well-conducted baseball game. This the well-bred team owner realizes, and he or she will concede to every whim and desire of the guests so that every function during the playing season may bring its full measure of charm and satisfaction. The guest must be pleased at all costs and the party, or game, cannot be called a success unless each fan leaves a little happier than when he came—and incidentally a little better pleased with the persons giving the affair.

First in importance, of course, is the question: When shall the game be held? Any afternoon between 3 and 6 may be selected. Announcement should be made several days in advance. The manager of the home team may use his own judgment in deciding what form the announcements should take, but the usual custom is to make the announcement in the lower right-hand corner of the sporting page and on the front end of surface cars.

Simplicity is the Keynote

THESE announcements should be plain and to the point. They should give the names of the teams engaged, and the hour and place of meeting. Thus:

MR. JOHN MCGRAW
takes pleasure in announcing
that the
Giants and Robins
will be at home at the Polo Grounds
Tuesday Afternoon
Frankfurters, cigars, cigarettes and ice cream cones will be served. R. S. V. P.

In some circles the managers persist in making the announcement very abrupt: "Giants Versus Robins To-morrow, Polo Grounds. Adm. 75c to $2;" but that form is vulgar and common.

Receiving the Fans. Spectators should assemble from a half hour to five minutes before the hour designated for the event to begin. If holders of cards, they should take the seats assigned to them by the host; otherwise they should select such seats as may be available. A gentleman finding himself seated behind a steel pillar totally obstructing his view should vacate it, leaving it to a lady.

A spectator arriving and finding it necessary to pass in front of several seated guests in order to reach his seat, should raise his hat, smile, drop the ashes off his cigar onto the lap of the person having the seat nearest to him and say, "Howze the chances of gettin' in, buddy?" or words to that effect. The person or persons addressed should rise and make such remarks as would seem judicious, everything depending on the newcomer's height, weight and reach.

Once seated, the guests should conduct themselves with a minimum amount of disorderly conduct.

Proper Dress. A man is judged by the clothes he hires. Convention prescribes for the baseball game, in the case of men spectators, simple, informal attire beginning at the neck and running to the ground. No vest is necessary. The coat and trousers may be of any good material and nearly any color scheme. The shirt should be white with red stripes, with collar to match. Other vestments are left to the good taste of the wearer, although the chapeau should be of straw, practice having shown that this type of hat gives greater distance when thrown or scaled into space. Gloves should not be worn. If worn they should be removed immediately upon entering the field, as they interfere with the proper opening of peanuts.

The dinner jacket and frock coat are improper, as are riding clothes.

In the case of ladies, décolleté is poor form, but most anything else will go. Very little jewelry should be worn and should be removed if the gentleman sitting next to you has the kind of face that makes caution seem advisable.

Custom decrees that a man may remove certain articles of attire but prohibits it in the case of a lady. The articles a gentleman may remove follow: 1. Hat. 2. Coat. 3. Collar.

Opening the Party. It is customary for the players on both teams to give a preliminary exhibition. This is of no special importance and is without social significance, but it puts the guests at their ease and makes them feel more at home. The cue that play is to begin should be given by a red-faced man with a megaphone and a sub-cellar voice. In all well-regulated functions of this type this gentleman introduces the opposing pitchers and catchers and the umpires to the guests. He could introduce all the players but it is taken for granted the guests have met them some place before, as they get about a good deal. This introduction takes this form:

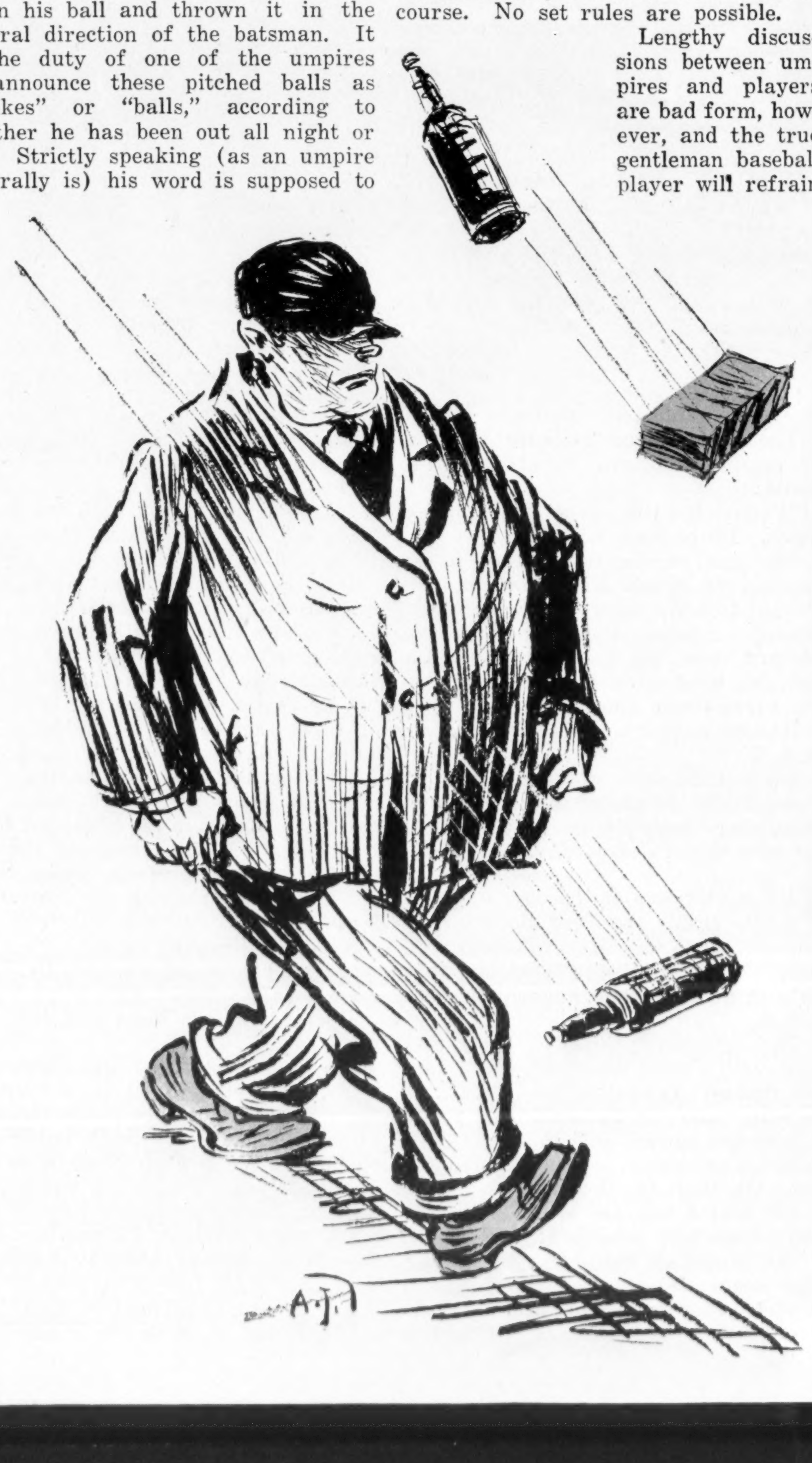
"Ladies and gentlemen: It is my rare privilege and happy opportunity to welcome you here to-day and to assure you of our intention to give you a delightful afternoon. The batteries for to-day will be Bludsoe and Hawks for the Giants and Lares and Penates for the Robins. I am sure you will be glad to hear from them. O'Brien on bases and Murphy behind the bat."

Start of the Game. Play is said to have begun when the pitcher has taken his ball and thrown it in the general direction of the batsman. It is the duty of one of the umpires to announce these pitched balls as "strikes" or "balls," according to whether he has been out all night or not. Strictly speaking (as an umpire generally is) his word is supposed to be accepted without dispute, but a player may argue a decision to a certain point without impeding his social progress. For example, should an umpire call a ball when the pitcher thinks it a strike, the pitcher may throw down his glove, rush at the umpire and say, "You will pardon my speaking of it at this time, sir, but in my opinion you have just erred disgracefully."

The umpire should reply, "Shut your face!"

It is best to consider the incident closed, although it is considered *de rigueur* in some places, notably St. Louis, for the pitcher to retort, "Gwan, you big bum!" After that the conversation may take its own natural course. No set rules are possible.

Lengthy discussions between umpires and players are bad form, however, and the true gentleman baseball player will refrain



BASEBALL ETIQUETTE

If he be a gentleman, the late comer will always remember what to do with his cigar ashes

his emotions for the time being and write the umpire his protest in the following form a day or two later:

August the twenty-third.

Mr. Hank O'Gee,
Hotel Desbrosses.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Lefty McGinty, pitcher of the New York Giants, takes great pleasure in announcing that he considers you a wall-eyed shrimp and an inveterate liar. He will be glad to have your presence in any dark alley any time you name. CONSTANT READER.

Concerning the Eats

IT SOMETIMES happens that during a game an umpire is forced to remove a player from the field. Umpires with the proper background will always halt the game, excuse themselves to the crowd, walk over to the offending player and say, "It is deeply distressing to a gentleman to have to address you in this way, but I am compelled to ask that you get offa this field at once before I sock you a fine that'll knock you for a row of cucumber plants!"

The customary reply in such cases is, "All right, ham-and-egger. I'll see you out behind the clubhouse and take up the slack in your neck."

There are a number of good replies, however, that are just as good.

Conduct of Fans Toward Players and Umpires. It is not necessary for a fan to know a player or umpire intimately in order to insult him as an equal.

If a fan disapproves of a pitcher, for example, he may rise, tear his hat and bellow: "Take tha big bum out! . . . To the showers. . . . You're rotten!"

The player should not reply at the time, but should take a mental note of his face for future reference. If he recognizes the gentleman he may send him a card the following day:

DIZZY ED. LUTZ
requests the pleasure of
your company
in any open lot
Tuesday, the twenty-second.
Bring identification disk.

Mobbing the Umpire, etc. There are various ways of mobbing an umpire, all of which have the approval of the best people. It is largely a matter of circumstances and mood. The important thing is to mob him. It matters very little how, why or where.

As a general thing gentlemen have the right of way over women in such attacks. It is not the best form for a gentleman to mob an umpire while he (the gentleman, not the umpire) has his fiancée on one arm and her mother on the other. The thing to do is to give the fiancée and her mother a few pop bottles to hurl, and excuse himself for fifteen minutes. If a gentleman is proposing to a young lady in the grandstand he should not leave her to mob an umpire unless at her suggestion.

In mobbing umpires the practice in refined circles is to follow them at a safe distance, not to start leaving the field until the umpire has begun leaving and not to get ahead of him under any circumstances. Should any gentleman pursuing an umpire suddenly find himself close enough to be seized by that official, he should smile and say in a clear, bell-like voice, "Pardon me, but isn't this our dance?"

The umpire's reply, very likely, will be, "For two cents I'd moider you!"

The gentleman has no other choice but to answer, "My mistake. It must have been some other girl who looked like you," and grab some other partner before he is hurt.

The Collation. All-hots, cheese sandwiches, apple pie, near-beer and peanuts are customarily served at major-league gatherings. No knives or forks are required and customers must bring their own china and silver.

Scorecard Deportment, etc. In ball parks where the right tone is retained custom decrees that a scorecard be carried by all guests who desire to record the progress of the game in detail. These cards vary in size but as a rule are on white paper 10 x 6. Each card should contain the line-up and batting order of the two teams, together with columns for errors, hits, put-outs, etc., and about two dozen advertisements giving the reader important data on the neighboring sock, hat, shirt, underwear, shoe, collar, tooth paste and pill bargains.

The well-bred baseball fan will, upon entering the park, purchase his own individual scorecard and retain it as such. At the more exclusive parks this is mandatory. It has become the custom, however, at many parks for one fan to share to a certain extent in the scorecard of another. This is called "line-up mooching." It should not be overdone. Should a person come in without a scorecard and find himself seated beside or behind a fan with a scorecard he may at the beginning of the game lean over and say, "I am sorry to intrude, but could I trouble you for a peek at the names of the men playing on the Cardinals?" or "Please pass the batteries!"

Say It With Letters

AS TO possession of stray balls. The true gentleman will remain in his seat when a ball is knocked into the stands; in fact, he will retain his composure and dignity were a thousand balls to fall all about him. He may hold out his hat at arm's length to catch the pellet, or he may reach for it gracefully with one or both hands, but under no circumstances should he rise, jump, dive, lunge or hurdle for it. Some authorities say that when a lady rises to catch a ball the gentlemen in the same tier may rise also, but it is not done in the best circles.

Attitude Toward Scandals, etc. It frequently happens toward the end of a baseball season that rumors are circulated bearing on the honesty of certain players. The well-bred fan will be very careful how he accepts such rumors and what he does about them. He should show, above all else, restraint and fairness. Jumping at conclusions at once and shouting, "Hey, you big crook! How much are you paying shortstops to-day?" is most unpardonable, except in Brooklyn. First be sure of your facts. The proper course is to address a note to the player in question in this form:

To Mr. Herman Glucose,
Second base,
The Pink Hose.

Dear Sir:

I have been informed that on Tuesday at 4:15 you attended a meeting of several fellow players at which it was decided to offer a player on a rival team $500 to play dead during the croocial series.

Would you be good enough to inform me by return mail as to the truth of this story? *Very truly yours,* ARTHUR W. APPLE.

The player should reply:

Dear Mr. Apple:

Always on a championship team you hear a lot of kidding and one thing and another. Always the boys do a lot of talking about throwing games and this and that and one thing and another, Mr. Apple, always they talk about one thing and another on a championship team this time of year. Always you hear a lot of kidding among the boys.

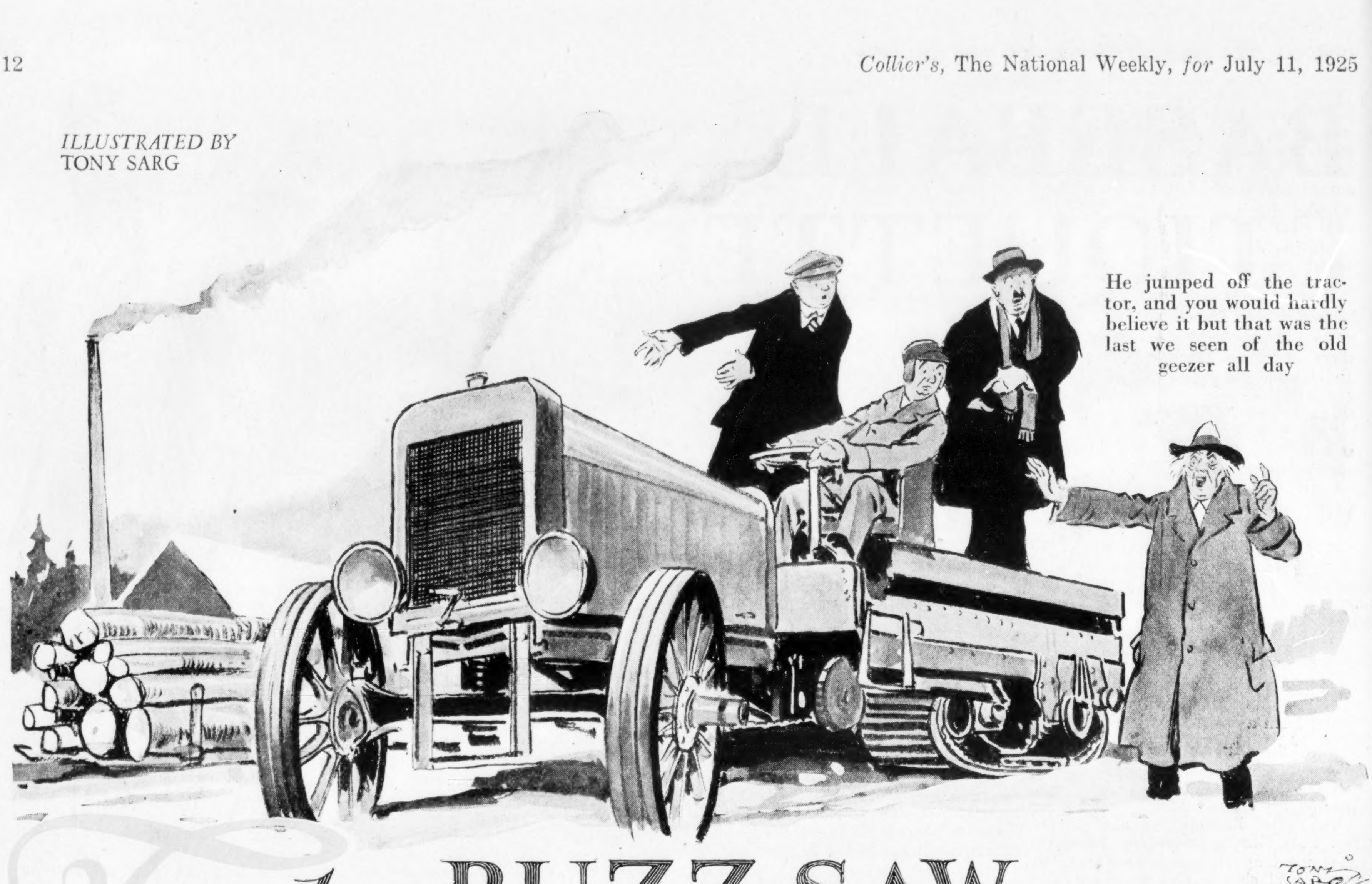
That's all I know about anything, judge, I mean Mr. Apple, and the first I heard about it was when I got your letter.

Hoping to merit your further patronage, I am *Yours truly,* HERMAN GLUCOSE.

When to Leave a Ball Park. Nothing so clearly reveals bad manners as apparent ignorance of the conventions applying to departure from any social event. To leave too soon is to insult the host; to loiter long as the others have left is to make yourself a nuisance. It is well to remember that as a general thing a baseball game lasts but nine innings, except during a world series between the Washingtons and the New Yorks, when it is apt to last twice as long. When these innings have been concluded the players start on the run for the clubhouse. This should be a sufficient hint that the festivities are at an end. Walk, do not run, to the nearest exit.

MR. PHILLIPS is the Bill Nye of social uplifters. He is engaged in the preparation of other "Books ot Etiquette" which he believes will either raise or lower the social tone of America—he isn't sure which. They will appear only in Collier's.

ILLUSTRATED BY
TONY SARG



He jumped off the tractor, and you would hardly believe it but that was the last we seen of the old geezer all day

The BUZZ SAW

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

LAST January the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company sent me out with Harry Burke, one of the salesmen, to try to sell a ten-ton Earthworm Tractor to Mr. Jake Benson, owner of the Benson Lumber Company of Beaver Dam, Minn. I was sent as mechanic to handle the machine, and Harry Burke was sent as salesman to handle old Jake. Harry is one of the best salesmen in the business, and I am a good mechanic, if I do say it myself.

But we neither of us knew much about crossword puzzles, and that is where we got into trouble.

Now, you might think that crossword puzzles would have nothing to do with buying and selling tractors. You might think that when a man wanted a tractor he would go about it reasonable, find out what machine was best for his needs, and then buy it. And once in a while there will be a guy who will do just that. But lots of people choose a tractor for reasons that have no sense at all—pretty advertising pictures, corn liquor, crossword puzzles—almost anything will influence them.

I remember a dumb-bell down in Dallas that was guided entirely by the color of the paint. When he seen that the Earthworm Tractors was all painted brown, he lost interest right off. The company across the street was selling red tractors with green stripes, and he bought one of them because it looked snappier. Some people are even worse.

Once, up in North Dakota, the road commissioners of one of the counties was all set to buy a Draw-Devil Tractor, when George Sherwood—one of our salesmen—come along and poured a few quarts of mystic mule into them, and they signed up for an Earthworm. Not that they knew anything about the machine—they hadn't even seen it. They just bought it because they thought George was a good guy.

Another time, George got some Kansas commissioners all full of raw rye and ready to close the deal, but he was so loaded himself he couldn't find the order blanks until the next morning—by which time they was all sick, and they never bought a tractor of any kind, and consequently the roads in that county are a mess.

There are people who buy tractors because their wives tell them to, and others because their wives tell them not to. There are people that want a machine that makes lots of noise—they think a loud exhaust means lots of power. There are suspicious guys and trustful guys—all of which have to be handled in their special way. And there are crossword puzzle nuts, which are something entirely different yet again.

AND that is where old Jake Benson comes in. At first all we knew about him was that he owned one of the biggest lumber and sawmill businesses in the whole Northwest. Our company thought he was so important they decided to give him a free demonstration of hauling logs. So they shipped a big ten-ton Earthworm Tractor up to his sawmill. And, as I said in the beginning, they sent me as mechanic and Harry Burke as salesman. We got off the train at Beaver Dam, Minn., one chilly morning in January, and went over through the deep snow to the Benson Lumber Company's sawmill just across from the station. We found an old feller that was foreman of the works and chief assistant to old Jake Benson himself.

"Glad to see you," said the foreman. "To-day you can get your machine ready, and to-morrow you can show us what it can do pulling logs. And you better do your best, because the Behemoth Tractor Company has sent a man up here with one of their machines to try to take the sale away from you."

"That's fine!" I said. "It will make it more interesting." I wasn't much worried because I knew what sort of tractor the Behemoth was—such a poorly made pile of junk that nobody in their right mind would think of buying it after they had seen one of our beautiful Earthworms. Besides, the Behemoth was what they call a wheel tractor—all the pull came through the two rear wheels, which couldn't get much purchase—especially when hauling over the snow like we would be doing here. On the other hand, our Earthworm was like a war tank, with two endless-chain tracks stretched out along the ground and several dozen sharp cleats, or grousers, all taking hold at once. We didn't have much to fear from this Behemoth contraption.

"Can we see Mr. Benson?" asked Harry.

"I'm afraid not just now," said the foreman. "He's gone into his office and left orders not to be disturbed."

"What sort of a man is Mr. Benson?" asked Harry.

"He's always been a fine man," said the foreman. "But now that he's getting a little old, he seems to be getting a little queer."

"How do you mean queer? You don't mean he's off his nut?"

"No," said the foreman, who seemed to enjoy talking. "He's an awful smart man, is Jake Benson. When he was young he was the best sawmill man in the state. He did the work of five men, and he built up this business all himself. But for a long time now—I guess ever since his wife died about ten years ago—he's been getting these funny ideas."

Harry gave the foreman a couple of twenty-five-cent cigars, which is what he always does when he is trying to get on the good side of anybody or pump them for information.

"Sure," I said, "now you ask, I believe I will take one of your cigars too." So Harry had to give me one. He also gave me a dirty look.

"So Mr. Benson has funny ideas," said Harry. "How do you mean, 'funny ideas'?"

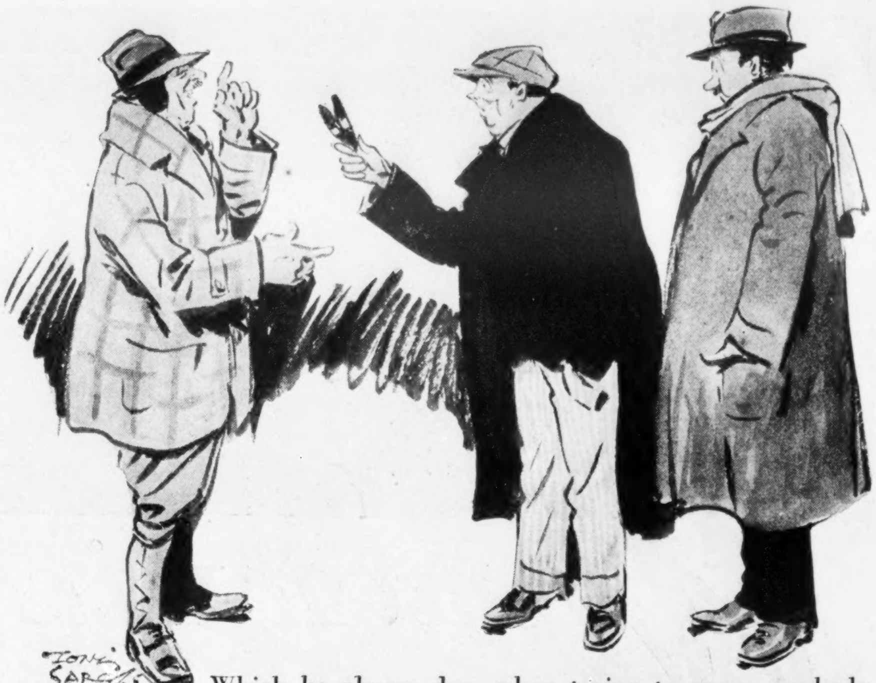
"Sometimes it's one thing; sometimes another. The latest one began three or four months ago when he went to visit his married daughter in St. Paul. Ever since he come back, he has been absolutely loco on the subject of crossword puzzles. I suppose you have seen them things?"

"I've seen them in the papers," said Harry. "But I never waste any time on them."

"Well," the foreman went on, "Mr. Benson has been spending about half his time lately working out them crazy, no-account, good-for-nothing, silly little checkerboard things. Anything he gets interested in like that, he just goes crazy about it. A few years ago it was jigsaw puzzles. He would sit up all night fitting together a couple of hundred thousand little pieces of wood, and when he was finished he would have a colored picture, maybe of a big fat baby and a dog. That was his idea of a good time. And before that he used to have other crazy ideas. During the war he had everybody in town saving up peach stones which he would send in to be used in gas masks, I think it was. He would work for a month gathering up a few bushels of peach stones not worth two bits."

"You said he was busy now," said Harry. "What's he doing? Working crossword puzzles?"

"I'm not sure," said the foreman.



Which he always does when trying to pump anybody

"This morning he told me he was tired working out these puzzles. He said he was going to quit solving them and start in making them up himself. He wanted to make a puzzle better than anything that had been done so far—something different—something worthy of the name of Jake Benson."

"Well, just what sort of a new design does he have in mind, I wonder?"

"It's hard to tell. He said he wasn't sure just what it would be. And then he looked over in the corner and noticed an old worn-out circular saw laying there, and right away he grabbed it up and started for his office. 'I've got it now,' he hollered back at me. 'Don't let anybody disturb me.'"

"All right," said George. "In that case we'll leave him in peace till we get our machine ready."

WE WENT over to the freight station and found our tractor in a box car, and right next to it in another box car was the Behemoth Tractor, and fluttering around in a sort of helpless way was a tall, thin young feller with big horn-rimmed spectacles.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You look unhappy."

"To be perfectly frank," said the young feller, "I *am* unhappy. I am supposed to hold a demonstration with this tractor, and I can't even get it started—maybe it's too cold."

Harry and I both laughed. "Have you tried warming it up some way—like putting hot water in the radiator?"

"No, I never thought of that."

"Listen," I said. "We are your hated competitors. But you can't do nothing with a wheel tractor in this snow, and we are going to beat you so easy that we might just as well be friends. So if you will help us get our tractor started and unloaded, we will help you."

"Thanks," said the tall guy with the spectacles. "I'm with you."

He came over, and we knocked the blocks from around our tractor and primed the motor with ether and poured hot water in the radiator, and poured more hot water on the intake manifold, and finally we got it started up and unloaded and run into the lumber company's garage. It was pretty cold, but it was above zero, so we didn't have to thaw out the bearings or use kerosene in the radiator, and we had much less trouble than we usually do 'way up north.

The Behemoth guy turned out to be a pretty good kid, but ignorant as far as mechanics went. He said his name was Smith, and he had graduated from Cornell the summer before. His uncle, who was a big bug in the Behemoth Tractor Company, had given him a job.

"What did you study at Cornell?" asked Harry. "Engineering?"

"No," said Smith. "I specialized in botany."

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"It's the study of plants."

"That must help a lot in the tractor business."

Smith laughed. "I'm no worse off than my old roommate," he said. "He majored in French, and now he is washing cucumbers in his father's pickle factory in Olean, N. Y."

"That's the way it goes," said Harry. "I never yet seen a guy with a college education that was any good to him."

After our tractor was unloaded, we went after the Behemoth and gave it a little hot-water treatment. It started up easy, and we run it off the car and into the garage.

Then we had lunch at the hotel, and in the afternoon I tuned up the motor on our tractor and put on the cleats, or grousers, which are used to prevent slipping.

About five in the afternoon me and Harry and young Smith went to the sawmill, and the foreman told us that Mr. Jake Benson was ready to see us. We went to his little office upstairs and found him sitting at his desk. He was a big, fine-looking old gentleman—wrinkly, weather-beaten face; thick white hair; bushy eyebrows; clear blue eyes. As we came in, he jumped up.

"Very glad to see you," he said, shaking hands all around. "You're just in time to see something very pretty, very pretty indeed."

He took us to the desk and showed us an old rusty buzz saw with a design drawn on it with the black crayon they use for marking lumber.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"That," said Mr. Jake Benson, "is a crossword puzzle of absolutely new design. You see," he went on, "instead of a set of vertical words and a set of horizontal words, as in the old-style puzzles, I will have here one set of radial words—reading straight out—and one set of spiral words—following these curves. Those words, 'radial' and 'spiral,' are good ones—I found 'em in a peach of a puzzle I did last week."

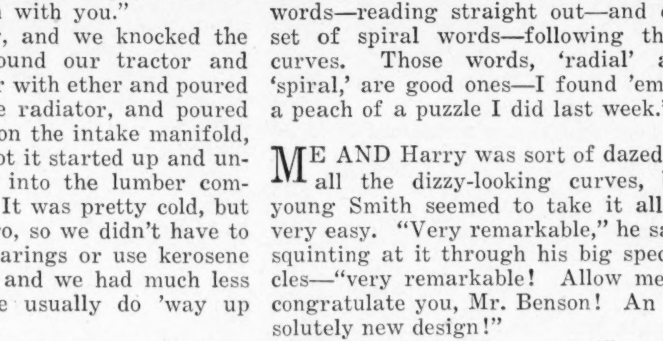
ME AND Harry was sort of dazed by all the dizzy-looking curves, but young Smith seemed to take it all in very easy. "Very remarkable," he said, squinting at it through his big spectacles—"very remarkable! Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Benson! An absolutely new design!"

"What about the words?" asked Harry. "Have you figured them out yet?"

"That," said Mr. Benson, "is what I am going to do now."

"Oh," said Harry. "And, by the way, about the tractor demonstration tomorrow—"

"Haven't time to bother about that to-night," said Mr. Benson. "I'll see you in the morning." And he showed us out the door and returned to his puzzle.



"Don't bother me!" he yelled. "I'm busy." As he didn't sound very cordial, we decided to wait till the next day

"Gosh," said Harry, as we went back to the hotel, "if you ask me, I would say that old Jake is just plain cuckoo."

"Just the same," said young Smith, "that's a rather clever design he has there."

The next morning we stopped in at the mill.

"I worked on her last night till ten o'clock," said old Jake, "and she's coming fine. Look!" and he showed us the old buzz saw with a number of words chalked on it.

"Pretty good," said Harry. "And now we're all ready to show you how easy we can pull your logs with an Earthworm Tractor."

"Speaking of easy things," remarked old Jake, "it has surprised me to find out how easy I can fit in these words, once I get the hang of it. It is much better, I find, to use words made up of common letters. E and t and w are much better than x and q and z. S is a beautiful letter—so many words begin with s."

"It may seem easy to you when you get the hang of it, Mr. Benson," said young Smith. "But you could never get the hang of it unless you had a pretty fine mind. I take off my hat to you. You are going to have a peach of a puzzle there."

"What do you say we all go out and haul logs?" said Harry.

"Well," said old Jake, sort of regretful, "I suppose we better. I've been intending to find out about tractors for a long time. If they're any good, I want to get some." He put on his hat and coat, and we all went down to the garage—old Jake, the foreman, me and Harry, and young Smith.

I cranked up the big Earthworm, and we all got aboard and started out. Except young Smith, who followed along in his clumsy Behemoth. Before we had gone a hundred feet, though, old Jake made us stop.

"I started out with 'alarm,' then I got 'slams,' 'scene,' and 'stork.' On the spiral I got 'lank' and I tried 'score' and 'alert.' I just thought of the next two words to fit that: 'snort' and 'store.' Have to go put 'em down before I forget. But you go right ahead. My foreman will keep track of the work you do."

He jumped off the tractor, and went trotting back to the sawmill. And you would hardly believe it but that was the last we seen of the old geezer all day.

We drove out to the woods about a mile away, where they had a lot of logs loaded on sleds ready to pull to the mill. We had them hitch up ten sleds all together like a freight train, and we hooked on and pulled them in to the mill. Our motor ran fine and everything went beautiful. The grousers bit into the ice and snow. No slipping; no skidding. We worked all day and hauled in more logs than a dozen teams, and with much less fuss and trouble. The old foreman had never seen tractors pulling logs before and at first he didn't believe we could do much. When we hitched up those ten sleds all together, he thought we was crazy, and when we actually dragged them in to the mill he was the most surprised man in Minnesota. All morning he walked around with a smile like a kid that has just got a new toy railroad. And by the end of the afternoon he was one of the best tractor boosters I ever ran across.

"No more horses for me," he said. "If the boss takes my word, we'll pull everything from now on with Earthworm Tractors."

I felt kind of sorry for that tall Smith feller. He was a nice guy, even if he was a college graduate. He looked so mournful, sitting up on the big Behemoth, with his long, thin face and black-rimmed spectacles. And there was no sort of trouble he didn't have. The Behemoth had a fairly powerful motor, but whenever he hitched onto a heavy load the big rear wheels would slip and spin round and round—digging down into the snow. Five sleds was all he could handle. Three different times he slid off the road and got stuck in the ditch and had to be shoveled out. And at noon, when we stopped for lunch, he forgot to cover the radiator—which froze up and give him a lot of extra grief. Besides which the Behemoth was a clumsy brute and mean to steer; twice it bumped into trees, and once it pretty near run over the foreman.

AT THE end of the day young Smith and the Behemoth had hauled just about one third as many logs as we had, and used up a lot more gasoline.

"Poor kid," I said. "He's having a hard time."

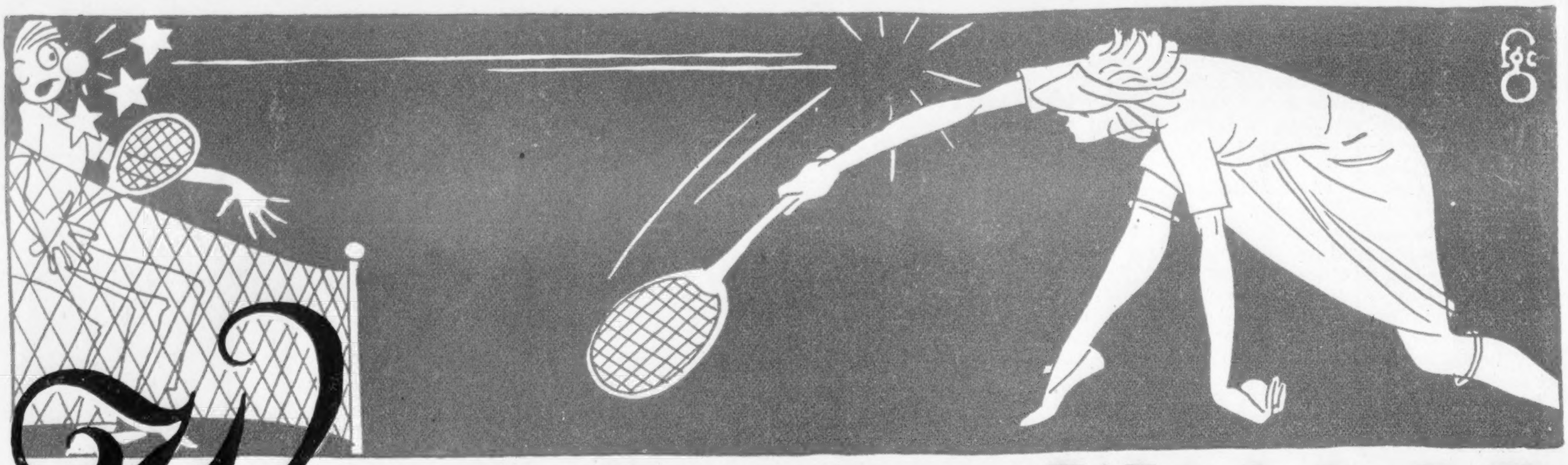
"Yes," said Harry, "his college education won't never do him any good in the tractor business."

It seemed like we would have a cinch in selling our Earthworm.

When the day's work was over, and the tractors had been put away, we stopped in at the sawmill and knocked on the door of old man Benson's office.

"Don't bother me!" he yelled from inside. "I'm busy. I don't want anybody to disturb me. I'll see you to-morrow." As he didn't

(*Continued on page 42*)



Women with the WALLOP

Do you think they all live in America? If you do, you're wrong; there's at least one starry trio overseas

By GRANTLAND RICE

IN LATE seasons since the war Europe has had a seamy time of it defending home laurels from the plucking hand of the American invader.

In male championships most of the laurel trees have been stripped of their sprigs. Tilden and Johnston went across to win the main tennis championships of France and England, clay court and turf. In golf Walter Hagen brought home the Open Championship cup two years out of three. The British have had a hard time keeping this famous cup at home since 1921. The American polo Big Four went over to return with the Hurlingham trophy, and American boxers have smothered the Carpentiers and the Becketts and such in rather monotonous style.

Heavy battle losses which killed off so many British and French stars had no little to do with these results, and added to this was the growing competitive power of the United States in almost every line. There were Olympic victories and Yale crew victories added to the long list.

But the torch was never allowed to fall or fade into utter darkness. When the men were having a hard siege of it, Great Britain and France sent to the field three of the most remarkable women competitors ever known. Two of them came forward as golfers, Cecil Leitch and Joyce Wethered of England. The other was Suzanne Lenglen, the French tennis player.

Misses Leitch, Wethered and Lenglen for six or seven years now have been impassable ramparts for all invaders who crossed the Atlantic. And of the noted trio Miss Wethered comes quite close to being the most remarkable of the lot, since her game is closer to the finest standards of championship male play.

This trio among them stopped the attacks of such famous invading stars as Mrs. Mallory, Miss Ryan, Miss Stirling, Miss Hollins, Miss Cummings and Miss Collett, all of these but one having captured a United States championship. They were all fine competitors, but none of them was good enough to face the brilliant play sent against them by the three stars mentioned.

In so far as women stars are concerned, Great Britain's golf record goes well beyond that of the United States. In 1909 and 1910 Miss Dorothy Campbell came over to win the United States crown. As Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd she repeated in 1924 and is now the title holder. In the meantime, a few years after Miss Campbell's first invasion, Gladys Ravenscroft won our title, which means four United States victories for British golfers against a series of blanks for the best talent we have sent across.

Misses Stirling, Hollins, Cummings and Collett have all been brilliant golfers, but none of them has quite reached the heights held by Cecil Leitch and Joyce Wethered, who have come closer to playing a male champion's game than any other women in all golf history.

It was in 1921 that Cecil Leitch, a mighty hitter, reached the peak. And it was that same year when Joyce Wethered, sister of Roger Wethered, another title winner, gave evidence of coming greatness. Miss Wethered reached the final round in 1921, and when, a year later, Miss Leitch, after an injury, began to fall back, Miss Wethered was set and primed to carry on. In the last four years she has lost only one important match. Playing over the championship Troon links she was even 4's against Glenna Collett when the match ended on the fifteenth green. Par for the last three holes would have given her a 72. A day later against her next rival she was out in 33 for a slaughter. And in the final round against Cecil Leitch she had two 75's.

They'd Make the Men Step Lively

THERE isn't a male champion who could be certain of improving these figures by a stroke—who could be even fairly certain.

"Miss Wethered reminds me of Harry Vardon," Bernard Darwin wrote. "I saw Joyce Wethered play at Turnberry in 1921, when she was beaten in the final round by Cecil Leitch, and her game had power, precision and compactness sufficient to herald promise of greater days. There was a crispness and a firmness to her play that indicated a sound and winning style and this was accompanied by a cool, determined temperament that would be at its best under heavy pressure."

No wonder even the brilliant Glenna Collett had little chance against such a golfer. Miss Wethered held her pace around even 4's throughout the tournament, which is golf that neither Walter Hagen nor Bobby Jones could guarantee to beat.

In her two final rounds against Cecil Leitch, Miss Wethered had two 75's. Yet this was only good enough to tie. She had to get her par 4 on the first extra hole to emerge.

These figures are mentioned to show the amazingly high quality of British women's golf and what barricades American women golfers must face along the invading road. Glenna Collett, for example, was out in 38. That ordinarily would have been quite enough to give her a winning lead. But she was 1 down, in place of being up, and from that point on her rival set an even faster pace.

With one exception, Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch have won every British women's championship for the last ten years. Both are long hitters, sound iron players and first-class putters. And both are determined fighters who can go the route. They have done more than their share in upholding British prestige upon the competitive field.

Suzanne Lenglen of France and Kathleen McKane of England have been just as effective along defensive lines at tennis. Mlle. Lenglen still remains the greatest woman player yet developed. At her best she was no harder hitter than Helen Wills—in fact, not quite so lusty a walloper. But she has combined great speed with uncanny accuracy and sting enough to round out a marvelous game. Mlle. Lenglen must take her place with Misses Wethered and Leitch as one of the upholders of European glory.

It was Miss McKane who rallied just in time last summer at Wimbledon to beat Helen Wills after the latter seemed to be upon her way to victory. Miss Wills had defeated Miss McKane over here, but she was not quite equal to the task of beating her under English skies.

There is always a decided advantage in favor of the home defender. Although Dorothy Campbell, now Mrs. Hurd, won twice over here as an invader and Miss Ravenscroft also won later on, Miss Leitch failed to survive in 1921. In the same way Mlle. Lenglen had rather a disastrous time of it on her only trip to America, where she was never able to get going. In the same way Miss Wills had no trouble in beating Miss McKane at Forest Hills the year before Miss McKane had her revenge at Wimbledon.

Yet in spite of these upsets it must be admitted that America hasn't developed a competitor quite up to Misses Wethered, Leitch and Lenglen at their best. These three remarkable women have ruled their games since the war, and it isn't likely they will be beaten by any invader for some time.

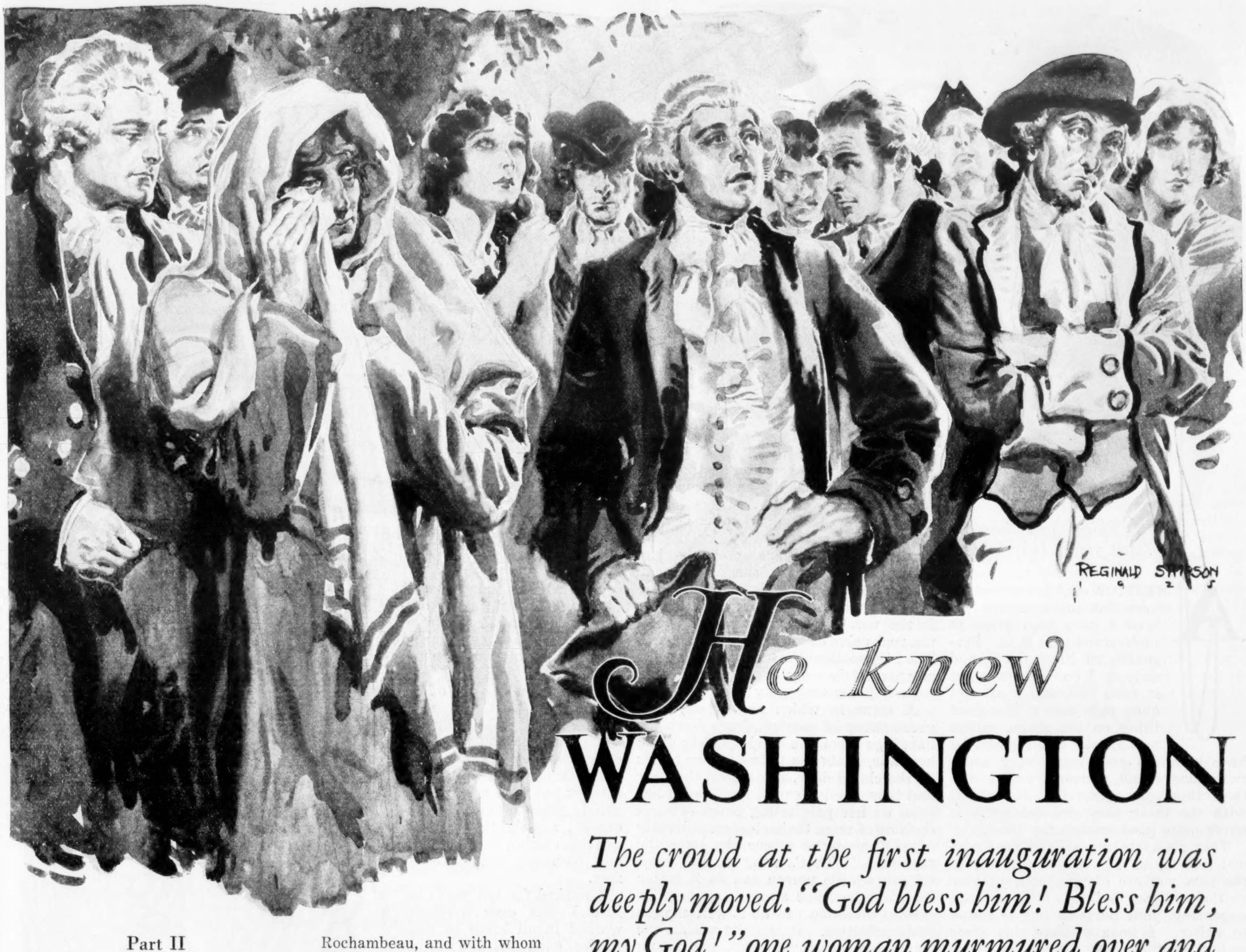
Miss McKane will make her second invasion of the United States this summer to compete in an international team match and then in the women's tennis championship. It is not likely that she will be able to defeat Helen Wills, who has gone on ahead to an even better game. In the same way it is quite doubtful that Miss Wills could defeat Mlle. Lenglen at Wimbledon or at Paris, if the French champion happened to be near her best game.

Coming: A Treat for Golf Fans?

HOW would Joyce Wethered do over here? How would she fare against Glenna Collett on an American course? The English star would have a much harder time of it and the contest would be extremely close. Such a meeting would be one of the great battles of any season, and there is a chance that it will take place later on—if not this season, at least within a year. But Miss Wethered, with her sound style with both wood and iron, her experience and her stout-hearted determination, would be a hard golfer to beat anywhere or at any time. She has fewer bad days than almost anyone else.

England and France owe no small amount of praise to these women stars who have carried their national banners high during years of male depression upon the international field. They have helped to reinspire national morale, to retain at least a share of the old glory.

In the meanwhile the United States is also building up its strength in women's sport, and unless Misses Wethered, Leitch and Lenglen have young aids coming to their rescue they may find it impossible to hold the fort as brilliantly as they have to date. They have already contributed their share, whatever the future may bring about.



He knew WASHINGTON

The crowd at the first inauguration was deeply moved. "God bless him! Bless him, my God!" one woman murmured over and over. Here are letters from an eyewitness

Part II

BOSTON, 10th May, 1779.

My Dear Mother:

I THANK you and dear Hélène for the letters which you sent me through Monsieur de La Fayette's servant, who faithfully delivered them into my hands, and you may imagine what a joy filled my heart when I read them. I have had a quiet time while Monsieur de La Fayette was in France, just attending to my daily military duties. Of course we were all very anxious to know the result of this trip home of Monsieur de La Fayette, as so many rumors had been going on concerning it, and people even said that he would never come back, and no one dared to hope that, on the contrary, he would return together with a French expeditionary force. And then, when one saw what influential and important people had been appointed by the king to take part in the expedition, even the enemies of Monsieur de La Fayette and of General Washington were silenced.

Monsieur de Rochambeau must be known to you, my dear Mother, so you will be better able than myself, who have not seen him yet, to judge of his fitness for the important position he occupies, and to which he has been appointed. Monsieur le Marquis de Chastellux has an excellent reputation, and so has Monsieur le Marquis de Saint-Simon, and also the young Count Fersen, who is said to be the queen's friend, and to have embarked for America because of his hopeless passion for her. Some of the officers who came with Monsieur de Rochambeau, and with whom I have spoken, told me that it was due to the influence of Count Fersen that Monsieur de La Fayette was successful in his mission and obtained this French help which General Washington had sent him to solicit. The king was averse to Monsieur de Rochambeau's appointment, but the queen persuaded him to give it his consent because Count Fersen had implored her to help him win the laurels he wanted to put at her feet, and this would have been hardly possible if a French expedition which he could join had not been sent to the help of America. It seems that the queen wept bitter tears when saying good-by to this handsome officer, so distinguished in every respect. But probably you have heard even more of this gossip than I have here, so I will merely say good-by to you, my dear Mother, and I pray you to always think of me as your dutiful and affectionate son,

DE MAUSSION.

BOSTON, 15th October, 1780.

My Dear Mother:

I HAVE again a story as pitiful as it is horrible to relate to you. Verily there are moments in life when one feels ashamed to belong to the human race and to have to admit that there exist such low creatures who can be treacherous to their own land and to their own folks. And yet they live, and even thrive at times, if one can thrive with a conscience burdened with black crimes. One would have thought that after what General Washington has done for his people, after all the sacrifices he has made so joyfully in order to win for them independence and escape from the tyrannical government which oppressed them, they would all consider him as the hero he is and deserves to be. Yet how have they repaid him, or at least how have some of them repaid him? I told you already about the conduct of Colonel Lee at Monmouth, but even his sin was nothing in comparison with the crime I am going to relate to you, and was a small thing in regard to the consequences it could have had, if successful.

You will refuse to believe me when you hear that one of the men whom General Washington trusted the most, one whom, as he once said, he loved as if he had been his brother, entered into a secret agreement with the English and with their commander, Lord Burgoyne, to whom he engaged himself to deliver the whole Hudson Valley with West Point, a most important one from the strategical point of view. An English officer, Major André, was the man through whom the negotiations were conducted, and the treason very nearly succeeded but for God's mercy and Divine Providence, who must have been watching over General Washington. Benedict Arnold, this is the name of this traitor, had been the recipient of many kindnesses at the hands of General Washington, who had constantly defended him, when he had been found in fault, which had happened more than once.

But he was an embittered, jealous man who could never bear to see another one's greatness. Once already he had been summoned before Congress for some fault or other, but acquitted, thanks partly to the efforts of General Washington. One may therefore imagine the horror and grief of the latter when given proofs of the treason of this trusted friend of his. This was discovered quite by accident, through a mistake of Major André and when the letter which revealed the whole plot was brought to General Washington it seems that he fell into a chair and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud. For once he broke down completely, but how great he appeared even in such a trying moment!

When he learned that Arnold had succeeded in making his escape to a British ship which was awaiting him in the bay, his first care was for Mrs. Arnold, a charming woman, loved and respected by all, who was perfectly ignorant of her husband's infamy; he sent one of his aides-de-camp to the unfortunate creature—who had fallen into strong convulsions (*Continued on page 32*)

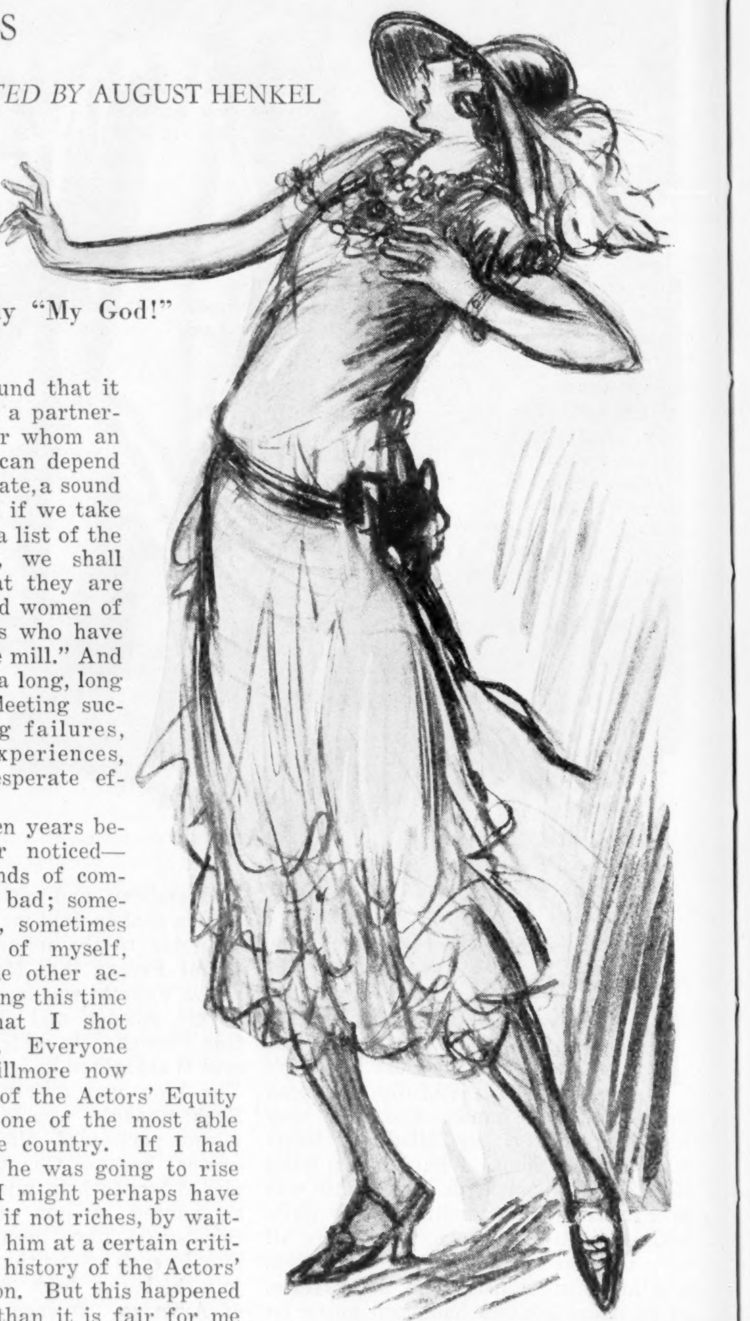
"Just dying to go on

You know someone who feels that way. Show her (or even him) these recollections of one of the most distinguished actors on the stage to-day

By GEORGE ARLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST HENKEL

I know just how that young lady felt



She wanted the kind of part where she had to say "My God!"

AMBITION is, I suppose, a very fine characteristic; at least I have been given to understand that it is. Personally, I have never had any, so I don't know what it feels like, and I am not quite sure that it is a good thing on the stage, except perhaps in small doses. I have known a good many very ambitious actors and actresses and I find that they are generally dissatisfied with the thing they are doing; it is never quite good enough for them.

That seems to me a dangerous condition of mind. If you feel superior to the part you are playing and superior to the audience before which you are appearing, your performance is bound to suffer. I imagine that this same mental attitude must be equally detrimental in any other business. Of course I do not suggest that one should not desire to advance, but I think it a good thing to make up your mind that the position on the ladder in which you find yourself is where you belong at that particular moment and that it is advisable to establish yourself firmly there, in order to prevent the possibility of being forced to step down.

Recently a young lady came to me for advice. She was "just dying to go on the stage." She told me that she knew she would be a success. If she only was given a chance, she would make all Broadway talk. She said she didn't want to play any of your quiet, namby-pamby parts. She wanted the kind of part where she had to say "My God!" and she flung out her arms and rolled her eyes a good deal. And she begged me to send her to a manager who would appreciate her. I am acquainted with a good many managers, but I couldn't think of one at the moment who would be likely to offer her just the kind of part she wanted.

I know just how that young lady felt. She had a vision of herself dashing to the center of the stage, in the limelight, and playing an impassioned scene ten times better than the best actress she had ever seen. She had probably done it many times in her own bedroom, entirely to her own satisfaction. In fact, she told me she had.

But it is so easy to act in your own bedroom. I used to do it beautifully when I was a very young actor. And when I afterwards did it at rehearsals in a theatre, I have seen the producer groan in an agony of despair.

Of course, what my aspiring young visitor had not realized was that the really important character on the stage who says "My God!" has probably a good deal more to say. There has to be something to lead up to this exclamation if it is intended to electrify an audience. There are probably two solid acts of what she would call namby-pamby stuff, light comedy, repressed emotion, mere conversation. It is the namby-pamby stuff that shows the real value of an actor or an actress. The big emotional scenes are, as a rule, comparatively easy to play. Up to a certain point they play themselves.

A scene in which an actress, in a great sweep of passion, drags down the hangings from the windows, lets down her hair, beats the palms of her hands on the closed door, writhes on the floor and takes twelve curtain calls with her hand on her palpitating heart—this is the kind of scene that actors speak lightly of as "the scene where she bites the furniture." That's what we call easy. Of course, one person can do it better than another, but almost anyone with careful direction can do it well enough to be effective. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that my young visitor could have done it—after a few lessons—very creditably.

When the Villain Shot the Hero

BUT the ability to do that sort of thing is not what carries an actor to ultimate success. The test of the actor is in the quiet scenes, the explanatory scenes, in the padding, and in the poorly written dialogue that has to be made vitally interesting to an audience; the scenes that lead up to the great situation, without which the big scene is going to fall flat. The successful actor has to know how to make bricks without straw. I don't mean to say that an actor can carry a thoroughly bad play to success; I don't think he can. I don't think he ever has been able to. There are dramas which we sometimes speak of as bad and which have succeeded through the great ability of the leading actor, but in such plays there is always something that appeals; it may be a primitive love story, or a mother-love, or the love of a crippled child; but there is something in the play to come to the actor's rescue, or with all his powers he would never be able to save it. But what the good actor of experience can do is to lift to a certain level of distinction a play that is in reality only mediocre, and to show perhaps a small profit for the manager on something that would otherwise have proved a financial failure. That is I suppose why we still have the "star" system, because the commercial manager (and every manager has to be commercial if the theatre is to live) has found that it pays him to form a partnership with an actor whom an audience feels it can depend upon for, at any rate, a sound performance. And if we take the time to make a list of the dependable stars, we shall find, I think, that they are nearly all men and women of experience—actors who have "been through the mill." And often it has been a long, long grind; years of fleeting successes, agonizing failures, heartbreaking experiences, bad blunders, desperate effort.

I worked for ten years before I was ever noticed—worked in all kinds of companies, good and bad; sometimes doing well, sometimes making an ass of myself, often spoiling the other actors. It was during this time of probation that I shot Frank Gillmore. Everyone knows Frank Gillmore now as the secretary of the Actors' Equity Association and one of the most able executives in the country. If I had only known that he was going to rise to this position I might perhaps have gained notoriety, if not riches, by waiting, and shooting him at a certain critical period in the history of the Actors' Equity Association. But this happened more years ago than it is fair for me to confess.

Frank Gillmore was playing the hero, and I was playing the villain. There were two rifles used in the play. One was unloaded. I had to level it at Frank Gillmore's head, pull the trigger and say "Damnation," when it failed to go off. One was charged with a blank cartridge which was fired off-stage later in the scene. The property man gave me the wrong one. I discharged it full in Frank Gillmore's face and the curtain had to be lowered on the picture of the villain, throwing his arms around the hero's neck and crying, "My God, old chap, what have I done!" In those days blank cartridges were not as carefully prepared as they are now. Poor Frank had a bad time, but his eyesight was not impaired, for which I thank God, for I feared at the moment that I had blinded him.

I have a feeling that the large majority of young men and women who desire to enter the dramatic profession are attracted to it mainly because they believe that it is a pleasant and easy way of getting a living; that the chances of considerable financial return are far greater than in most other walks of life. I do not desire to discourage any aspirant to the stage, for I realize that we are not so overwhelmed with talented actors and actresses that we can afford to shut out any budding genius. But since I am so frequently called upon to give advice to young people it might be as well to point out that of all the elements that go to make up a successful stage career, luck is perhaps the least to be depended upon. In fact, the most unfortunate thing that can happen to a young actor is to be lucky.

I suppose that assertion requires some explanation. Let us take, for instance, the case of the ambitious

the STAGE"

young lady I have referred to who came to me for advice. Suppose I had sent her to a manager who had been able to give her some spectacular "bit" similar to the one she had dreamed about in her bedroom—it might even have been in a bedroom scene (so many emotional scenes happen there in up-to-date plays), which perhaps would have given her courage; and suppose the combination of her flashing arms and her rolling eyes had been just what was required in that scene. It is possible that the newspapers the next day would have said that she recalled Duse in her younger days or Bernhardt in her glory, or, at any rate, "Here is a young actress who will go far." And all her friends would tell her that she was "made." That is the kind of misfortune I mean. What happens to her now? A manager "finds her a play" and she fails from lack of experience. She cannot carry the burden. Another manager perhaps gives her a further opportunity and she fails again for the same reason. In point of fact she is found out. She has no backbone of experience; she has traded on her emotion—a quality that can never be depended upon to carry you far on the road to success. She is dropped and becomes a dissatisfied woman perhaps ever afterward. At best she has to go through years of disappointment while she learns her business and she is terribly handicapped by the fact that she has been tried and found wanting.

Easy Enough to Get to the Top

THERE may be such a thing as a Heaven-born genius, but there is no Heaven-born actress. Acting is an art or a business, whichever you like to call it; and it has to be learned just as surely as any other business if the aspirant is to have a fair chance of success. It is a great tragedy in the career of an actor to get his chance too soon. As a general rule the actor who does good, steady work, and for the first eight or even ten years of his career on the stage makes no spectacular success, is likely to be better off in the end than those who attain notoriety in the early days of their career. The late W. S. Penley (the original Charley's Aunt) once said to me: "It may be easy enough to get to the top of the tree; the difficulty is, old boy, to stay there."

There is another tragic condition that sometimes arises—when the "type" actor of very limited range gets an opportunity and makes a spectacular success. I recall the instance of a certain "small-part actor" who for years had always played parts of one type, and played them well. And a dramatist conceived the idea of writing a full-length play round this actor's particular scope of ability. The play was written and the actor was given the leading part. It was a great success. It ran, I think, for fully two years, and the actor, who had never before done anything but play his small bit, suddenly found himself a great star.

At the end of the run of this play, another and a better play was procured for him. The production was made and the star registered a dismal failure. It was discovered that he could only do the one thing, and he had done it. His career as a star was over. He had struck twelve for the last time, and now he has slipped back into the crowd of small-part actors and, as far as the public is concerned, he no longer exists. And he is an embittered man. He believes there is a conspiracy among managers to keep him out of his own, or that there are no authors now capable of writing a good play. If he had had a broader experience in the early years of his career it is quite possible that he would have had the ability to carry the other play to success, but he had for so many years traded on a queer personality that it at last dominated his parts, and every character he played was the same; and by trading on his peculiarities he became artificial in his methods.

Broader experience is what we all need upon the stage. In my opinion the most valuable institution to-day is the stock company. The "summer stocks," which absorb some of our best actors and actresses and give them an opportunity to play a number of parts, are particularly valuable. And if I am not mistaken there is a growing desire among our actors to take advantage of this opportunity.

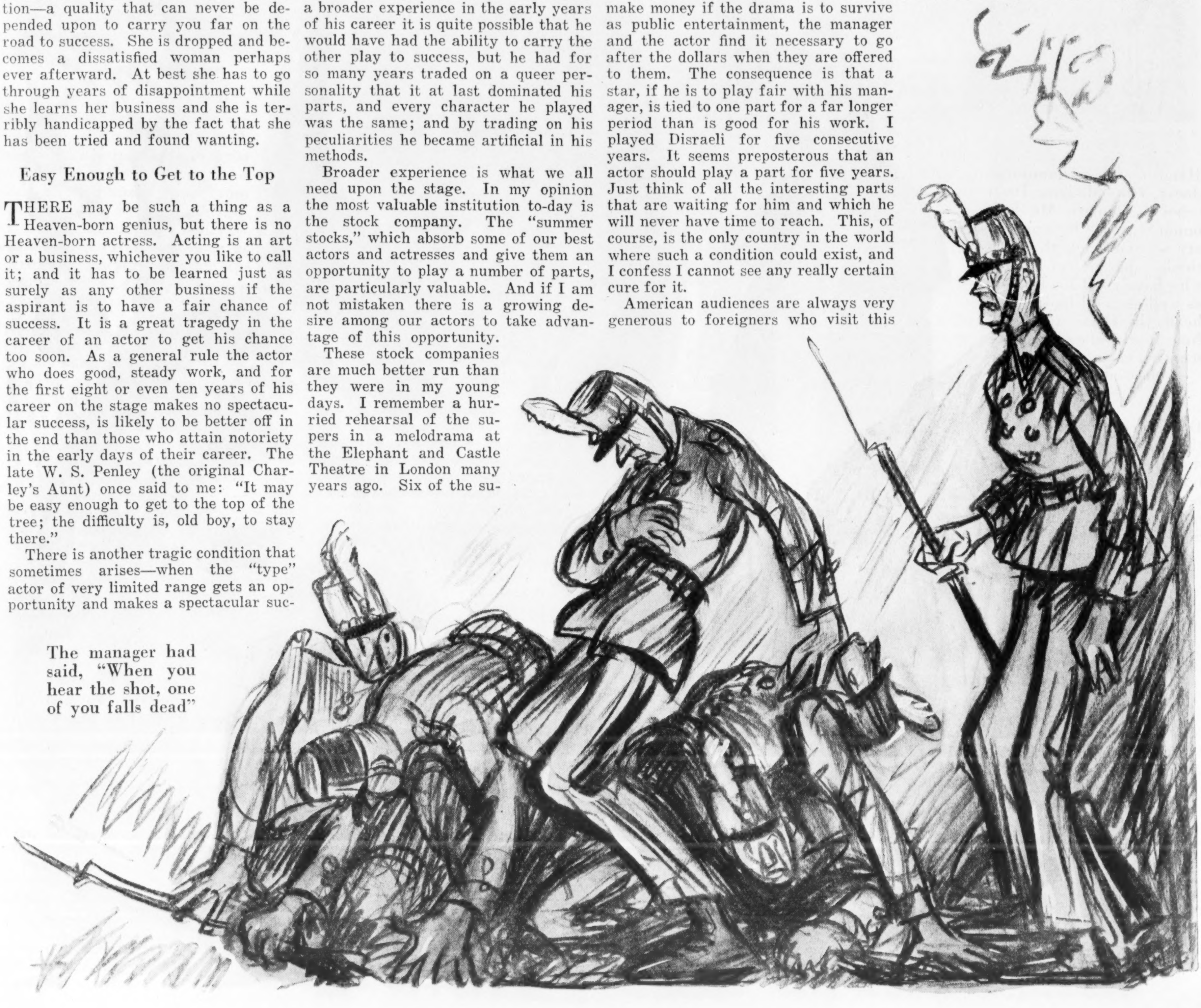
These stock companies are much better run than they were in my young days. I remember a hurried rehearsal of the supers in a melodrama at the Elephant and Castle Theatre in London many years ago. Six of the supers had to march on as soldiers, and one of them was shot by a brigand off-stage and had to fall dead. And the perspiring stage manager said, "You see, you come on here, you boys, and when you hear the shot, one of you falls dead—that'll be all right; clear off;" and the rehearsal was over. I was one of the six supers; and I was eager for distinction. So I secretly decided on a spectacular backfall and a realistic death. You, of course, foresee the tragedy. When Monday night came, we marched on, the shot was fired, and the stage became a writhing mass of dying men, only one soldier was left alive. Five of us had secretly sworn to gain distinction. Of course, that could not happen to-day. Some of the stock performances are amazingly good, considering the short time available for preparation.

You Can't Tell Until You Try

THE great trouble with the United States from the point of view of the drama is that it is too big: this doesn't appear to be anybody's fault and I see no remedy for it. But the fact remains that if an actor makes a success in a play in New York, there is a vast population spreading three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco which is clamoring to see him in the same part. And, as it is essential to make money if the drama is to survive as public entertainment, the manager and the actor find it necessary to go after the dollars when they are offered to them. The consequence is that a star, if he is to play fair with his manager, is tied to one part for a far longer period than is good for his work. I played Disraeli for five consecutive years. It seems preposterous that an actor should play a part for five years. Just think of all the interesting parts that are waiting for him and which he will never have time to reach. This, of course, is the only country in the world where such a condition could exist, and I confess I cannot see any really certain cure for it.

American audiences are always very generous to foreigners who visit this country as exponents of their native art. They are most generous to foreign actors. When the Russians came in with a rush a few seasons ago our New York playgoers sat back amazed at the versatility of these foreign artistes. As a matter of fact, these actors were doing only what is done in any long-established stock company. They did it well, but no better than any group of first-class American actors could have done it, if they had been founded and kept together as a repertory company in New York. But there is no doubt we learned a good deal from the Russian players—mainly hints on stage direction and the handling of crowds. We learned also that an actor who can give a good performance in one part will very probably be able to give an equally good performance in quite a different kind of part, if he is given the opportunity before he has been ruined by continual repetition of one type. And I think the Russian actors probably learned a good deal from the American actors—they might do so, anyhow.

It is generally admitted that you can't tell what you can do until you try. Our average actor doesn't have the opportunity to test his versatility. Some day perhaps a rich New Yorker will get together a group of high-class actors and actresses and hold them together to work as a unit in the greatest theatrical (*Continued on page 43*)



The manager had said, "When you hear the shot, one of you falls dead"

USEFUL

A. Slankoff

Handsome is as handsome does: Thus Madame Desti (above), formerly Mrs. Solomon Sturgis, Chicago society woman, leads this particular parade of ladies who have good livelihoods as well as good looks. She heads the Desti Studios in New York—designing scenery, costumes, interior decorations, etc.

International

And here is a deep young person, Miss Hilda Johnson, who hails from Brooklyn and works under water for one of the country's largest salvaging concerns. Whatever will the women do next?

Dr. Eberle, the lady with the happy-looking police dog, specializes in rebuilding sick little human bodies as head physician of the children's section of Sea-View Hospital, Staten Island

E. F. Foley

Elizabeth Sears of Greenfield, Mass. (above), organized the first woman's world fair and founded the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

U.&U.

Mrs. Frank Englar of Fort Pierce, Fla. (right), started a beauty parlor, switched to selling real estate — did a four-million-dollar business in 18 months

as Well as ORNAMENTAL

Scores of scenarios for scintillant stars have come from Anita Loos (right), otherwise Mrs. John Emerson. Aged 15, she wrote successful love-interest plays before she knew what love meant. D. W. Griffith bought the first. They all bid for her latest

Nickolas Muray

This Portia won promotion. Hon. Georgia P. Bullock (above), University of California graduate, married young and filled in the spare time from family-tending by studying law, letting the social whirl whirl on without her. Her brilliance as a criminal lawyer won her appointment as a Los Angeles judge

© *Harris & Ewing*

From sunny Charleston, S. C., hails Anita Pollitzer (center circle), secretary and youngest officer of the National Woman's Party. She started out to be a painter—now she's a power in politics

U.&U.

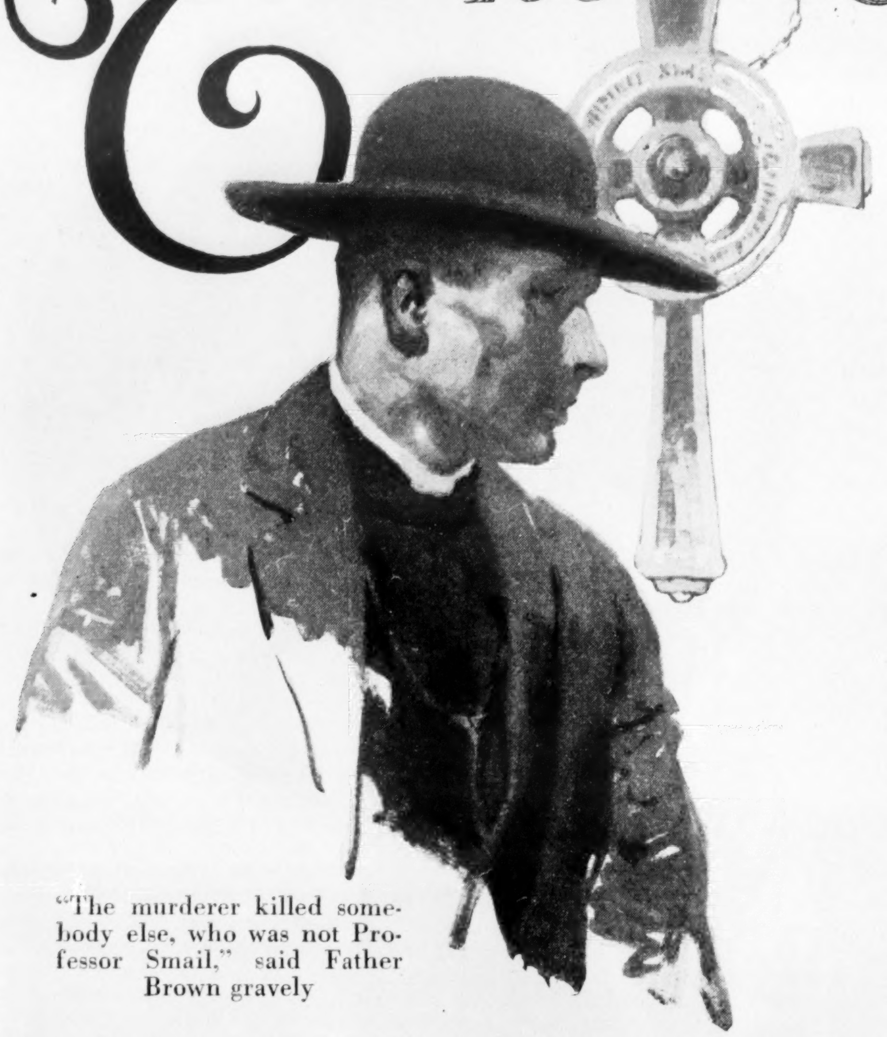
"Ma" Ferguson is governor of Texas and one of her daughters (sitting above) is Mrs. George S. Nalle, wife of a prosperous lumberman. Her profitable hobby is writing insurance —which she does by the ream

Clarksdale, Miss., boasts the youngest of all U. S. commissioners—Celia A. Cook, smiling young lawyer (above), as special deputy U. S. marshal. She did something more than smile. Hence, commissioner

Wide World

Go to Warrenton, Ore., and ask who runs the town. You'll meet Mrs. R. E. Barrett (left), only woman city manager in America. Sculptor W. J. Noble selected her to pose for "American Womanhood." She looks the part

The CURSE of the



"The murderer killed somebody else, who was not Professor Smail," said Father Brown gravely

SIX people sat round a small table, seeming almost as incongruous and accidental as if they had been shipwrecked separately on the same small desert island. At least the sea surrounded them, for in one sense their island was inclosed in another island, a large and flying island like Laputa. For the little table was one of many little tables dotted about in the dining saloon of that monstrous ship the Moravia, speeding through the night and the everlasting emptiness of the Atlantic. The little company had nothing in common except that all were traveling from America to England. Two of them at least might be called celebrities; others might be called obscure, and in one or two cases even dubious.

The first was the famous Professor Smail, an authority on certain archæological studies touching the later Byzantine Empire. His lectures, delivered at an American university, were accepted as of the first authority even in the most authoritative seats of learning in Europe. His literary works were so steeped in mellow and imaginative sympathy with the European past that it often gave strangers a start to hear him speak with an American accent. Yet he was in his way very American; he had long, fair hair brushed back from a big square forehead; long, straight features, and a curious mixture of preoccupation with a poise of potential swiftness, like a lion pondering absent-mindedly on his next leap.

There was only one lady in the group, and she was (as the journalists often said of her) a host in herself—being quite prepared to play hostess, not to say empress, at that or any other table. She was Lady Diana Wales, the celebrated lady traveler in tropical and other countries, but there was nothing rugged or masculine about her appearance at dinner. She was herself handsome in an almost tropical fashion, with a mass of hot and heavy red hair; she was dressed in what the journalists call a daring fashion, but her face was intelligent and her eyes had that bright and rather prominent appearance which belongs to the eyes of ladies who ask questions at political meetings.

THE other four figures seemed at first like shadows in this shining presence, but they showed differences on a closer view. One of them was a young man entered on the ship's register as Paul T. Tarrant. He was an American type which might be more truly called an American antitype. Every nation probably has an antitype—a sort of extreme exception that proves the national rule. Americans really respect work, rather as Europeans respect war. There is a halo of heroism about it, and he who shrinks from it is less than a man. The antitype is evident though being exceedingly rare. He is the dandy or dude; the wealthy waster who makes a weak villain for so many American novels. Paul Tarrant seemed to have nothing whatever to do but to change his clothes, which he did about six times a day, passing into paler or richer shades of his suit of exquisite light gray, like the delicate silver changes of the twilight. Unlike most Americans, he cultivated very carefully a short curly beard; and unlike most dandies, even of his own type, he seemed rather sulky than showy. Perhaps there was something almost Byronic about his silence and his gloom.

The next two travelers were naturally classed together because they were both English lecturers returning from an American tour. One of them was described as Leonard Smyth, apparently a minor poet, but something of a major journalist, and perfectly capable of looking after himself. The other was a rather comic contrast, being short and broad, with a black walrus mustache, and as taciturn as the other was talkative. But as he had been both charged with robbing and praised for rescuing a Rumanian princess threatened by a jaguar in his traveling menagerie, and had thus figured in a fashionable case, it was naturally felt that his views on God, progress, his own early life, and the future of Anglo-American relations would be of great interest and value to the inhabitants of Minneapolis and Omaha.

The sixth and most insignificant figure was that of a little English priest going by the name of Brown. He listened to the conversation with respectful attention, and he was at that moment forming the impression that there was one rather curious thing about it.

"I suppose those Byzantine studies of yours, Professor," Leonard Smyth was saying, "would throw some light on this story of a tomb found somewhere on the South Coast; near Brighton, isn't it? Brighton's a long way from Byzantium, of course. But I read something about the style of burying, or embalming, or something, being supposed to be Byzantine."

"Byzantine studies certainly have to reach a long way," replied the professor dryly. "They talk about specialists, but I think the hardest thing on earth is to specialize. In this case, for instance; how can a man know anything about Byzantium till he knows everything about Rome before it and about Islam after it? Most Arab arts were old Byzantine arts. Why, take algebra—"

"But I won't take algebra," cried the lady decisively. "I never did and I never do. But I'm awfully interested in embalming. I was with Gatton, you know, when he opened the Babylonian tombs. Ever since then I've found mummies and preserved bodies, and all that, perfectly thrilling. Do tell us about this one."

"Gatton was an interesting man," said the professor. "They were an interesting family. That brother of his who went into Parliament was much more than an ordinary politician. I never understood the Fascisti till he made that speech about Italy."

"Well, we're not going to Italy on this trip," said Lady Diana persistently, "and I believe you're going to that little place where they've found the tomb. In Sussex, isn't it?"

"Sussex is pretty large, as these little English sections go," replied the professor. "One might wander about in it for a goodish time, and it's a good place to wander in. It's wonderful how large those low hills seem when you're on them."

THERE was an abrupt, accidental silence; and then the lady said, "Oh, I'm going on deck," and rose, the men rising with her. But the professor lingered, and the little priest was the last to leave the table, carefully folding up his napkin. And as they were thus left alone together the professor said suddenly to his companion, "What would you say was the point of that little talk."

"Well," said Father Brown, smiling, "since you ask me, there was something that amused me a little. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that the company made three attempts to get you to talk about an embalmed body said to be found in Sussex. And you, on your side, very courteously offered to talk: first about algebra, then about the Fascisti, and then about the landscape of the Downs."

"In short," replied the professor, "you thought I was ready to talk about any subject but that one. You were quite right."

The professor was silent for a little time, looking down at the tablecloth; then he looked up and spoke with that swift impulsiveness that suggested the lion's leap.

"See here, Father Brown," he said. "I consider you about the wisest and whitest man I ever met."

FATHER BROWN was very English. He had all the normal national helplessness about what to do with a serious and sincere compliment suddenly handed to him to his face, in the American manner. His reply was a meaningless murmur, and it was the professor who proceeded, with the same staccato earnestness:

"You see, up to a point it's all simple enough. A Christian tomb of the Dark Ages, apparently that of a bishop, has been found under a little church at Dulham on the Sussex coast. The vicar happened to be a good bit of an archæologist himself and has been able to find out a good deal more than I know yet. There was a rumor of the corpse being embalmed in a way peculiar to Greeks and Egyptians, but unknown in the west, especially at that date. So Mr. Walters (that is the vicar) naturally wonders about a Byzantine influence. But he also mentions something else, that is of even more personal interest to me."

His long, grave face seemed to grow even longer and graver as he frowned down at the tablecloth. His long finger seemed to be tracing patterns on it like the plans of dead cities and their temples and tombs.

"So I'm going to tell you, and nobody else, why it is I have to be careful about mentioning that matter in mixed company, and why the more eager they are to talk about it the more cautious I have to be. It is also stated that in the coffin is a chain with a cross common enough to look at, but with a certain secret symbol on the back found on only one other cross in the world. It is from the arcana of the very earliest church and is supposed to indicate St. Peter setting up his see at Antioch before he came to Rome. Anyhow, I believe there is but one other like it, and it belongs to me. I hear there is some story about a curse on it, but I take no notice of that. But whether or no there is a curse there really is in one sense a conspiracy, though the conspiracy should consist only of one man."

"Of one man," repeated Father Brown almost mechanically.

"Of one madman, for all I know," said Professor Smail. "It's a long story and in some ways a silly one. It's enough to say now that I once had a similar relic sent me by somebody who declared it to be genuine and I declared it to be spurious; and since then I have been conscious in a hundred ways of somebody conspiring against me and crossing my path in a sort of spite; bidding against me, circulating slanders about me, and sometimes threatening me in anonymous letters. From those threats I deduce that he is quite likely to shadow me on

GOLDEN CROSS

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

this expedition and try to steal the relic or do me some mischief for possessing it. But as I never saw the man in my life, he may be almost any man I meet. Logically speaking, he may be any of the waiters who wait on me at table. He may be any of the passengers who sit with me at table."

"He may be me," said Father Brown, with cheerful contempt for grammar.

"He may be anybody else," answered Professor Smail seriously. "There is one chance of finding out, I think. When we get to Southampton I shall take a car at once along the coast. I should be glad if you would come with me, but in the ordinary sense, of course, our little party will break up. If any one of them turns up again in that little churchyard on the Sussex coast, we shall know who he really is."

THE professor's program was duly carried out, at least to the extent of the car and its cargo in the form of Father Brown. They coasted along their road with the sea on one side and the hills of Hampshire and Sussex on the other; nor was there visible to the eye any shadow of pursuit. As they approached the village of Dulham only one man crossed their path who had any connection with the matter in hand—a journalist who had just visited the church and been courteously escorted by the vicar through the newly excavated chapel; his remarks and notes seemed to be of the ordinary newspaper sort. But Professor Smail was perhaps a little fanciful and could not dismiss the sense of something odd and discouraging in the attitude and appearance of the man, who was tall and shabby, hook-nosed and hollow-eyed, with mustaches that drooped with depression. He seemed anything but enlivened by his late experiment as a sight-seer; indeed, he seemed to be striding as fast as possible from the sight, when they stopped him with a question.

"It's all about a curse," he said—"a curse on the place, according to the guidebook, or the parson, or the oldest inhabitant, or whoever is the authority; and really it feels jolly like it. Curse or no curse, I'm glad to have got out of it."

"Do you believe in curses?" asked Smail curiously.

"I don't believe in anything; I'm a journalist," answered the melancholy being. "Boon of the Daily Wire. But there's something creepy about that crypt; and I'll never deny I felt a chill." And he strode on toward the railway station with a further accelerated pace.

"Looks like a raven or a crow, that fellow," observed Smail as they turned toward the churchyard. "What is it they say about a bird of ill omen?"

They entered the churchyard slowly, the eyes of the American antiquary lingering luxuriantly over the isolated roof of the lych gate and the large, unfathomable black growth of the yew, looking like night itself defying the broad daylight. The path climbed up amid heaving levels of turf in which the gravestones were tilted at all angles like stone rafts tossed on a green sea, till it came to the ridge beyond which the great gray sea itself ran like an iron bar, with pale lights in it like steel. Almost at their feet the tough, rank grass turned into a tuft of sea holly and ended in gray and yellow sand; and a foot or two from the holly and outlined darkly against the steely sea stood a motionless figure.

BUT for its dark gray clothing it might almost have been the statue on some sepulchral monument. But Father Brown instantly recognized something in the elegant stoop of the shoulders and the rather sullen outward thrust of the short beard.

"Gee," exclaimed the professor of archæology, "it's that man Tarrant, if you call him a man. Did you think, when I spoke on the boat, that I should ever get so quick an answer to my question?"

"I thought you might get too many answers to it," answered Father Brown.

"Why, how do you mean?" inquired the professor, darting a look at him.

"I mean," answered the other mildly, "that I thought I heard voices behind the yew tree. I don't think Mr. Tarrant is so solitary as he looks. I might even venture to say, so solitary as he likes to look."

Even as Tarrant turned slowly round in his moody manner, the confirmation came. Another voice, high and rather hard but none the less feminine, was saying with experienced raillery:

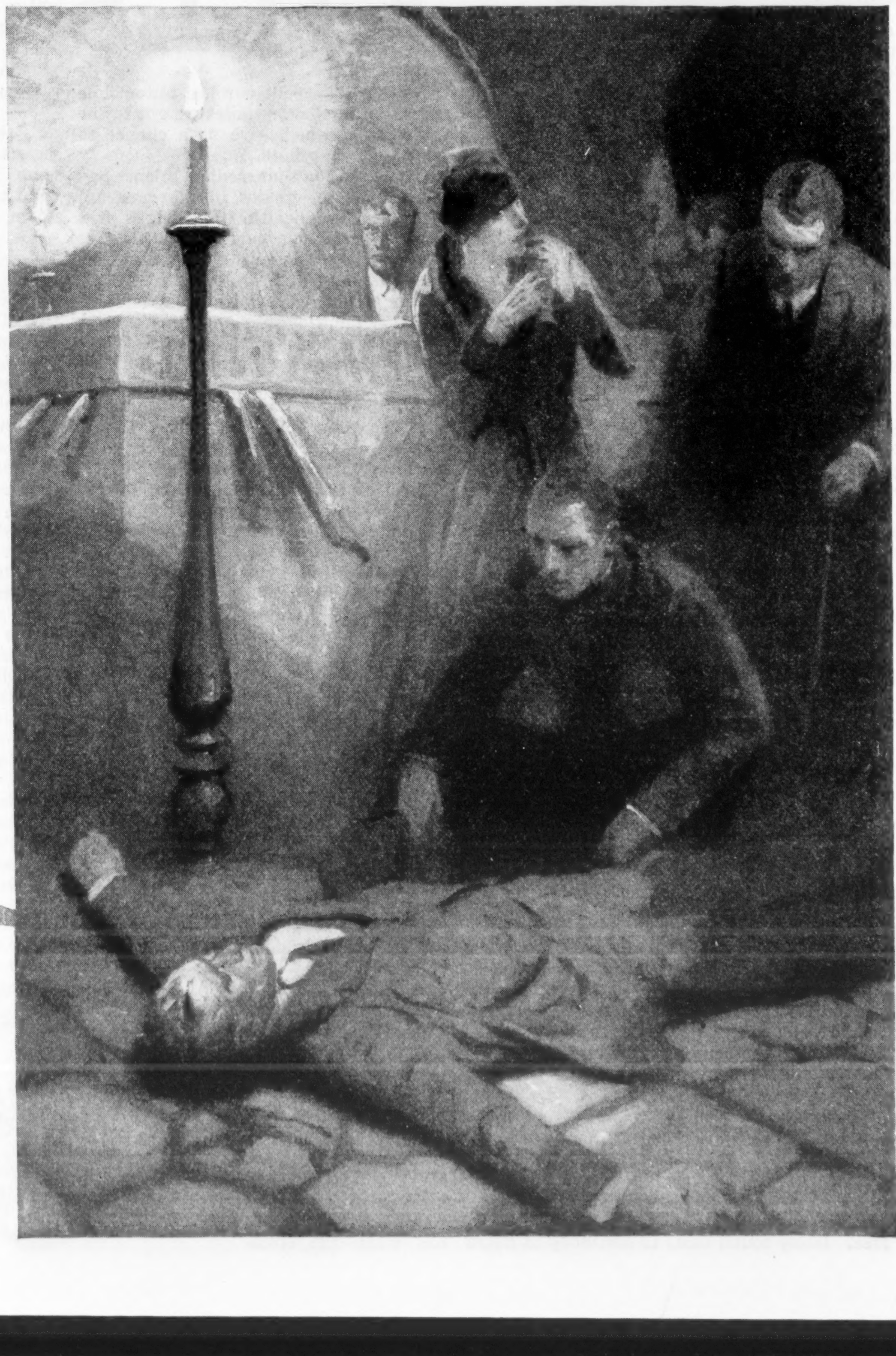
"And how was I to know he would be here?"

It was borne in upon Professor Smail that this gay observation was not addressed to him, so he was forced to conclude, in some bewilderment, that yet a third person was present. As Lady Diana Wales came out, radiant and resolute as ever, from the shadow of the yew, he noted grimly that she had a living shadow of her own. The lean, dapper figure of Leonard Smyth, that insinuating man of letters, appeared immediately behind her own flamboyant form, smiling, his head a little on one side like a dog's.

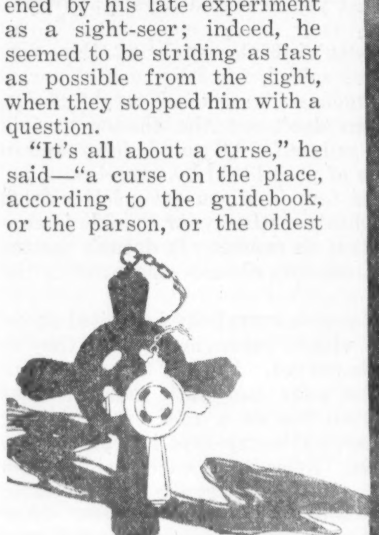
"Snakes!" muttered Smail. "Why, they're all here. Or all except that little showman with the walrus whiskers."

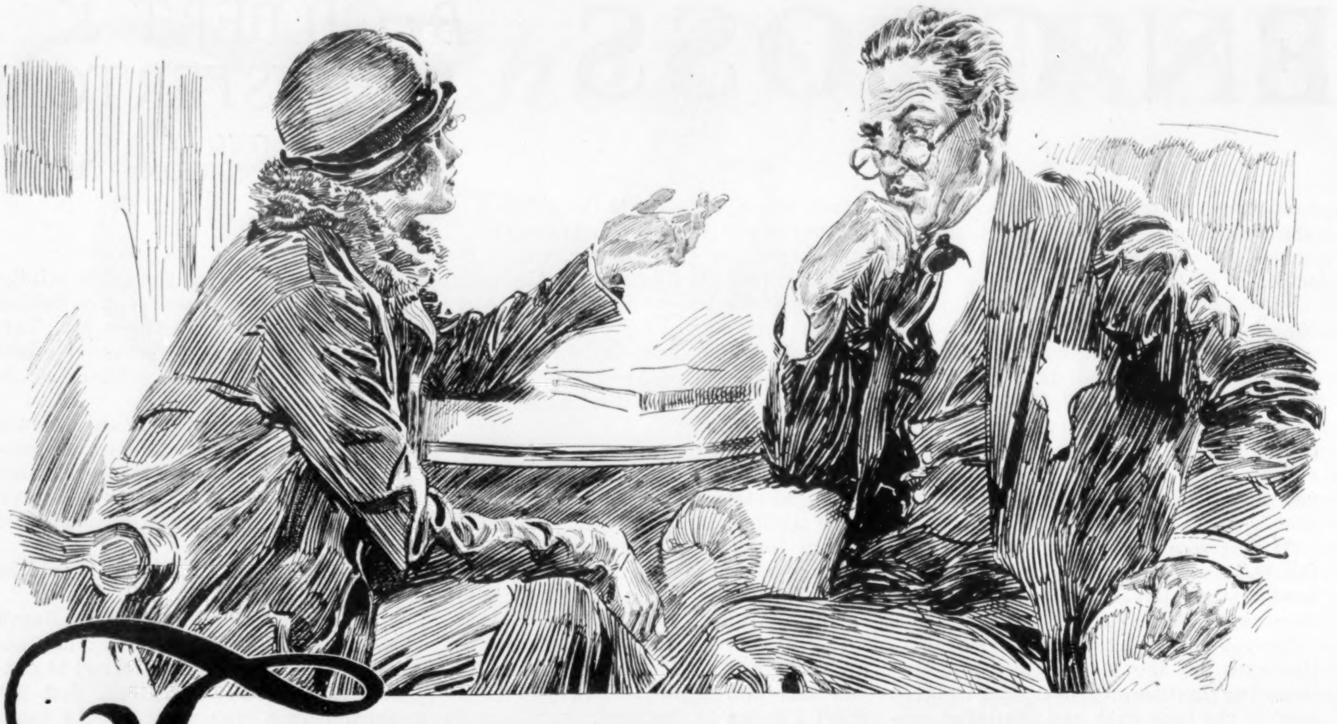
He heard Father Brown laughing softly beside him; and indeed the situation was becoming something more than laughable. It seemed to be turning topsy-turvy and tumbling about their ears like a pantomime trick, for even while the professor had been speaking his words had received the most comical contradiction. The round head with the grotesque black crescent of mustache had appeared suddenly and seemingly out of a hole in the gound. An instant afterward they realized that the hole was, in fact, a very large hole, leading to a ladder which descended into the bowels of the earth; that it was, in fact, the entrance to the subterranean scene they had come to visit. The little man had been the first to find the entrance and had already descended a rung or two of the ladder before he put his head out again to address his fellow travelers. He looked like some particularly preposterous grave digger in a burlesque of "Hamlet." He only said thickly behind his black mustache, "It is down here." But it came to the rest of the company with a start of realization that, though they had sat opposite him at mealtimes for a week, they had hardly ever heard him speak before, and that, though he was

(*Continued on page 38*)



Smail had withdrawn his head swiftly, but not in time. The old stone coffin was once more closed as it had been for centuries





What with running to see fires and accidents and crowding to watch the steam shovels, Uncle Henry says we set a furious pace in the cities. Still, he discerns some advantages, such as interesting ailments and no end of doctors—while your money holds out

The pace that KILLS

"I'M GLAD I don't live in a big town," remarked Mr. Stubbs. "Considerin' the way they drive, drive, *drive*, no wonder city folks are nervous wrecks."

"For once you're right," agreed Uncle Henry. "In a place like New York it's a poor day when you can't see two or three accidents or a fire or get a chance to follow a patrol wagon, an' in almost every block there's a buildin' goin' up or comin' down. Why, unless you hire a messenger boy to stand in line all night, you've actually got to fight for a place in the front row to watch a steam shovel at work. An' I've seen women crushed to death by the crowd where blastin' was goin' on.

"Every day's the same furious rush. The last time I was East it took me a week to get a package wrapped for expressin', an' by that time I'd forgotten who I wanted to send it to. In four stores the clerks were busy with their nails, an' the fifth sent me to a storage warehouse, where I was finally told to see their Mr. Brown. The first three Browns I got were wrong, an' the right one referred me to a place downtown, where they sent me to a shop uptown, an' when I got there the packers were all on strike.

"No question about it bein' the pace that kills, an' yet there's no denyin' that city life has a lot of advantages. Look at the way we had to go down to the depot yesterday to meet our congressman. Why, in a city you don't even have to know your congressman's name, much less listen to 'im. An' there are no neighbors to drop in jes' as you've taken off your shoes an' stretched out for a nap, an' you don't have to go around admirin' landscapes an' sunsets. Artists attend to all that for city folks, an' you get your nature in the Sunday supplements.

"An' speakin' of papers, here I am waitin' for the 6:10 flyer to bring me news of the outside world so I can keep in touch with modern thought. An' when I've waded through the comic strips, want ads, crossword puzzles, an' the Ruth, the whole Ruth an' nothing but the Ruth, it's time for bed. Now in all the big cities they begin gettin' our afternoon papers at seven in the mornin' an' by five o'clock you've done your readin' for the day, an' have the evenin' free.

"Nor must we overlook the important matter of food. When I send the wife word that I'm bringin' friends home for dinner, they've got to rush out in the back yard an' lay rude hands upon a couple of pullets. In a city, however, chickens, as well as every other form of meat, are killed several years in advance of the demand, an' all that's necessary is to telephone the delicatessen man an' have him apply the seniority rule.

"Look at the steps an' time we waste here in these old-fashioned, ramblin' homes? In a city flat all you've got to do is to stumble over the front door sill an' you're in the kitchen, bedroom or bath, dependin' on which way you fall. Runnin' water in every room—half the time you can't stop it runnin'—an' everything so nice an' compact you can't brush your teeth any way but up an' down.

Foot-and-Mouth Disease

"AN' *DOCTORS!* Good Lord, 'Lonzo, we don't know what medical attention is in a burg like this. When one of us gets up some mornin' kinda feelin' that he'd like to enjoy a little ill health, who's there to go to but old Doc Riggs? You know jes' as well as I do that he's ignorant of the theory an' practice of modern medicine, for most of the time he cuts you off before you're half through tellin' him about your aches an' pains an' queer feelin's, an' then adds insult by insistin' there's nothin' the matter with you.

"City doctors are different. They let you talk about yourself as long as your money holds out, an' since this psychoanalysis has come in I hear they even let people tell 'em their dreams.

"An' that's not the half of it either. The big towns are fillin' up with what they call dietitians, an' for a nominal fee you can go to 'em an' talk for hours about the things you like an' don't like to eat. No wonder city folks are sick all the time. Why, if I had advantages like that I'd take my almanac an' move right down to some doctor's office an' never leave it.

"This is certainly a wonderful age we live in, 'Lonzo. The one thing still needed to put conversation on an absolutely sound basis is somebody to listen while we tell about our last automobile tour, an' how many miles we got to the gallon, an' who'll give us a chance to show our snapshots.

"No question that medical science has made amazin' strides in the care an' prevention of health. Doc Riggs still treats the human body as a whole, but the city chaps have divided an' subdivided the human frame until there isn't an inch that isn't under intensive cultivation an' yieldin' rich returns. Old complaints that used to be contemptuously dismissed with bread pills are now good for happy years of invalidism, an' you get the picture rights in addition.

"Say, for instance, you found your feet hurtin' you. Doc Riggs would look at 'em immediately, find out that your shoes were too small, an' that would be the end of it. But not in a city. The first thing a metropolitan doc does is to put his hand in your mouth, an' the minute he finds you've got teeth, he knows that the trouble is some focal infection. A dentist takes some X-rays an' then pulls your teeth to see if the pictures are right.

"You go back to your doctor, an' jes' as he's about to look you over he discovers your tonsils, an' hurries you off to a throat specialist. Until a few years ago there wasn't anything more useless than a tonsil, but since Luther Burbank crossed it with Swiss chard, or cut-an'-come-again, as the layman calls it, nothin' in the body is more highly regarded by the medical profession, unless it be the appendix.

"That comes next. You'd think he'd take a look at your stomach while he's about it, but that's two inches over the boundary line, an' the second he gets to it he calls in another specialist. What with teeth an' tonsils bein' gone, you have a feelin' of nakedness every time you open your mouth, but it's worse, so they tell me, when the stomach man drops in some bismuth an' lights you up like a Christmas tree. After that he summons an expert accountant who works out your calories, vitamins, proteins an' lipoids so as to safeguard the body against nourishment.

"The stomach specialist now sends you to an oculist, for the digestive tract an' eye are closely related, usually by marriage, an' after the three pairs have been fitted the oculist figures that maybe the trouble is in the ductless glands. There are eight of 'em, 'Lonzo—two in the head, three in the neck an' three in the abdomen—so that means three other specialists, an' as none of 'em know anything except what they read the night before, you're in for several busy months.

New Styles in Tan

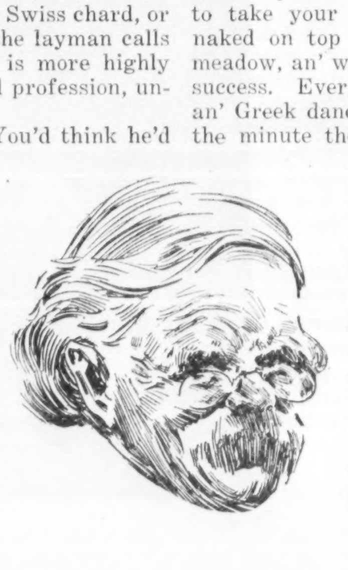
"EVEN after you've made the rounds of all the regular doctors, there's still no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the best of ill health, for you've got the chiropractors to fall back on. There's nothin' they can't cure, for after they've put on their heaviest shoes an' leaped from a springboard to the middle of your back, you won't be able to remember that you ever had a pain anywhere else.

"I don't think much of this new Abrams school, for it's more of a correspondence course than anything else, an' you don't get the chance to talk about yourself. All you do is to send in a drop of your blood by parcel post, an' after a few days you get a letter from 'em tellin' whether your trouble is consumption or cancer. It doesn't matter which one you choose—the price is the same.

"Of course everybody is excited about these violet rays, now that they've been improved. It used to be you had to take your sun bath more or less naked on top of a roof or lyin' in a meadow, an' worry kept it from bein' a success. Everybody, except show girls an' Greek dancers, grabbed for a sheet the minute they heard a noise. Now they've got rays that can give you a coat of tan through an overcoat an' woolen union suits. It's a sure cure for rickets."

"But what if you haven't got rickets?" demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"Don't worry," said Uncle Henry. "After you have been handed from one specialist to another for some time, you'll have the rickets all right."



Is DEMPSEY'S *crown* FOR SALE?

Jack Kearns, Dempsey's shrewd manager

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

THIS is a true story of the mysterious ways of prize-fight management—interesting to prize ring fans from the Prince of Wales down to the lowliest "rubber" of an amateur flyweight; interesting also to those whose minds are turned to other things, because a real man stood up for honesty, honor and the faith of a friend.

Jim Maloney and his manager, Johnny McGrath, grew up together

THE shrewdest piece of big business in the history of prize fighting crashed to flinders in Boston a few weeks ago when it collided with an honest and clear-eyed young Irishman who wouldn't go back on his word.

It's a real life story more fantastic than fiction—so fantastic in fact that it could never have happened outside the movies or the one place where it did happen—behind the scenes of heavyweight pugilism.

Jack Dempsey, as most of the world knows by this time, is apparently through with the wars. With his eggshell nose and his beautiful bride, he has sailed away in lordly style for a leisurely continental honeymoon.

The search for his successor is already on. It is on in all parts of the world. There's a million dollars waiting for the iron-fisted youth who can step into the heavyweight champion's shoes. There's another million waiting for the man who manages him. These are conservative current quotations.

And leading the field in the search for this unknown is Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager. The pair of Jacks plighted their business troth over their beer years ago. Each was penniless, each was unheard of at the moment; but from the partnership pledged in California that day sprang the most famous and successful manager-and-man team the game has ever known: Dempsey, the man-killing champion of champions, and Kearns, the shrewdest managerial mind that ever piloted a pugilist.

Kearns' contacts are all still established. His name inspires awe. He has educated the public to the million-dollar purse. He resurrected and perfected P. T. Barnum's art of the Big Ballyhoo, and now, just as he reaches the peak of his power, his great champion marries and apparently hangs up his gloves.

The iron is white-hot on the heavyweight anvil. The psychological moment is now. The public is ready to turn to new faces. Dempsey has achieved the "and they lived happily ever after" ending. His thrilling tale has a story-book finish, and the populace that once shouted itself into laryngitis and tossed its millinery up to the moon on nights when he fought has waved good luck and farewell.

Nobody knows this so well as Jack Kearns, whose showmanship is his sixth and most highly developed sense. Kearns knows what the public demands of this newcomer. He must be young and strong and handsome and personable if he is to be a ten strike. He must have the kick of a mule in his fists, two stout legs beneath him and the heart of a lion. He must be clean and intelligent, fairly well educated, and the less known about him the greater the pleasurable surprise of the public when he is formally introduced, and the greater, therefore, his popularity and his power to pull gold through the turnstiles.

There's just such a youngster in Boston right now. His professional name is Jim Maloney, the natural abbreviation of his baptismal handle, which happens to be Edward James.

Jim Maloney is six feet tall and he weighs 200 pounds. He's 21 years old. He's handsome and popular and in scarcely more than a year of professional fighting he's run up a string of heavyweight knockouts that reads like a page of a telephone directory. Jim is of sturdy Irish-American stock—the blood that bred Boston's immortal John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey and the other great champions of history.

He shattered an opponent's jaw in three places with just one punch in a Providence ring. The same week in fifty seconds of actual fighting he knocked the husky Battling McCreary from the middle of the ring into the first row of spectators with one powerful swing, up in Portland, Maine. That's an example of Maloney in action. Not even Firpo in his palmiest days could hit harder than this young Boston Irishman.

One More Punch—and Out

THE Boston sports writers call him "Dynamite Jim," and he's never been outfought since his very first fight, when he tackled an experienced veteran who cut him so badly with a glancing blow that the referee sent the men to their corners, awarding the decision to the veteran.

Of course Jack Kearns heard of the Boston sensation. News travels fast in the fight business. Kearns got his first eye-witness report when Maloney fought a huge fellow known as Joe Stoessel, a six-round preliminary on the Firpo-Wills card in Boyles Thirty Acres last September. Jack Dempsey himself, and Teddy Hayes, his trainer, were at the ringside that night.

Stoessel, who has the massive lines of Jess Willard, towered over Maloney like a church steeple, but Maloney cut him to ribbons and danced on the scraps. Stoessel had been discharged from Firpo's training camp at White Sulphur Springs two weeks before because, it is alleged, he was making a spectacle of the Wild Bull in his public boxing exhibitions; yet Maloney, still but a cub at the time, flew at him and flailed him like a wild man beating a bass drum.

A newspaper man asked Jack Dempsey next day what he thought of the previous evening.

"It was all pretty terrible," Dempsey was quoted, "with the single exception of that kid from Boston. What a sock he's got in that right!"

The months kept passing and Maloney kept winning. All his fights were in New England rings, most of them in Boston.

Kearns began to watch Maloney in earnest. This looked like the prospect he sought. Dempsey, meanwhile, was announcing his engagement and preparing for his marriage. That spelled the end for Kearns, although rumors of a break were denied.

Through Eastern sources, Kearns, still in California, kept a wary eye on the big Boston boy and the report cards all carried A's. Maloney seemed to have every requisite quality, and another heartening fact from the standpoint of Kearns was that he seemed to be procurable. So far as Kearns was able to learn the only manager Maloney had was a neighborhood kid he'd grown up with, and the only contract between them was made while Maloney was still a minor.

Kearns and Hayes were coming east to defend themselves in a court action in Jersey, and so sure was Kearns of signing Maloney that he gave an interview to a Los Angeles newspaper saying in so many words that Dempsey was through and that as for himself he intended to do business still at the same old stand, that he was already rounding up a new stable of fighters, with Jim Maloney of Boston as his new heavyweight, Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion of the world, Pythian, the middleweight, and Ace Hudkins, the lightweight, as the rest of his string.

But once in the East, Kearns didn't rush headlong to Boston. He sent Hayes up in the rôle of advance agent to pave the way for his later appearance. Hayes got in touch with a Boston friend who knew Maloney and had been watching him at the behest of Kearns. This friend arranged a meeting between Maloney and Hayes, which almost floored the bashful young fighter. The idea that the trainer and secretary of the great Jack Dempsey would shake hands with him was flattering in the extreme.

A Crown for the Asking

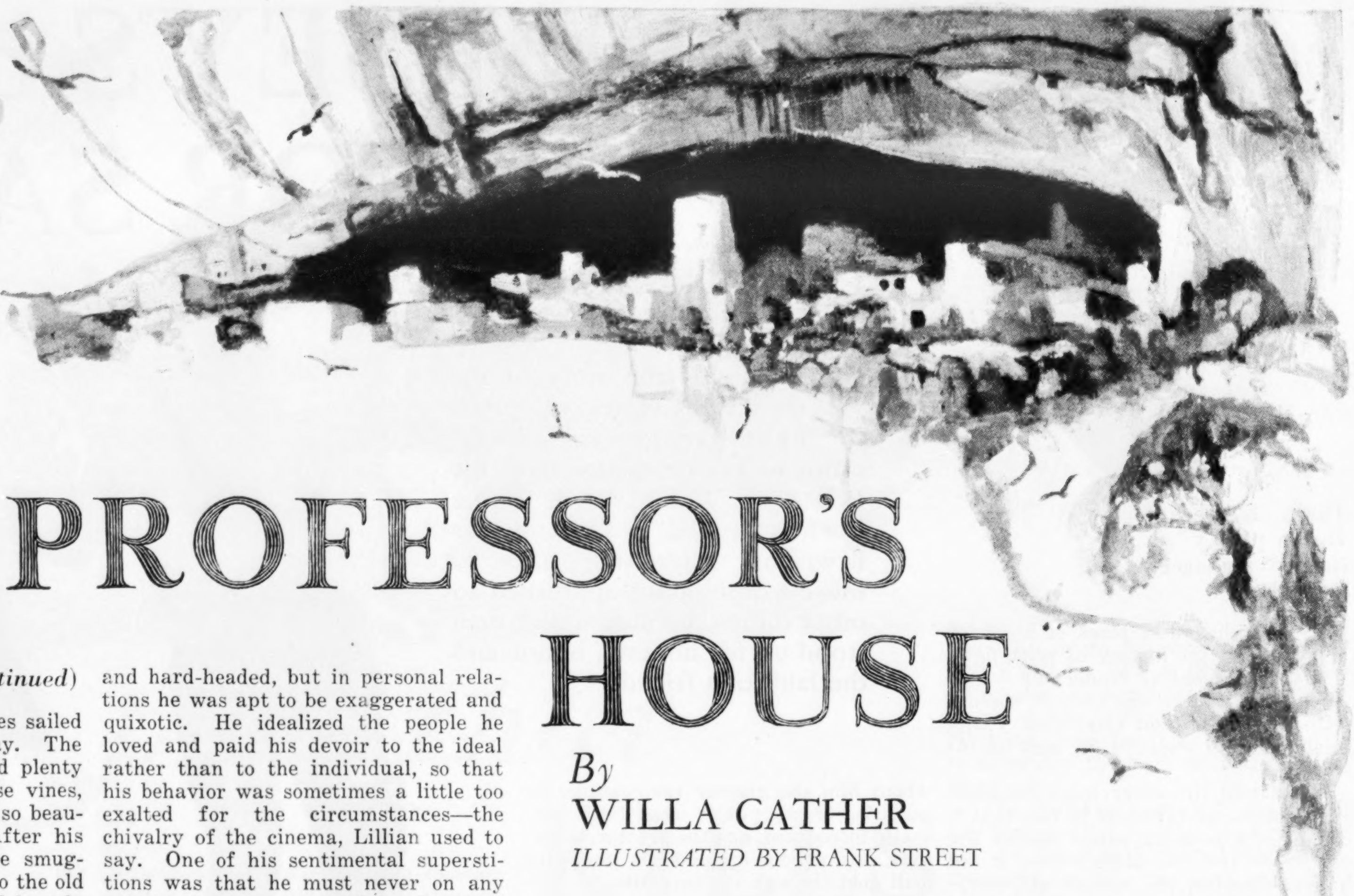
"HOW would you like to be champion of the world?" Hayes asked him after a while.

"Like it? Great Glory, that's where I'm praying to get," answered Jim.

"Well, I think I can fix it for you," said Hayes.

"What—what d'ye mean, fix it for me?" asked Jim in surprise.

"I mean I may be able to fix it. Somebody's got (*Continued on page 30*)



Far up above me, set in a great cavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone, asleep

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By
WILLA CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Book I.—The Family (*Continued*)

LILLIAN and the Marselluses sailed for France early in May. The professor, left alone, had plenty of time to spray his rose vines, and his garden had never been so beautiful as it was that June. After his university duties were over he smuggled his bed and clothing over to the old house and settled down to a leisurely bachelor life. He realized that he ought to be getting to work. The garden, in which he sat all day, was no longer a valid excuse to keep him from his study. But the task that awaited him up there was a difficult one. It was a little thing, but one of those little things at which the hand becomes self-conscious, feels itself stiff and clumsy.

It was his plan to give part of this summer to Tom Outland's diary—to edit and annotate it for publication. The bother was that he must write an introduction. The diary covered only about six months of the boy's life, a summer he spent on the Blue Mesa, and in it there was almost nothing about Tom himself. To mean anything, it must be prefaced by a portrait of Outland and some account of his later life and achievements. To write of his scientific work would be comparatively easy. But that was not all the story; his was a many-sided mind, though a simple and straightforward personality.

Of course Mrs. St. Peter had insisted that he was not altogether straightforward; but that was merely because he was not altogether consistent. As an investigator he was clear-sighted and hard-headed, but in personal relations he was apt to be exaggerated and quixotic. He idealized the people he loved and paid his devoir to the ideal rather than to the individual, so that his behavior was sometimes a little too exalted for the circumstances—the chivalry of the cinema, Lillian used to say. One of his sentimental superstitions was that he must never on any account owe any material advantage to his friends, that he must keep affection and advancement far apart, as if they were chemicals that would disintegrate each other. St. Peter thought this the logical result of Tom's strange bringing up and his early associations. There is, he knew, this dream of self-sacrificing friendship and disinterested love down among the day laborers, the men who run the railroad trains and boats and reapers and threshers and mine drills of the world. And Tom had brought it along to the university, where advancement through personal influence is considered honorable.

IT WAS not until Outland's senior year that Lillian began to be jealous of him. He had been almost a member of the family for two years, and she had never found fault with the boy. But after the professor began to take Tom up to the study and talk over his work with him, began to make a companion of him, then Mrs. St. Peter withdrew her favor. She could change like that; friendship was not a matter of habit with her. And when she was through with anyone, she of course found reasons for her fickleness. Tom, she reminded her husband, was far from frank, though he had such an open manner. He had been consistently reserved about his own affairs, and she could not believe the facts he withheld were altogether creditable. They had always known he had a secret, something to do with the mysterious Rodney Blake and the bank account in New Mexico upon which he was not at liberty to draw. The young man must have felt the change in her, for he began that winter to make his work a pretext for dropping in at the house less often. He and St. Peter now met in the alcove behind the professor's lecture-room at the university.

One Sunday in May, shortly before Tom's commencement, he came to the house to ask Rosamond to go to the senior dance with him. The family were having tea in the garden. A few days of intensely warm weather had come on, hurrying the roses into bloom. Rosamond happened to ask Tom, who sat in his white flannels, fanning himself with his straw hat, if the springs in the Southwest were as warm as this.

"Oh, no," he replied. "May is usually chilly down there—bright sun, but a kind of edge in the wind—and cool nights. Last night reminded me of smothery May nights in Washington."

Mrs. St. Peter glanced up. "You mean Washington City? I didn't know you had ever been so far east."

There was no denying that the young man looked uncomfortable. He frowned and said in a low voice, "Yes, I've been there. I suppose I don't speak of it because I haven't very pleasant recollections of it."

"How long were you there?" his hostess asked.

"A winter and spring, more than six months. Long enough to get very homesick." He went away almost at once, as if he were afraid of being questioned further.

The subject came up again a month later, however. After Tom's graduation, two courses were open to him. He was offered an instructorship with a small salary, in the physics department under Dr. Crane, and a graduate scholarship at Johns Hopkins University. St. Peter strongly urged him to accept the latter. One evening, when the family were discussing Tom's prospects, the professor summed up all the reasons why he ought to go to Baltimore and work in the laboratory made famous by Dr. Rowland. He assured him, moreover, that he would find the atmosphere of an old Southern city delightful.

"Yes, I know something about the atmosphere," Tom broke out at last. "It is delightful, but it's all wrong for me. It discourages me dreadfully. I used to go over there when I was in Washington, and it always made me blue. I don't believe I could ever work there."

"But can you trust a child's impressions to guide you now in such an important decision?" asked Mrs. St. Peter gravely.

"I wasn't a child, Mrs. St. Peter. I was as much grown up as I am now—older, in some ways. It was only about a year before I came here."

"But, Tom, you were on the section gang that year. Why do you mix us all up?" Kathleen caught his hand and squeezed the knuckles together with all her might, as she did when she wanted to punish him.

"Well, maybe it was two years before. It doesn't matter. It was long enough to count for two ordinary years," he muttered abstractedly.

Again he went away abruptly, and a few days later he told St. Peter that he had definitely accepted the instructorship under Crane, and would stay on in Hamilton.

DURING that summer, after Outland's graduation, St. Peter got to know all there was behind that reserve. Mrs. St. Peter and the two girls were in Colorado, and the professor was alone in the house, writing on volumes three and four of his history. Tom was carrying on some experiments of his own, over in the physics laboratory. He and St. Peter were often together in the evening, and on fine afternoons they went swimming. Every Saturday the professor turned his house over to the cleaning woman, and he and Tom went to the Lake and spent the day in his sailboat.

It was just the sort of summer St. Peter liked, if he had to be in Hamilton at all. He was his own cook, having laid in a choice assortment of cheeses and light Italian wines from a discriminating importer in Chicago. Every morning before he sat down at his desk he took a walk to the market and had the pick of the fruits and salads. He dined at eight o'clock. When he cooked a fine leg of lamb, *saignant*, well rubbed with garlic before it went into the pan, then he asked Outland to dinner. Over a dish of steaming asparagus, swathed in a napkin to keep it hot, and a bottle of sparkling Asti, they talked and watched night fall in the garden. If the evening happened to be rainy or chilly, they sat inside and read Lucretius.

It was on one of those rainy nights, before the fire in the dining-room, that Tom at last told him the story he had always kept back. It was nothing very incriminating, nothing very remarkable; a story of youthful defeat, the sort of thing a boy is sensitive about—until he grows older.

Book II

Tom Outland's Story

THE thing that sidetracked me and made me so late coming to college was a somewhat unusual accident, or string of accidents. It began with a poker game, when I was a call boy in Pardee, N. M.

One cold, clear night in the fall I started out to hunt up a freight crew that was to go out soon after midnight. It was just after pay day, and one of the fellows had tipped me off that there would be a poker game going on in the card-room behind the Ruby Light Saloon.

I happened along when a jack pot was running. Two of the fellows I'd come for were in it, and they naturally wanted to finish the hand. I stood by the door with my watch, keeping time for them. Among the players I saw two sheepmen who always liked a lively game, and one of the bystanders told me you had to buy a hundred dollars' worth of chips to get in that night. The crowd was fussing about one fellow, Rodney Blake, who had come in from his engine without cleaning up. That wasn't customary. The minute a man got in from his run he took a bath, put on citizen's clothes, and went to a barber. This Blake was a new fireman on our division. He'd come uptown in his greasy overalls and sweaty blue shirt, with his face streaked up with smoke. He'd been drinking; he smelled of it, and his eyes were out of focus. All the other men were clean and freshly shaved, and they were sore at Blake—said his hands were so greasy they marked the cards. Some of them wanted to put him out of the game, but he was a big, heavily built fellow and nobody wanted to be the man to do it. It didn't please them any better when he took the jack pot.

I got my two men and hurried them out, and two others from the row along the wall took their places. One of the chaps who left with me asked me to go up to his house and get his grip with his work clothes. He'd lost every cent of his pay check and didn't want to face his wife. I asked him who was winning.

"Blake. The dirty boomer's been taking everything. But the fellows will clean him out before morning."

About two o'clock, when my work for the night was over and I was going home to sleep, I just dropped in at the card-room to see how things had come out. The game was breaking up. Since I left them at midnight they had changed to stud poker, and Blake, the fireman, had cleaned everybody out. He was cashing in his chips when I came in. The bank was a little short, but Blake made no fuss about it. He had something over sixteen hundred dollars lying on the table before him in bank notes and gold. Some of the crowd were insulting him, trying to get him into a fight and loot him. He paid no attention and began to put the money away, not looking at anybody. The bills he folded and put inside the band of his hat. He filled his overalls pockets with the gold and swept the rest of it into his big red neckerchief.

I'd been interested in this fellow ever since he came on our division; he was close-mouthed and unfriendly. He was one of those fellows with a settled, mature body and a young face, such as you often see among workingmen. There was something calm and sarcastic and mocking about his expression—that, too, you often see among workingmen. When he had put all his money away he got up and walked toward the door without a word, without saying good night to anybody.

"Manners of a hog, and a dirty hog!" little Barney Shea yelled after him. Blake's back was just in the doorway; he hitched up one shoulder, but didn't turn or make a sound.

I SLIPPED out after him and followed him down the street. His walk was unsteady, and the gold in his baggy overalls pockets clinked with every step he took. I ran a little way and caught up with him. "What are you going to do with all that money, Blake?" I asked him.

"Lose it to-morrow night. I'm no hog for money. Damned barber-pole dudes!"

I thought I'd better follow him home. I knew he lodged with an old Mexican woman, in the yellow quarter, behind the roundhouse. His room opened on to the street, by a sky-blue door. He went in, didn't strike a light or make a stab at undressing, but threw himself just as he was on the bed and went to sleep. His hat stuck between the iron rods of the bed head, the gold ran out of his pockets and rolled over the bare floor in the dark. I struck a match and lit a candle. The bed took up half the room; on the dresser was a grip with his clean clothes in it, just as he'd brought it in from his run. I took out the clothes and began picking up the money; got the bills out of his hat, emptied his pockets, and collected the coins that lay in the hollow of the bed about his hips, and put all into the grip. Then I blew out the light and sat down to listen. I trusted all the boys who were at the Ruby Light that night, except Barney Shea. He might try to pull something off on a stranger, down in Mexican town. We had a quiet night, however, and a cold one. I found Blake's winter overcoat hanging on the wall and wrapped up in it. I wasn't a bit sorry when the roosters began to crow and the dogs began barking all over Mexican town. At last the sun came up and turned the 'dobe town red in a minute. I began to shake the man on the bed. Waking men who didn't want to get up was part of my job, and I didn't let up on him until I had him on his feet.

"Hello, kid, come to call me?"

I told him I'd come to call him to a Harvey House breakfast. "You owe me a good one. I brought you home last night."

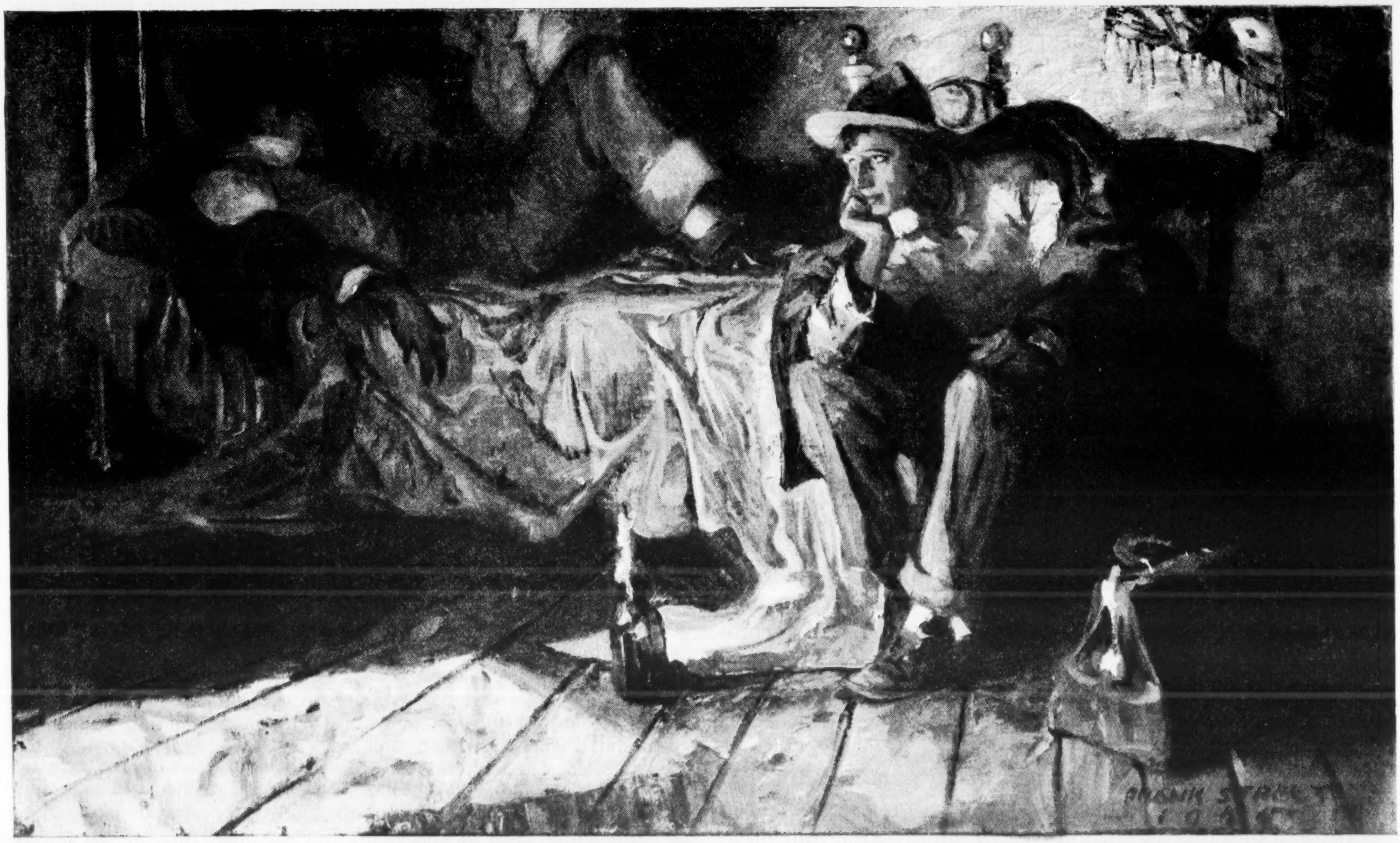
"Sure; I'm glad to have company. Wait till I wash up a bit." He took his soap and towel and comb and went out into the patio, a neat little sanded square with flowers and vines all around, and washed at the trough under the pump. Then he called me to come and pump water on his head.

"That ought to get the whisky out of a fellow's head, oughtn't it? Felt good, Tom." Presently he began feeling his side pockets. "Was I dreaming something or did I take a string of jack pots last night?"

"The money's in your grip," I told him. "You don't deserve it, for you were too drunk to take care of it. I had to come after you and pick it up out of the mud."

"All right. I'll go halvers. Easy come, easy go."

I told him I (*Continued on page 28*)



He went in and threw himself just as he was on the bed and went to sleep. I sat down to listen

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JULY 11, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WE NEED TOLERANCE

IN TIME to come 1925 may be remembered as the year when intolerance reached its most foolish extreme in the history of America.

How else will our grandchildren understand such an episode as that lately reported from Nebraska? In that great state the prohibition authorities filed a complaint against illustrations of distilling processes and fermentation contained in a physiology textbook.

The idea seemed to be that information concerning such things ought to be denied Nebraskans.

Here is the suppression spirit gone crazy, so crazy as to be funny. Bread not less than beer is a product of fermentation. Are the school children of Nebraska to be denied knowledge of how to prepare the basic food of man? Distillation is necessary if chemically pure water is to be obtained. Are the people of the Middle West to give up pure water and whisky at the same time?

The episode is memorable, however, not so much because of its absurdity as because of the fact that it reveals a dangerous tendency in our national life.

In the name of virtue we are being driven toward a suicidal expression of intolerance.

A prohibition fanatic was responsible for this attempt to mutilate the textbooks of Nebraska. Religious fanaticism lies behind the effort to maim the schools of Tennessee. Racial fanaticism bred the Ku Klux Klan and many other morbid manifestations of our national life.

In each instance a good impulse has been distorted.

The fight against the saloon was honorable, but, bad as were many saloons, they were not worse than the conditions which have followed. Compared with the bribing bootlegger and the thieving, murderous hijacker, the old barkeeper was a pillar of virtue.

Illicit liquor trade succeeded the legal marketing of alcoholic beverages because human habits are slow to change.

The human spirit defies suppression. Not all the tortures of the medieval inquisition sufficed to make men conform to the religious tests which the reformers of that time imposed. Men and women withstood all the pain which devilish ingenuity could inflict. They accepted death but they would not abandon their beliefs.

Men and women are the same to-day, and, as always, the world is loath to be guided by the lamp of experience.

Instead of sane regulation we try suppression and then seek to ignore the dangerous consequences. Regulation calls for thought and suppression seems easy. It is not. Passions and instincts cannot be dammed safely. Outlets must be provided. Men will not quickly abandon familiar customs. The human race is inherently conservative.

We tried to suppress gambling and, despite laws forbidding it, betting on race horses was never so widespread.

We legislated prostitution out of existence but the morals of the young have never before been so universally deplored.

We sought to abolish drinking by constitutional amendment and in many parts of the country drunkenness is as common as it was before prohibition.

In some states an attempt has been made to stop the teaching of evolution and as a result a closet philosophy has been made an exciting topic of conversation for the man on the street. Bryan unwittingly has made more evolutionists than any scientist of this generation.

The lesson is plain enough and the men who founded America understood it. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson differed in political faith but they agreed in upholding liberty. All knew and said that intolerance was a greater evil than any abuse it set out to correct.

It is time to recall the free spirit which blessed the establishment of this country. In our social life as well as in politics, in religion as well as in material concerns, human nature must be respected. Where evil exists, it must be eradicated, but reform is wrecked when it turns to bigotry. Tolerance is the greatest need of this time.

Here is Progress

OUR old friend the locomotive seems to have trebled its efficiency in the past ten years. In 1915 a freight locomotive used up 160 pounds of coal to do the work which can now be done with 55 pounds.

President L. F. Loree of the Delaware and Hudson Railway said recently that in the present year $200,000,000 may be saved in the operation of the freight trains of the country and that the 90,000,000 tons of fuel now used in freight service can be reduced to 27,000,000.

Here is real progress. It is just as useful to improve an old tool as it is to invent a new one.

The Broad Mind

T. B. DAWSON, in a letter to the New York Times, gives an excellent definition of that excellent institution, The Broad Mind. He says it should resemble the trunk of an elephant—"able to support a great weight, also to pick up a small object, to extend in all directions and to contract into a small compass and yet have great power and great adaptability."

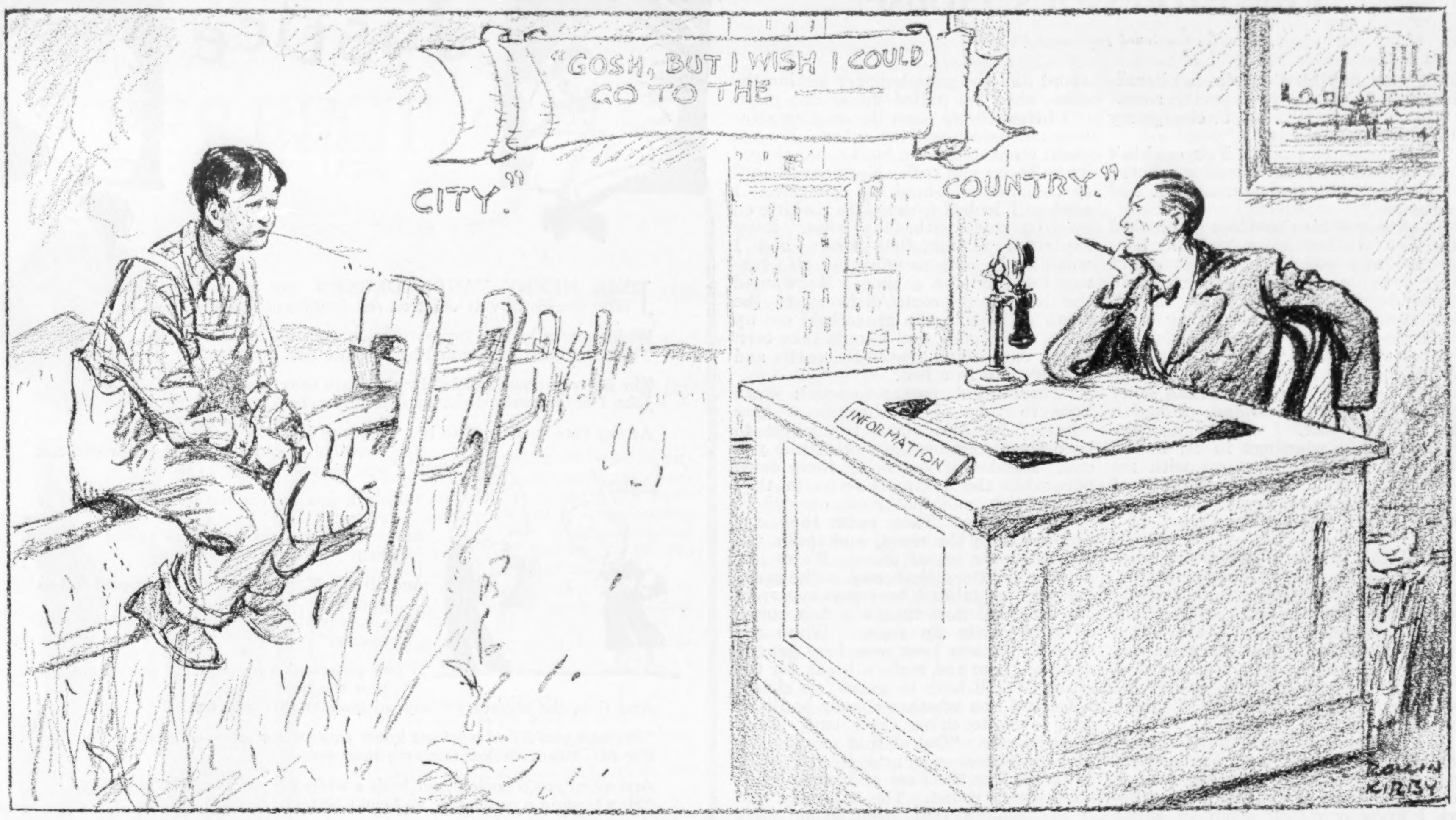
In choosing the elephant's trunk for his simile, Mr. Dawson doubtless meant no political significance. Any dissatisfied Democrat, however, is invited to submit as good a definition based upon the physical characteristics of the donkey.

How would you describe the broad mind?

Men Are Known by Their Mortgages

WHEN John Russell, living near Cincinnati, found his pockets empty the day his mortgage payment and taxes were due, he killed eight members of his family and tried to kill himself. He was held on a lunacy charge. The story was a one-day newspaper horror, but nothing was said about the 4,000,000 of mortgaged American homes who manage, often at the cost of actual hunger, to face the tax and mortgage collectors on the appointed day.

John Russell cracked under a strain that forty per cent of America's home owners feel in some degree every year. But the strain is one of the most beneficent influences molding American character. The man who squares away to fight it out with a mortgage for the ownership of his home takes on a strong, alert, steady battler, and when he and his wife kneel some night on the hearth and cremate the foe, the angels weep for joy. There's no stopping a man after he knocks his first mortgage through the ropes.



The Enchanting Land of Where-You-Are-Not

ARE YOU WELL EDUCATED? THINK IT OVER

By Dr. Frank Crane

THERE is a difference between education and training. This is not always understood. Some people are perfectly trained but poorly educated and, conversely, some people have an extensive education but no training. Training means proper knowledge and efficiency in your chosen calling, but education has reference to the development of your whole personality.

Training is the narrower term and has reference only to one's particular business. Education has a wider signification and applies to the contact which one has with all the world, that is, past, present and future, with play and leisure as well as with work.

The ordinary curriculum of the schools begins very properly with Greek and Latin because the Greeks and Latins dominated the whole past of our civilization, and, while it is not necessary that one should have command of those two languages, at least one ought to have a working knowledge of their literature and history as well as that of medieval times.

One purpose of an education is to equip a man with a knowledge of the past so that he can go on where other people left off. He can stand, so to speak, on their shoulders, and learn much from their experiments. Those who are in command of this knowledge are saved many a foolish experiment of their own because a similar thing has been tried out before. To know the past is to progress in a straight line, while not to know the past requires us to keep going around in circles.

A knowledge of the history of religion must be good for every man, for almost all modern vagaries have been championed in the past and have been thoroughly worked out. To know the history of comparative religions is to insure hospitality of mind and the spirit of tolerance.

In the same way a knowledge of a past literature is a great training for one who desires efficiency and classical tastes. So, in music, a knowledge of what has been done would prevent much of present composition which is merely a disordered remembrance of the past.

In art and in science one cannot go very far without knowing what has been done before. This knowledge underlies any advancement in the right direction and prevents much foolish experiment.

Those books wherein are held the treasures of the past, because they give us the most valuable education, are indispensable. Samuel Johnson said: "A young man should read five hours in the day and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge." He also said: "The foundation must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus are at such distance to each other that he never attains a full fact."

Much time may be saved by not attempting to learn foreign languages. These may be good for us as a means of communication in business or in society, but they are of little value toward education. All the great books of other languages have been translated into English, and generally translated well.

Education has its principal bearing upon our tastes. Having an education is wasted unless our taste is improved. Indeed, it is one of the best tests of an educated person that he likes the best things, and a preference for jazz music and tawdry art, novelties in religion, and facts that have no basis in science is a sure proof that one lacks that knowledge of the past that comes with education.

Sound and good things hold their own with us because they are better than cheap things. We have only to familiarize ourselves with them to become their lovers. Those who do not love good art are those who have never seen good pictures. Those who are not grounded in science are those who are not familiar with it, and so in the whole realm of education it is familiarity with good things that makes the character worth while and redeems us from the taint of vulgarity.

In asking yourself, therefore, whether you have an education or not it is tantamount to asking yourself if you are well grounded in the world's past, if you are a lover of books that have stood the test of time, and if you are so familiar with good things that have been done that your tastes conform to them and are not the whimsicalities of an untried personality.

The Professor's House

Continued from page 25

didn't want anything off him but breakfast, and I wanted that pretty soon.

"Go easy, son. I've got to change my shirt. This one's wet."

"It's worse than wet. You oughtn't to go uptown without changing. You're a stranger here, and it makes a bad impression."

He shrugged his shoulders and looked superior. He had a square-built, honest face and steady eyes that didn't carry a cynical expression very well. I knew he was a decent chap, though he'd been drinking and acting ugly ever since he'd been on our division.

After breakfast we went out and sat in the sun at a place where the wooden sidewalk ran over a sand gully and made a sort of bridge. I had a long talk with him. I was carrying the grip with his winnings in it, and I finally persuaded him to go with me to the bank, and we put every cent of it into a savings account that he couldn't touch for a year.

FROM that night Blake and I were fast friends. He was the sort of fellow who can do anything for somebody else, nothing for himself. It was that winter I had pneumonia. Mrs. O'Brien couldn't do much for me; she was overworked, poor woman, with a houseful of children. Blake took me down to his room, and he and the old Mexican woman nursed me.

I wasn't up and about until spring, and then the doctor and Father Duchene said I must give up night work and live in the open all summer. Before I knew anything about it, Blake had thrown up his job on the Santa Fe, and got a berth for him and me with the Sitwell Cattle Company. Jonas Sitwell was one of the biggest cattle men in our part of New Mexico. Roddy and I were to ride the range with a bunch of grass cattle all summer, then take them down to a winter camp on the Cruzados River until spring.

We went out about the first of May and joined our cattle twenty miles south of Pardee, down toward the Blue Mesa. The Blue Mesa was one of the landmarks we always saw from Pardee —landmarks mean so much in a flat country—and their stability is a comfort in a sandy land that is half blown away every spring. To the northwest, over toward Utah, we had the Mormon Buttes, three sharp blue peaks that always sat there. The Blue Mesa was south of us, and was much stronger in color, verging on purple. People said the rock itself had a deep purplish cast. It looked, from our town, like a naked blue rock set down alone in the plain, almost square except that the top was higher at one end. The old settlers said nobody had ever climbed it, because the sides were so steep and the Cruzados River wound round it on one end and undercut it.

Blake and I knew that the Sitwell winter camp was down on the Cruzados River, directly under the mesa, and all summer long while we drifted about with our cattle from one water hole to another, we planned how we were going to climb the mesa and be the first men up there. After supper when we lit our pipes and watched the sunset, climbing the mesa was our staple topic of conversation. Our job was a cinch; the actual work wouldn't have kept one man busy. The Sitwell people were good to their hands. John Rapp, the foreman, came along once a month in his spring wagon, to see how the cattle were doing and to bring us supplies and bundles of old newspapers.

Late in October, Rapp came along to accompany us down to the winter camp. Blake stayed with the cattle about fifteen miles to the east, where the grass was still good, and Rapp and I went down to air out the cabin.

THE cabin stood in a little grove of piñons, about thirty yards back from the Cruzados River, facing south and sheltered on the north by a low hill. The long grass grew right up to the doorstep, and the rabbits were running about and the grasshoppers hitting the door when we pulled up at the place.

I helped Rapp open the wooden shutters and sweep out the cabin. We put clean blankets on the bunks and stowed away bacon and coffee and canned stuff on the shelves behind the cookstove. I confess I looked forward to cooking on an iron stove with four holes. Rapp explained to me that Blake and I wouldn't be able to enjoy all this luxury together for a time. He wanted the herd kept some distance to the north as long as the grass held out up there, and Roddy and I could take turn about, one camping near the cattle and one sleeping in a bed.

"There's not pasture enough down here to take them through a long winter," he said, "and it's safest to keep them grazing up north while you can. Besides, if you bring them down here while the weather's so warm, they get skittish, and that mesa over there makes trouble. They swim the river and bolt into the mesa, and that's the last you ever see of them. We've lost a lot of critters that way. The mesa has been populated by runaways from our herd till now there's a fine bunch of wild cattle up there. When the wind's right our cows over here get the scent of them and make a break for the river. You'll have to watch 'em close."

I asked him whether nobody had ever gone over to drive them out. Rapp glared at me. "Out of that mesa? Nobody has ever got into it yet. The cliffs are like the base of a monument, all the way round. The only way into it is through that deep cañon that opens on the water level, just where the river makes the bend and undercuts it. You can't get in by that, because the river's too deep to ford and too swift to swim. Oh, I suppose a horse could swim it, if cattle can, but I don't want to be the man to try."

I REMARKED that I had had my eye on the mesa all summer and meant to climb it.

"Not while you're working for the Sitwell Company, you don't! If you boys try any nonsense of that sort, I'll fire you quick. You'd break your bones and lose the herd for us. You have to watch them close to keep them from going over, I tell you. If it wasn't for that mesa, this would be the best winter range in all New Mexico."

After the foreman left us, we settled down to easy living and fine weather; blue and gold days and clear, frosty nights. We kept the cattle off to the north and east and alternated in taking charge of them. One man was with the cattle while the other got his sleep and did the cooking at the cabin. The mesa was our only neighbor, and the closer we got to it the more tantalizing it was. It was no longer a blue, featureless lump, as it had been from a distance. Its sky line was like the profile of a big beast lying down; the head to the north, higher than the flanks around which the river curved. The north end we could easily believe impassable—sheer cliffs that fell from the summit to the plain a matter of two thousand feet. But the south flank, just across the river from us, looked accessible by way of the deep cañon that split the bulk in two, from the top rim to the river at its foot, then wound back into the solid cube so that it was invisible at a distance, like a mouse track winding into a big cheese. This cañon didn't break the solid outline of the mesa, and you had to be close to see that it was there at all. We faced the mesa on its shortest side; it was only about three miles long from north to south, but east and west it measured nearly twice that distance. Whether the top was wooded we couldn't see—it was too high above us—but the cliffs and cañon on the river side were fringed with beautiful growth, groves of quaking asps and piñons and a few dark cedars, perched up in the air like the hanging gardens of Babylon. At certain hours of the day those cedars, growing so far up on the rocks, took

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Justice

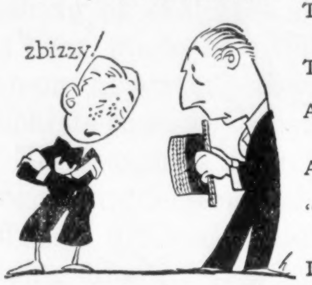
By
BERTON
BRALEY

JOHN HENRY VANDERDECKEN was a modern business man
Who ran his private office on the double-entry plan;

Which means he had two entry rooms outside his sacred den.
The outer one was guarded by an office boy, and then

The inner one was warded by a private secretary,—
John Henry Vanderdecken was a busy person, very!

At any rate he seemed to be. To get to him was hard;



The hard-boiled office boy outside would ask you for your card,

Then ask you for the nature and duration of your call
And tell you, very curtly, to be seated—in the hall!

And after half an hour or more he would return and say:
"The boss is in a conference and can't be seen to-day."

If you possessed a lot of crust you might get past the boy
And then the secretary'd say, in manner soft and coy:

"Perhaps you'd better let me know your project or your plan,
For Mr. Vanderdecken is a very busy man."

And when you'd cooled your heels a while she would return and say:
"He's busy in a conference and can't be seen to-day!"

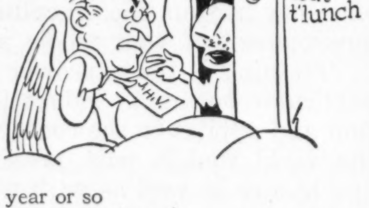
So often was this system worked that only one per cent
Of Vanderdecken's callers ever got to see the gent;

And nine tenths of his office force—or maybe even more—
Knew Vanderdecken merely as a name upon a door.

And if they tried to see him—just to gaze upon his face,
Or talk about a raise in pay, they'd have to wait a space,

And then the secretary or the office boy would say:
"The boss is in a conference and can't be seen to-day!"

* * *



John Henry Vanderdecken, being mortal, had to die.
His spirit left his body and went mounting to the sky.

The "Wind that blew between the worlds" (See Kipling's "Tomlinson")
Seemed cold to Vanderdecken, as it would to anyone.

John Henry Vanderdecken rang the bell at heaven's gate.
The cherub in the office let him ring—and let him wait.

And Vanderdecken shivered for perhaps a year or so
(For time means simply nothing up in heaven, as you know).

At length the gate was opened and the cherub peered without.
"You wanta see St. Peter, hey? Well, what is it about?

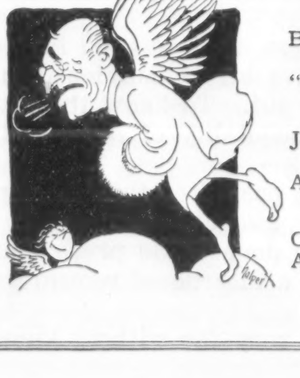
"St. Peter's very busy!—Oh, all right, I'll take your card,
But I doubt if he can see you, for he's working very hard."

And then—of course you've guessed it—back the cherub came, to say:
"St. Peter's in a conference and can't be seen to-day."

Not quite—this was the answer that he sent the soul away on:
"St. Peter's in a conference and can't be seen this æon!"

* * * *

John Henry Vanderdecken's soul went sadly down to hell.



"He yearned to see the hell-fire's glare" and rang and rang the bell.

Like Tomlinson he shivered and like Tomlinson he plead
For just a tiny bed of coals on which to lay his head.

But the office devil told him, and he grinned to see his tears,
"Satan will be in conference for half a million years!"

John Henry Vanderdecken roams the vast and gusty void,
And shivers while he's waiting till St. Peter's unemployed,

Or till the devil finishes the conference he's in
And welcomes Vanderdecken to the last abode of sin.

The PERFECT 37

By
ZETA
ROTHSCHILD

They're using male models to-day—but only the Valentinos need apply

FASHION posing has become a profitable profession for good-looking men. What's tasty sauce to the goose must be equally appetizing to the gander, decided the manufacturers of men's clothing; and they immediately planned to illustrate all their advice to the well-dressed man with photographs of attractive-looking young men in the latest mode.

To-day one of the big fashion studios has more than a hundred men listed in its books of models. The incomes of those men vary, but the big four average from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five a week. Not such a bad return for sitting still and looking pretty!

But a word of advice to those to whom this life makes an appeal. Are you good-looking? Are you a perfect thirty-seven? Have you the broad shoulders and slim waist line that make a dinner coat a work of art, the limbs that serve as a perfect pedestal for a golf suit, and an ensemble that makes a bathing suit worth looking at?

Also there are decided requisites for the face of the perfect thirty-seven. The studios will have none of that clipped-mustache effect, or those languorous eyelids so popular in continental and South American circles.

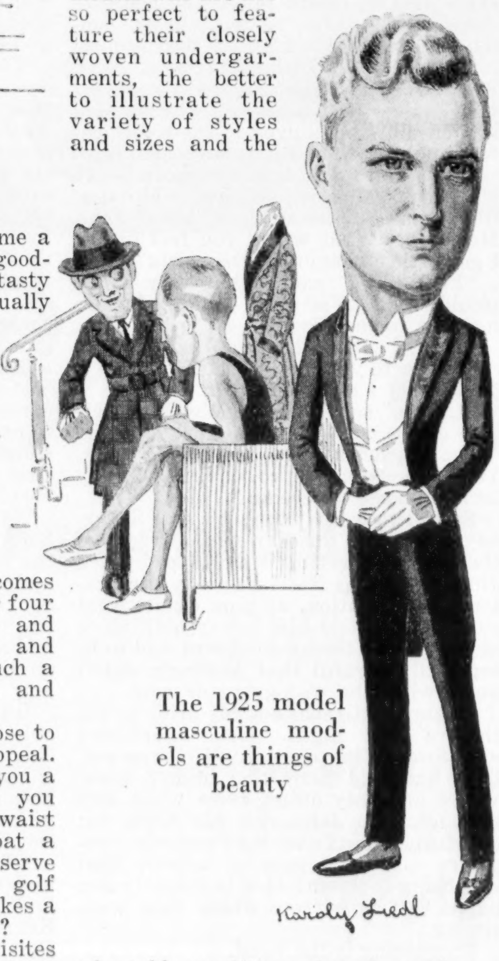
Their model must have clean-cut features, perfect teeth, silky hair and wide-open eyes, preferably blue; he must be a typical representation of that athletic, well-groomed, go-getter type, now the beau ideal of this generation.

With this high standard to come up to, are you surprised that when two hundred applicants came in answer to an advertisement for masculine models inserted by the casting director of one of the fashion studios, only one was considered sufficiently good-looking to be enrolled in the book of models?

Odd as it may seem, the better looking the man, the more modest is he. While he does not hesitate to pose in bathing suits, he draws the line at masculine lingerie. That's a fact.

Men—or rather good-looking men—are more modest than women, according to the studios; they are not so vain, and, instead of taking admiration for granted, are more expectant of the ridicule and gibes of their friends. Luckily for the manufacturers, they prefer models who are not so perfect to feature their closely woven undergarments, the better to illustrate the variety of styles and sizes and the adaptable qualities of each product. You rarely see a well-built man so pictured, while your eye frequently is filled with a vision of a robust, lanky or short, tubby individual all illustrating the snug fit of the same garment.

Any good-looking young man, if he can claim that elusive grace called style without which no model can reach the heights, has a chance to succeed in a career hitherto monopolized by his sisters. Man is at last achieving equality of the sexes!



The 1925 model masculine models are things of beauty

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on the bluish tint of the cliffs themselves.

It was light up there long before it was with us. When I got up at daybreak and went down to the river to get water, our camp would be cold and gray, but the mesa top would be red with sunrise, and all the slim cedars along the rocks would be gold—metallic, like gold foil. Some mornings it would look up above the dark river like a blazing volcanic mountain. It shortened our days, too, considerably. The sun got behind it early in the afternoon, and then our camp would lie in shadow. After a while the sunset color would begin to stream up from behind it. Then the mesa was like one great ink-black rock against a sky on fire.

No wonder the thing bothered us and tempted us; it was always before us and was always changing. Black thunderstorms used to roll up from behind it and pounce on us like a panther without warning. The lightning would play round it and jab into it so that we were always expecting it would fire the brush. I've never heard thunder so loud as it was there. The cliffs threw it back at us, and we thought the mesa itself, though it seemed so solid, must be full of deep cañons and caverns, to account for the prolonged growl and rumble that followed every crash of thunder. After the thunder was over the mesa went on sounding like a drum and seemed itself to be muttering and making noises.

ONE afternoon I was out hunting rabbits. Just as the sun was getting low I came through a sea of water brush, still yellow, and the horizontal rays of light, playing into it, brought out the contour of the ground with great distinctness. I noticed a number of straight mounds, like plow furrows, running from the river inland. It was too late to examine them. I cut a scrub willow and stuck a stake into one of the most prominent of these ridges, to mark it. The next day I took a spade down to the plantation of water brush and dug around in the sandy soil. I came upon an old irrigation main, unmistakable, lined with hard, smooth cobbles and 'dobe cement, with sluices where the water had been let out into trenches. Along these ditches I turned up some pieces of pottery, all broken, and arrowheads, and a very neat, well-finished stone pickax.

That night I didn't go back to the cabin, but took my specimens out to Blake, who was still north with the cattle. Of course we both knew there had been Indians all over this country, but we felt sure that Indians hadn't used stone tools for a long while back. There must have been a colony of Pueblo Indians here in ancient times; fixed residents, like the Taos Indians and the Hopis, not wanderers like the Navahos. To people off alone, as we were, there is something stirring about finding evidences of human labor and care in the soil of an empty country. It comes to you as a sort of message, makes you feel differently about the ground you walk over every day. I liked the winter range better than any place I'd ever been in. I never came out of the cabin door in the morning to go after water that I didn't feel fresh delight in our snug quarters and the river and the old mesa up there, with its top burning like a bonfire. I wanted to see what it was like on the other side, and very soon I took a day off and forded the river where it was wide and shallow, above the north end of the mesa. I rode clear around the base until I met the river again where it flowed under the south flank.

On that ride I got a better idea of its actual structure. All the way round were the same precipitous cliffs of hard blue rock, but in places it was mixed with a much softer stone. In these soft streaks there were deep dry water courses which could certainly be climbed as far as they went, but nowhere did these reach to the top of the mesa. The top seemed to be one great slab of very hard rock, lying on the mixed mass of the base like the top of an old-fashioned marble table. The channels worn out by water ran for hundreds of feet up the cliffs, but always stopped under this great rim rock, which projected out over the erosions like a granite shelf. Evidently it was because of this unbroken top layer that the butte was inaccessible. I rode back to camp that night, convinced that if we ever climbed it, we must take the route the cattle took, through the river and up the one cañon that broke down to water level.

We brought the bunch of cattle down to the winter range in the latter part of November. Early in December the foreman came along with generous provisions for Christmas. This time he brought with him a supercargo, a pitiful wreck of an old man he had picked up at Tarpin, the railroad town thirty miles northeast of us, where the Sitwells bought their supplies. This old man was a castaway Englishman, Henry Atkins by name. He had been a valet and a hospital orderly and a cook and for many years a steward on the Anchor Line. Lately he had been cooking for a sheep outfit that was grazing in the cattle country, where it wasn't wanted. They had done something shady and had to get out in a hurry. They dropped old Henry at Tarpin, where he soon drank up all his wages. When Rapp picked him up there, he was living on hand-outs.

"I've told him we can't pay him anything," Rapp explained. "But if he wants to stay here and cook for you boys till I make my next trip, he'll have plenty to eat and a roof over him. He was sleeping in the livery stable in Tarpin. He says he's a good cook, and I thought he might liven things up for you at Christmas time. He won't bother you; he's not got any of the mean ways of a bum—I know a bum when I see one. Next time I come down I'll bring him some old clothes from the ranch, and you can fire him if you want to. All his baggage is that newspaper bundle, and there's nothing in it but shoes—a pair of patent leathers and a pair of sneakers. The important thing is: never on any account go off skylarking, you two, and leave him with the cattle. Not for an hour, mind you. He ain't strong enough, and he's got no head."

Life was a holiday for Blake and me after we got old Henry. He was a wonderful cook and a good housekeeper. He kept that cabin shining like a playhouse; used to dress it all out with piñon boughs, and trimmed the kitchen shelves with newspapers cut in fancy patterns. He used to make up cots when he was a hospital orderly, and he made our bunks feel like a Harvey House bed. To this day that's the best I can say for a bed. "Drink is me weakness, you might say," he occasionally remarked apologetically. He shaved every morning and was as clean as a pin. We got to be downright fond of him, and the three of us made a happy family.

EVER since we'd brought our herd down to the winter camp, the wild cattle on the mesa were more in evidence. They came down to the river to drink oftener, and loitered about, grazing in that low cañon so much that we began to call it Cow Cañon. They were fine-looking beasts too. One could see they had good pasture up there. Henry had a theory that we ought to be able to entice them over to our side with salt. He wanted to kill one for beefsteaks. Soon after he joined us we lost two cows. Without warning they bolted into the mesa, as the foreman had said they would. After that we watched the herd closer, but a few days before Christmas, when Blake was off hunting and I was on duty, four fine young steers sneaked down to the water's edge through the brush, and before I knew it they were swimming the river—seemed to do it with no trouble at all. They frisked out on the other side, ambled up the cañon, and disappeared. I was furious to have them steal a march on me, and I swore to myself I'd follow them over and drive them back.

The next morning we took the herd a few miles east to keep them out of mischief. I made some excuse to Blake, cut back to the cabin, and asked Henry to put up a lunch. I told him my plan, but warned him not to bear tales. If

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Professor's House

Continued from page 29

I wasn't home when Blake came in at night, then he could tell him where I'd gone.

Henry went down to the river with me to watch me across. It had grown colder since morning and looked like snow. The old man was afraid of a storm; said I might get snowed in. But I'd got my nerve up, and I didn't want to put off making a try at it. I strapped my blanket and my lunch on my shoulders, hung my boots around my neck to keep them dry, stuffed my socks inside my hat, and we waded in. My horse took the water without any fuss, though he shivered a good deal. He stepped out very carefully, and when it got too deep for him he swam without panic. We were carried downstream a little by the current, but I didn't have to slide off his back. He found bottom after a while, and we easily made a landing. I waved goodby to Henry on the other side and started up the cañon, running beside my horse to get warm.

The cañon was wide at the water's edge, and though it corkscrewed back into the mesa by abrupt turns, it preserved this open, roomy character. It was, indeed, a very deep valley with gently sloping sides, rugged and rocky, but well grassed. There was a clear trail. Horses have no sense about making a trail, but you can trust cattle to find the easiest possible path and to take the lowest grades. The bluish rock and the sun-tanned grass, under the unusual purple-gray of the sky, gave the whole valley a very soft color, lavender and pale gold, so that the occasional cedars growing beside the bowlders looked black against it. It may have been the hint of snow in the air, but it seemed to me that I had never breathed in anything that tasted so pure as the air in that valley. It made my mouth and nostrils smart like charged water—seemed to go to my head a little and produce a kind of exaltation. I kept telling myself that it was very different from the air on the other side of the river, though that was pure and uncontaminated enough.

When I had gone up this cañon for a mile or so, I came upon another, opening out to the north—a box cañon, very different in character. No gentle slope there. The walls were perpendicular, where they weren't actually overhanging, and they were anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high, as we afterward found by measurement. The floor of it was a mass of huge bowlders, great pieces of rock that had fallen from above ages back and had been worn round and smooth as pebbles by the long action of water. Many of them were as big as haystacks, yet they lay piled on one another like a load of gravel. There was no footing for my horse among those smooth stones, so I hobbled him and went on alone a little way, just to see what it was like. My eyes were steadily on the ground—a slip of the foot there might cripple one.

IT WAS such rough scrambling that I was soon in a warm sweat under my damp clothes. In stopping to take breath I happened to glance up at the cañon wall. I wish I could tell you what I saw there, just *as* I saw it, on that first morning, through a veil of lightly falling snow. Far up above me, a thousand feet or so, set in a great cavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone, asleep. It was as still as sculpture—and something like that. It all hung together, seemed to have a kind of composition: pale little houses of stone nestling close to one another, perched on top of each other, with flat roofs, narrow windows, straight walls and in the middle of the group a round tower.

It was beautifully proportioned, that tower, swelling out to a larger girth a little above the base, then growing slender again. There was something symmetrical and powerful about the swell of the masonry. The tower was the fine thing that held all the jumble of houses together and made them mean something. It was red in color, even on that gray day. In sunlight it was the color of winter oak leaves. A fringe of piñons grew along the edge of the cavern, like a garden. They were the only living things. Such silence and stillness and repose—immortal repose. That village sat looking down into the cañon with the calmness of eternity. The veil of lightly falling snow, sprinkling the piñons, gave it a special kind of solemnity. I can't describe it. It was more like sculpture than anything else. I knew at once that I had come upon the city of some extinct civilization, hidden away in this inaccessible mesa for centuries, preserved in the dry air and almost perpetual sunlight like a fly in amber, guarded by the cliffs and the river and the desert.

(To be continued next week)

Nate Collier

The slapstick movie comedian puts the baby to sleep

Is Dempsey's Crown for Sale?

Continued from page 23

to be the next champion, you know. It might as well be you. Give me a telephone number where I can reach you and in the meantime don't say anything to anybody. I'll be up here again in a week or two and next time I may have some real good news for you," said Hayes. "But remember in the meantime don't say anything and don't sign any more contracts."

"I won't," promised Jim, more or less in a daze as to what it all meant.

And he kept that promise—almost.

Never before had he tried keeping a thing from his pal and his manager, Johnny McGrath. McGrath, indeed, was just a neighborhood kid who'd grown up with Jim. But Johnny was no part of a sap. While Jim was away doing a hitch in the regular army, and learning to box, among other things, Johnny had taken a few local fighters as a side line and had learned a thing or two about "the fight racket."

When Jim served his enlistment and came back to South Boston he ran into John, asked what he was doing, confided he'd been doing a little boxing himself and, having nothing better in hand at the moment, they signed a contract under the provisions of which John launched Jim as a dyed-in-the-wool professional at one of the small local clubs.

But Jim almost kept his promise to Hayes. The nearest he came to blurting it was one day he suddenly asked John McGrath, "What would you feel like if I got to be champion of the world?"

"Feel like?" said John, "my chest would stick out so far I couldn't button my vest for a year."

"Well, I can be it," said Jim.

"Power to you," said John.

"No, but I can," said Jim.

"Listen," said John, "you've been acting goofy around here for a week. What you need's some more road work. You're getting light-headed. C'mon, let's get some ice cream."

Some two weeks later, it was a Saturday afternoon, the man who'd arranged the previous meeting with Hayes invited Jim down to the Hotel Essex by the Boston South Station, at nine o'clock that evening. He told him to say nothing to anyone about the appointment and to be especially careful that McGrath didn't know where he was going or why.

Johnny McGrath took his bride to the theatre that night. He'd telephoned over to ask Jim to go, but Jim was out, they had told him—they didn't know where and they didn't know when he'd be back. So John and his bride sat blissfully that evening entirely unaware of the staggering scheme that was being cooly unfolded in a hotel room not a half mile from where they were sitting.

Staggering is the word.

Kearns laid his cards on the table.

This was the program he outlined to the astounded young man:

Maloney was to accompany Kearns and Hayes back to New York next day. Or if that were rushing him too much, he was to arrive by Tuesday at the latest. They had already engaged a suite for him at the Alamac Hotel, where they were stopping.

Forthwith they would star him in two motion pictures as "the logical successor to Jack Dempsey." Work on the pictures would start immediately, and they would be given national distribution through the agencies Kearns and Dempsey, as motion-picture moguls, have access to at present. These pictures would be built along the lines of his career and would be a vital part in the gigantic smoke-up that would formally introduce him to the public.

Next, they'd give him a few easy fights around New York with men they knew he could whip. This would give the newspapers and publicity agencies their innings, especially since Maloney is almost good enough or perhaps wholly good enough to whip any other heavyweight in the business already.

Then they'd switch him, after this big Eastern exploitation, out to California and Dempsey's vicinity. The fact that Kearns was his manager would be kept secret all the while, of course, and the same program would be followed out there, with more stress on the fighting and less on the pictures. Modern legalized boxing is new in California and the state is fight crazy at present. There are several local favorites doing business on the coast that Maloney could slap down in a round. This would make him a monumental figure in the West and clinch his national fame.

The grand climax would come in California some time later when, after a fitting publicity bombardment, Maloney would be matched to meet Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight championship of the world. Both men would immediately establish training camps and would go through all the standard motions until a fortnight before the date scheduled for the fight. Dempsey at this stage would stagger the world with a public statement that he had found that he'd been away from the ring too long to ever regain his old fighting form—that he realized that in Maloney he was facing the strongest opponent of his entire career, and for that reason he'd decided to cancel the fight, retire as undefeated champion of the world and hand the title to young Jim Maloney with his very best wishes for success.

Now whether Kearns in this Boston hotel room that night deliberately bared the mechanism by which he proposed to maintain his suzerainty in heavyweight ranks, or whether he was merely offering this youngster the moon, the stars and a stick of red candy to get his name on the pretty white paper, is a thing only Kearns can answer.

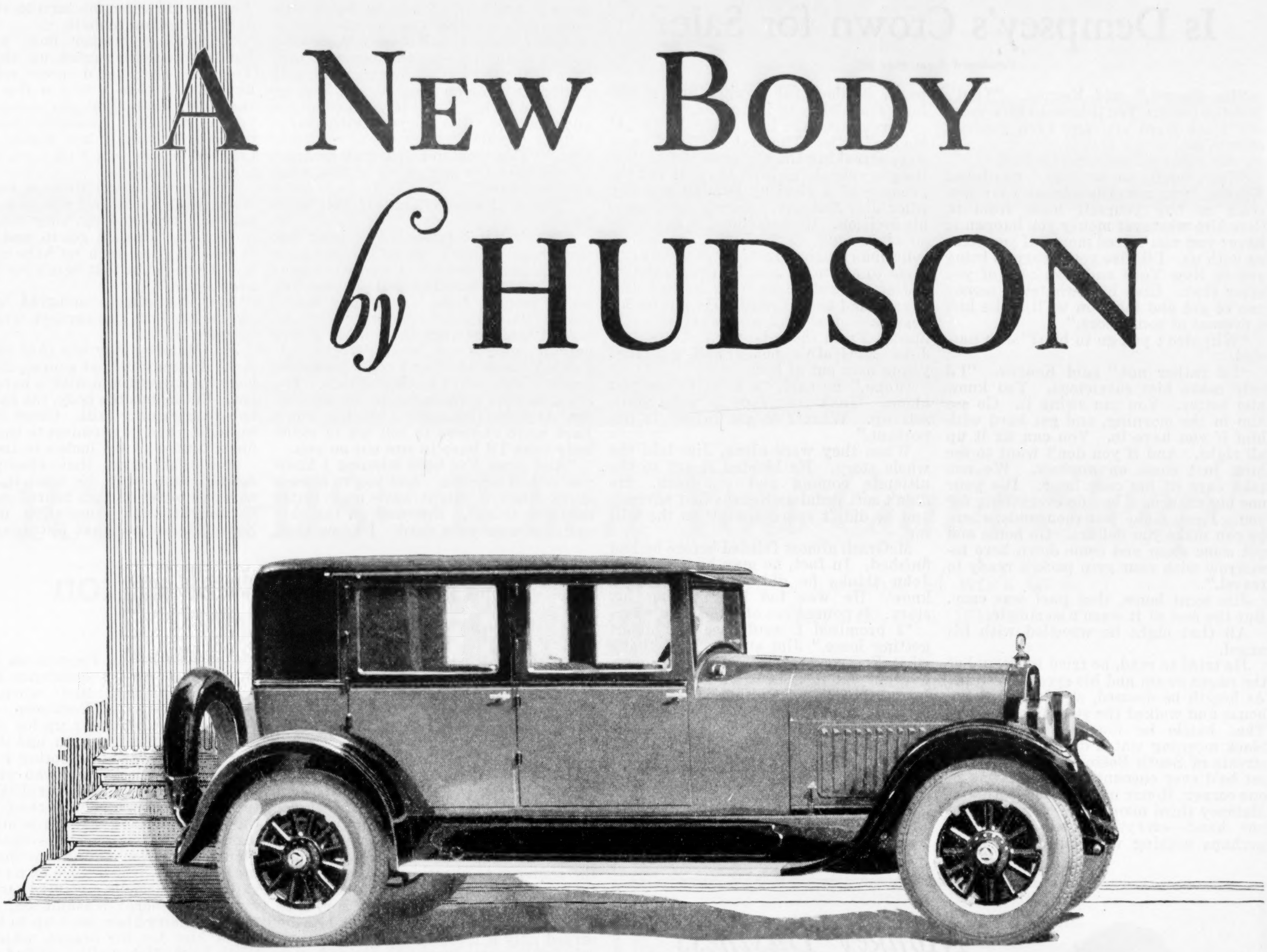
Literally speaking, championships are only won and lost in actual combat, but this would amount to the very same thing, with thundering publicity and Maloney's unquestionable ability to take up any unexpected slack. It isn't as if they were exploiting a tyro. This kid can fight, and it's to be remembered that under this proposed plan he would have had a year's extra coaching under Kearns and Hayes, the men who made Dempsey the perfect machine.

There's precedent for the personal donation of a title too. Jim Jeffries, when he retired, handed his as a gift to Marvin Hart. The recipient was only a second-rater, yet the world accepted him as champion readily enough until he lost his title to Tommy Burns in 1906.

Maloney sat literally thunderstruck until Kearns had finished speaking. The walls of the room swam dizzily about him and the perspiration popped out on his forehead. He finally realized that he was expected to say something, and the first words he could manage to find were: "What about Johnny McGrath? Where does he come in?"

(Continued on page 32)

A NEW BODY *by* HUDSON



The Brougham $1595

on the Famous Super-Six Chassis

Freight and Tax Extra

This is an entirely new type Hudson. It has all the smartness of the finest custom-built body and the advantage that Hudson offers in all models—the advantage that large volume gives in low price.

Hudson quality and Hudson prices make Hudson the

World's Greatest Value

HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH		HUDSON SUPER-SIX SEDAN
$1250	*All Prices* *Freight and Tax Extra*	**$1795**

Is Dempsey's Crown for Sale?

Continued from page 30

"He doesn't," said Kearns. "That's just the point. You'll have to kick yourself loose from him and turn yourself over to me."

"But—but—" stammered Jim.

"That ought to be easy," continued Kearns, "you can either break your contract or buy yourself loose from it. Give him whatever money you happen to have; you won't need money if you come on with us. I'll give you plenty to bring you to New York and take care of you after that. Give him whatever money you've got and later on we'll make him a present of some more."

"Why don't you go to him?" Jim parried.

"I'd rather not," said Kearns. "I'd only make him suspicious. You know him better. You can swing it. Go see him in the morning, and get hard with him if you have to. You can fix it up all right. And if you don't want to see him, just come on anyhow. We can take care of his case later. It's your one big chance. I can do everything for you. I can make you thousands where he can make you dollars. Go home and get some sleep and come down here tomorrow with your grip packed ready to travel."

Jim went home, that part was easy. But the rest of it wasn't so simple.

All that night he wrestled with his angel.

He tried to read, he tried to sleep, but the pages swam and his eyes were wide. At length he dressed, strode out of the house and walked the street until dawn. That battle he fought through that black morning watch down the echoing streets of South Boston was the bitterest he'd ever encountered. Self was in one corner, Honor in the other, with Jim Maloney third man in the ring. On the one hand—everything; on the other, perhaps nothing with only a scrap of paper of doubtful legality and a lifelong friendship to intervene.

Throughout the long night he fought his big battle. The first shafts of dawn were streaking the sky over the harbor, the gray slowly melting to coral and the promise of a glorious Sunday morning when Jim Maloney suddenly announced his decision. He announced it in a voice so clear and so loud that a drowsy policeman ringing in his five-o'clock call came to attention and halfway saluted.

Jim walked home and bathed and shaved and breakfasted. He put on his best suit of clothes and went to early mass. From there he went straight to John McGrath's house and got that young man out of bed.

"John," he said, "I want to see you alone. Wash your face to wake yourself up. What I've got to say is important."

When they were alone, Jim told the whole story. He blurted it out to the ultimate comma and semicolon. He didn't soft pedal as Kearns had advised, and he didn't spare himself in the telling.

McGrath almost fainted before he had finished. In fact, he may have fainted. John thinks he did and Jim doesn't know. He was too busy telling his story. It poured out of him like a river.

"I promised I would see you about getting loose," Jim ended, "and that's what I've come over to ask you about. I've got about $10,000 of my own and I can probably get another $10,000 from him later on if that's enough."

"I won't take $10,000, $20,000 nor $200,000 for you," John managed to say. "Money couldn't buy you loose from me; money couldn't but a word from you can.

"This thing is so big—that is, it's so big for you—that I don't know what to advise you. I can't advise you anything. You'll have to settle it for yourself. We have a contract, of course, but I suppose every contract ever written can be broken somehow, and these fellows have money enough to get the smartest lawyers in the business. But we won't talk contracts. If you want to go, Jim, go and good luck. You'll have to count me out this time. It's for you to decide."

"But you don't want me to go," said Jim. "You wouldn't sell that contract to any man for any price, is that what you're saying?"

"That's it exactly, but if you want to—"

"That's what I wanted to hear you say, John. That's what I came over here to hear you say. I wanted to hear you say you wouldn't sell me for any man's money, John, and if you hadn't said it, well—do you remember when we signed that contract that day? I was only a palooka out looking for a job. I didn't know whether I could make the grade. You didn't know it either. The chances were a thousand to one against me. It was a thousand to one that you'd have more chances to sell me to somebody than I'd have to run out on you.

"And since I've been winning I know you've had chances. And you've always stuck when it might have been better business to sell. One cuff on the chin and I'm done as a card. I know that. And now it's come my turn to stick and, John, I'm going to do it.

"Do you remember how we shook hands when we signed up that time. You said that you'd never sell me to anybody in case I was a flop; I said that I'd never fight for anybody but you. It was that handshake that I kept thinking about all last night. It was that handshake, not that contract, that brought me here.

"I'm going to tell them to keep their trick title. If I can't win it by knocking somebody kicking, they can keep it until I do. But I'll get it, and I'll win it man fashion with no help of theirs, and if you doubt that here's my hand all over again."

And Jim almost mangled his manager's hand in the earnest wring that he gave it.

Jim Maloney may win that title some day. He may not, of course, for somebody may wreck him with a hard-driven fist. But he has the body, the heart, and he's fast gaining skill. Given time and seasoning and he promises to become the finest fighter of his inches in the world.

But that fight, that championship fight, if and when he wins it, will be never so bitter as that hours-long battle he fought with temptation in silent South Boston all that Saturday night.

Monkey Business in Tennessee

You'll follow the great "Evolution Trial" in Dayton, Tenn., with clearer understanding after reading William G. Shepherd's article in next week's Collier's. His story of the town, the judge, the people and their attitude written on the spot is colorful indeed.

CHARLES DARWIN'S SON,

Major Leonard Darwin, has written a forceful article which upholds his father's views on heredity. It is called "You Can't Make a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear," and will appear in Collier's for July 25th.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

has written an answer to it, which will be printed the following week, August 1st. He says, "The Bible is Good Enough for Me."

He Knew Washington

Continued from page 15

when she realized what had taken place—to tell her that although his duty required him to do all that was possible to have Arnold arrested, he still was glad to acquaint *her* that he had found safety on board a British ship. Noble words, that only a noble nature could have uttered!

Major André was tried by a court-martial presided over by Monsieur de La Fayette, and of course sentenced to be hanged. Great efforts were made to induce General Washington to commute the sentence to shooting, but he refused to do so, saying that it would not be right, because a traitor and a spy, such as he had shown himself to be, deserved only a traitor's death. And yet this is the same man who showed such sympathy to Mrs. Arnold, the wife of a much worse traitor than Major André.

Major André was executed on October 2d, in spite of the efforts of Monsieur de La Fayette, who, after having been a member of the court-martial that sentenced him, wanted him to escape the gallows and die a soldier's death by facing a firing squad. He pleaded that, after all, André was an Englishman and a brave man, and ought to be spared the ignominy of the rope. But General Washington remained firm, and nothing would move him from his decision that justice ought to be done, and I think he was right and cannot well understand the motives which could have actuated Monsieur de La Fayette to plead for him. However, nothing came out of it, and justice took its course. But you may imagine how all this has upset us, and how we, who know what he is, feel for General Washington in this sad occurrence, which has again brought forth his noble qualities and proved him the great man he is.

My dear Mother, I will write you more fully at the next opportunity, and in the meanwhile commend myself to your kind affection, and sign myself

Your affectionate son,
De Maussion.

Williamsburg, 5th November, 1781.
My Dear Mother:

At last, at last, and no doubt you will rejoice just as much as we are doing here when you hear of the brilliant feat of arms that has finally put an end to the war and freed America definitely from the British yoke. The capitulation of Yorktown was a fitting ending to the valor displayed by our French as well as by the American troops. General Washington was the first one to tell everybody how wonderfully well the marquis had fulfilled the task put upon him, and of what help he had been to him.

Monsieur de La Fayette on his side showed the utmost deference to General Washington, and when, after the capitulation of Yorktown, General O'Hara wanted to give up his sword to Monsieur de Rochambeau, and the latter was on the point of accepting it, it was Monsieur de La Fayette who whispered to him that it was to General Washington as the commander in chief of both the American and French armies that it ought to be surrendered—upon which Monsieur de Rochambeau, without saying one word, which some of us thought rather ungracious, pointed with his finger to General Washington, and the English officer then went up to him and asked him for his orders, which were that Lord Cornwallis' sword, which General O'Hara was presenting, should be immediately returned to him. Lord Cornwallis himself was ill, so it was O'Hara who represented him on this memorable occasion.

You may imagine, my dear Mother, the different feelings of joy, gratitude to the Almighty and contentment which filled our hearts. We all felt that we had not fought in vain, and personally any regrets I might have had all through these years not to have enjoyed the privileges of an officer, and to have remained a simple volunteer, vanished and never troubled me again. I know that I have been an actor in events which world history will never forget, and surely this is a sufficient reward, apart from the fact that my joining this expedition has procured me the privilege of seeing at work two such men as General Washington and Monsieur de La Fayette, although the latter is so infinitely beneath the former that perhaps I ought not to name them together, in spite of the fact that our marquis behaved also like a hero at times.

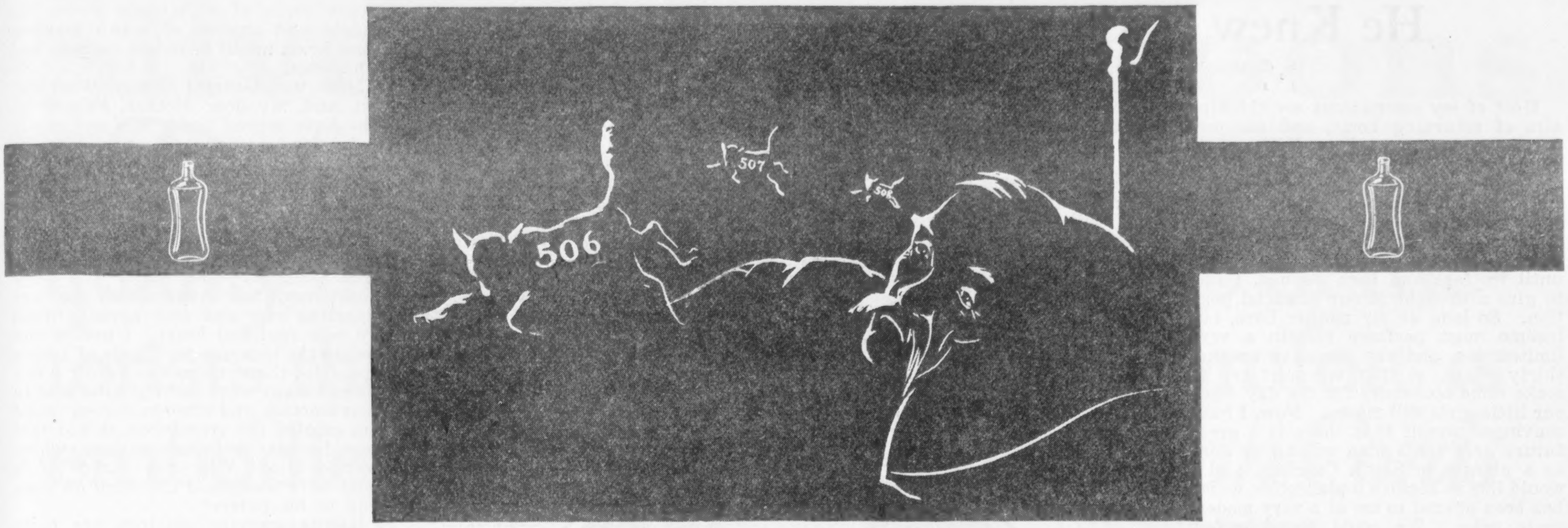
My dear Mother, the messenger is waiting, so I will end this letter. Believe me always

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
De Maussion.

Boston, 21st December, 1781.
My dear Hélène:

This letter I am confiding to Monsieur de La Fayette's servant, who promised me that he would see it reaches your hands as quickly as possible. They are sailing the day after to-morrow for France, and Monsieur de La Fayette is taking with him dispatches from General Washington and a message from Congress for the king. It is with a heavy heart that we Frenchmen still in America are bidding good-by to our hero, whose presence among us so often was a source of encouragement to us.

(*Continued on page 34*)



TRY THIS—*When You Can't Sleep!*

SOMETIMES it's just the heat! Oftener, excitement or pressure of work or a knotty problem that has put your nerves on edge. Anyhow, you tumble and toss and count sheep and—*you can't get to sleep!*

* * * * * * * * *

Soak a wash-cloth with Mifflin Alkohol and give yourself an easy sponging. The rapid evaporation of the alcohol will instantly be cooling and soothing; you'll find that your tensed muscles and ragged nerves will relax; you'll not only get to sleep—but your rest will be sounder, more refreshing, more beneficial!

* * * * * * * * *

Of course, this is only one of many ways in which Mifflin Alkohol can serve you.

Trainers of athletes know its value after exercise and for relieving sprains and bruises. That's why Mifflin Alkohol took the trip to Europe with our Olympic team—and why it accompanied the University of Pennsylvania football squad to California!

Mifflin Alkohol is a splendid rub-down after the bath; fine for sunburn, poison ivy, insect bites; gives prompt relief to tired, aching feet; is a powerful, though safe, antiseptic for cuts and scratches.

It removes the dust and grime of travel by motor or train.

In fact, it offers you a dozen daily comforts and protections.

Its many uses for young and old, well or ill, have given Mifflin Alkohol national popularity. Wherever you're traveling or living, you'll find it in the best drug stores.

MIFFLIN
ALKOHOL

the external tonic

In handy-grip full-pint bottles at all good drug stores

Sample bottle sent for 4c; booklet free on request.

MIFFLIN CHEMICAL CORPORATION, *Phila., Pa.*

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For massage and every external use of Alcohol.
HANDY GRIP
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the External tonic
Caution: — For external use only. If taken internally will cause serious gastric disturbances.
MIFFLIN
CHEMICAL CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

He Knew Washington

Continued from page 32

Most of my companions are thinking also of returning home, and our own future—yours, my dear Hélène, our children's and mine—has given me moments of hard thinking. You know how I love you and how much I have suffered from our cruel separation. But, apart from the feeling of duty which compelled me to remain in this country until its fate had been decided, I had to give a thought to our financial position. So long as my mother lives, our income must perforce remain a very limited one, and she may live another thirty years, so that we must try to make some economies for the day when our little girls will marry. Now, I have convinced myself that there is a great future here for a man willing to work as a planter in South Carolina, and I would like to acquire a plantation which has been offered to me at a very modererate price. We could spend a few years while our children are small in improving it and trying to make it pay, as well as some other lands which I have inspected. I think that you would like the life as well as your surroundings and would feel more independent than you do at present. But before taking any definite step I want you to tell me quite frankly whether you approve of my plan and will not feel too unhappy away from France and your people.

Write to me quite frankly on the subject, but don't mention it to my mother for the present. If you approve my idea, I will take the necessary steps to secure the property, and then sail for France to fetch you and the children and to break the news to my mother, so as to spare you this ordeal. If you do not, I will return home all the same, to settle there for good. But you know how the situation is and realize as well as I do that there may be some unpleasant moments for both of us connected with Madame ma Mère, from whose authoritative temper I fear you have suffered more than you have owned to me during my absence. So please think well of all I have just written to you and write me your reply as soon as you can for me to be able to make the necessary arrangements either to bring you over or to return to you.

You know, my dear Hélène, that you have always been in my thoughts, and that I am anxiously looking forward to the day when we shall again be together. Never doubt my affection for you and for our children.

Your affectionate husband,[1]
DE MAUSSION.

---

[1] This is the only letter we possess from De Maussion to his wife.

NEW YORK, 5th May, 1789.

My dear Mother:

I CAME to this town for the inauguration of General Washington as first President of the United States, and I am writing to you some details of this great event. It was a fitting reward for a whole life spent in the service of one's country, and it showed that sometimes people understand the meaning of the word gratitude and show wisdom by handing over the care of their welfare to a man without whom they would never have won their freedom or their independence. My only regret is that Monsieur de La Fayette could not be here to see him with whom he fought and worked raised to the greatest position he could ever attain in his native land. You should have seen the enthusiasm with which General Washington was greeted when he entered New York after a journey which was one long triumphal march.

The roads were crowded, and he was acclaimed almost as a god would have been, in all the towns through which he passed. And I wish also you could have seen him a few days later when he took the oath of office. The reverence with which he pronounced its words, with his head bowed over a Bible, which was spread open before him, was something so striking that all those who have witnessed it say that they will never forget it so long as they live.

Standing as he did on a balcony, so that the crowds could have a good look at him, he remained erect before them, with his head bowed down, and one could see his lips move in silent prayer. He looked a perfect picture of duty and strength as well as of power, and the very way he repeated the words of the solemn oath he was taking inspired confidence, because one felt that here was the man who through many a dark hour had never allowed despair to enter his heart or discouragement to creep into his soul; who had fearlessly led his people to freedom and victory, almost in spite of them, because how very few among them really helped and seconded him during those weary years of a struggle under the weight and anxiety of which many a stout heart might have lost courage and confidence!

Here was General George Washington, and, my dear Mother, only those who have served under him can really understand or properly appreciate his greatness.

Next to me was an old woman, evidently quite poor, to judge by her clothes, and the whole of the time the ceremony lasted, she kept muttering to herself, "God bless him! May God bless him! Bless him, my God!" and the very monotony of her words, which she kept repeating over and over again, stirred my very soul and heart. I assure you that in the immense multitude of people assembled there, there was hardly a dry eye and many were sobbing quite loud in their emotion, and when he turned round and saluted the crowd you should just have heard the immense cheer which greeted him! Why, the sounds of it must have awakened the King of England in his palace!

Hélène and the children are quite well, and your god-daughter is running about in our garden, and a general favorite with everybody. She is a very winsome child.

My dear Mother, I hope that when this reaches you you will have quite recovered from your recent indisposition. Please do let us hear from you as soon as possible, and believe me,

Your affectionate son,
DE MAUSSION.

BOSTON, 5th October, 1796.

My dear Mother:

I AM giving this letter to one of my friends, Monsieur Gillier, who is sailing for France, to acquaint you that I have decided to return home and see after you and our property there. Your last letter has made us very uneasy, and we had already reproached ourselves for having left you alone all these long and dreadful years, when you must have suffered so much and been in such fearful danger. Thank God, however, that you have escaped the fury of these monsters and been saved by the mercy of Providence and the love which people bear you. But you may imagine with what a sigh of relief we heard of the just punishment of this fiend in human shape, Monsieur Robespierre. He deserved to perish as he has done, on the same scaffold so many had been compelled through his cruelty and blood thirst to ascend. And now perhaps there will be peace in our unhappy country!

I am making arrangements to sell our plantation. Somehow, I do not care to remain in America after General Washington ceases to be its President. I feel sure that many difficulties await it after he has gone. There is nobody like him, nobody worthy to succeed him. And yet to what unjust, cruel attacks he has been subjected, and how disgusted he must feel at times with the world and with his countrymen! He sacrificed himself for them, and yet what abuse have they not heaped upon his head since he became President! Sometimes it made me so angry to read of all these attacks that I felt like going to kill the vile hounds who would not leave him alone: kill them with my sword—that same sword I carried during all the years of the war which America would undoubtedly have lost had it not been for the genius of General Washington.

I hope to sail for France in about six weeks. After I have seen how matters stand there, I will send for Hélène and the little ones. I don't care to take them with me until things get more settled in our country. Here they will be well cared for; they have plenty of friends with whom they can stay in my absence, and they will be perfectly safe until I can without fear send for them, when we will be at last reunited with you, my dear Mother, this time I hope forever.

In awaiting this happy moment when I will be able to ask you for your blessing on my return, I remain my dear Mother, always,

Your very dutiful and affectionate son, DE MAUSSION.

[THE END]

He Gets WHAT *They Want* WHEN *They Want It*

By
CHARLES
PHELPS
CUSHING

CALL
STAY OUT

Ask Props for anything under the sun and his invariable answer is: "I got it!" He's always ready to oblige

THE superman is Props. Tell Props you must have the North Pole, or Livingstone's camp, or the Cardiff giant, or anything else—

"I got it," says Props.

Props works for the movies, but rarely poses for the camera. Our flashlight of him in his lair is, in fact, a souvenir of one of the few occasions when he ever got any publicity. Officially his title is "property man of the studios," and his job is simple—to furnish movie directors with anything in the animal, vegetable or mineral world that any fantastic author's script may mention in any kind of story.

For example, Cynthia Stockley wrote a story about darkest Africa—later rechristened, after the sprightly movie fashion, "The Female"—and this fiendish person's script required among other trifles "a pomegranate tree in full fruit."

"I got it!" said Props.

Around Hollywood there were many doubters. When the scene was ready to be shot, though, two weeks later, in came Props and his helpers staggering under a pomegranate tree in full fruit, which they planted nonchalantly on the set.

If they had asked Props for an old-fashioned bed-warmer, an Andalusian wicker market basket full of artificial spinach, a wooden leg, or a trained flea, he could have delivered without the slightest trouble.

A house sparrow which would play pretty games on a window sill with a lovely lady star took Props nearly half an hour. He redecorated a pet canary. "A chamois skin bathing suit" might be regarded as a bit unusual by ordinary mortals.

"I got it!" said Props.

"A score board such as is used in six-day bike races in Paris" was a much tougher problem. The joker here lay in the words "in Paris." The French, it appears, are a highly original people. Props was digging in his cave for a fortnight before he found the right board. But he atoned for this delay by producing a "roller-skating bear"; and he performed the feat in twenty-four hours.

The makers of feature films are no harder to please than the comedy companies. Charlie Chaplin's "props man" is generally credited with possessing the largest museum of junk and oddities in the so-called civilized world. He carries the fullest line of hand-embroidered wall mottoes, pawnshop miscellany, crutches, bootjacks, and trick beds, and of late he has been specializing in igloos, kamiks, kaiks, and edible candles for an Arctic film. But probably the busiest man in America was the Props who furnished the layout for a film called "The Lost World," the script by a fiend named Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He had to have a flock of pterodactyls and other prehistoric creatures ready for the camera. And he met every demand with his chirping: "Yep. I got it!"

Silvertown Balloons

Performance, unerring critic of tire quality, has convinced thousands of motorists that the longest run of comfort is embodied in *Silvertown Balloon Cords*

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Limited, Kitchener, Ontario

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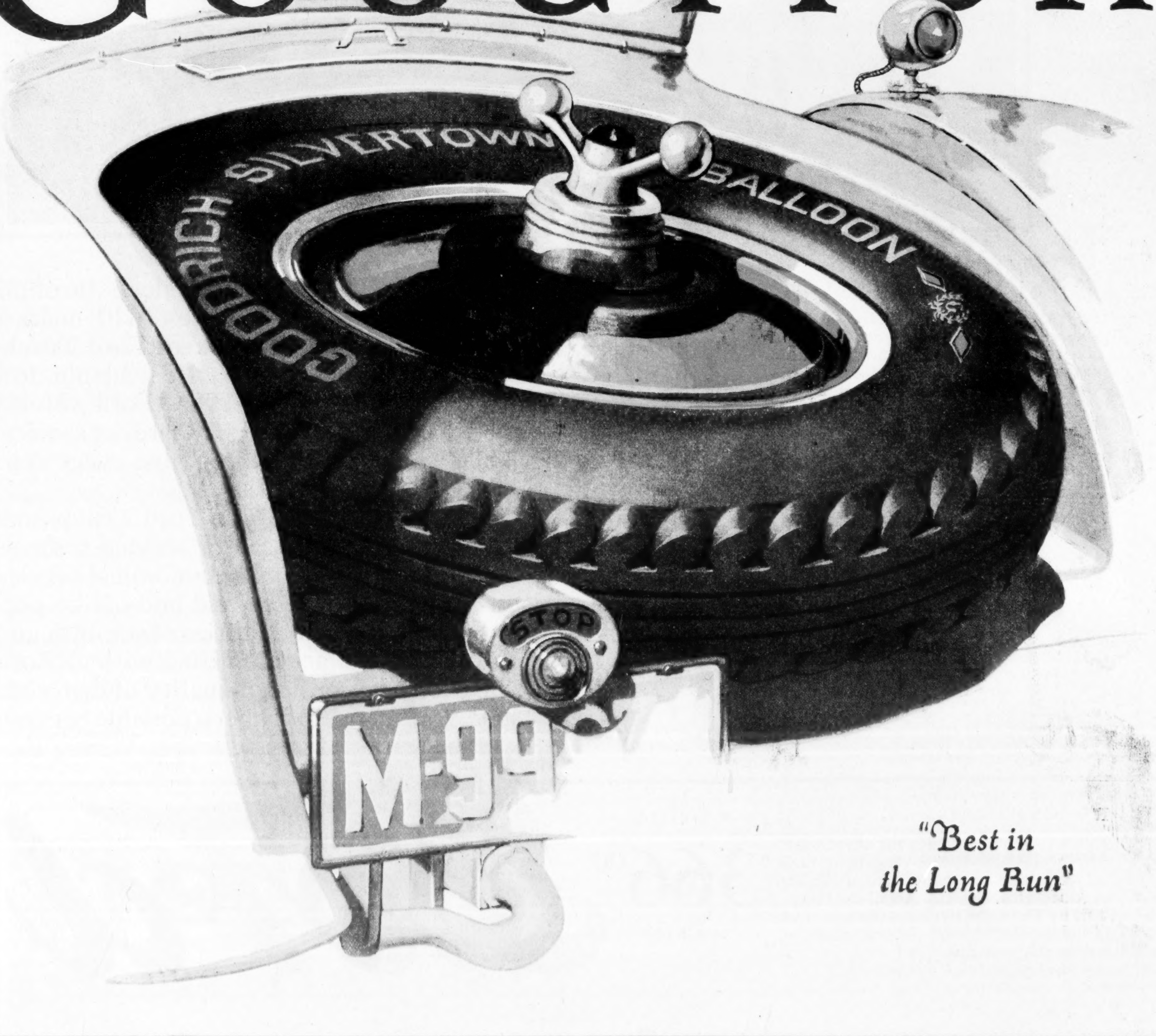
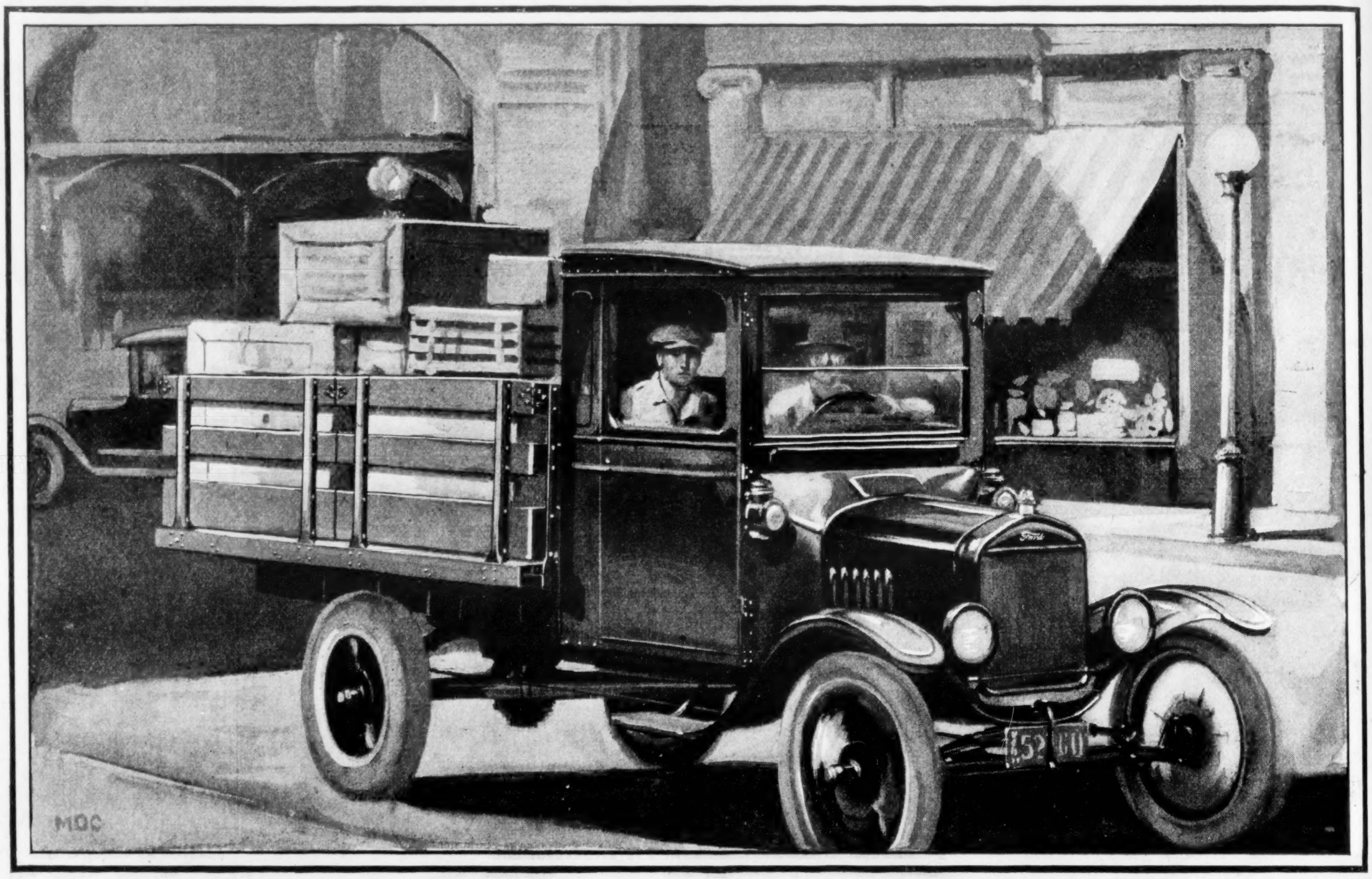


"Best in the Long Run"

Ford Truck Display

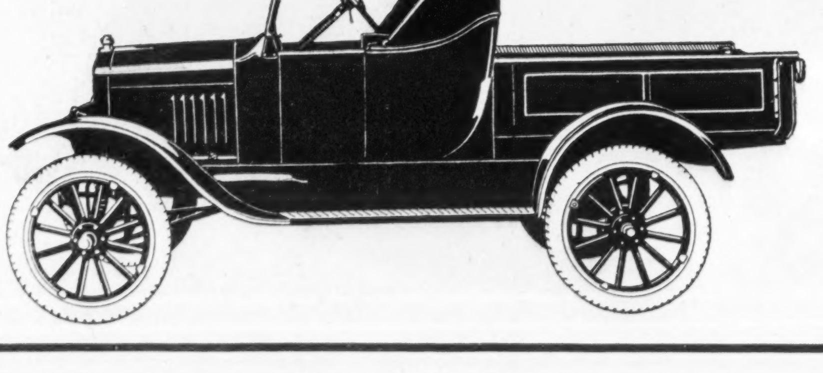


STAKE BODY . . . . ONE TON

A light-weight truck for farm use and general utility purposes. Stakes are in six sets, enclosing sides and both ends, easily removable to provide flat platform. Can be equipped with cattle and grain sides, or cross boards. With open style of cab cost is $20 less.

$515.00

F. O. B. DETROIT



AUTHORIZED Ford Dealers, throughout the United States, will make a special display next week of Ford Trucks and Ford-built Bodies. Dependable low cost trucking units—100% Ford value—built complete to Ford standards of serviceability are available for almost every type of haulage and delivery.

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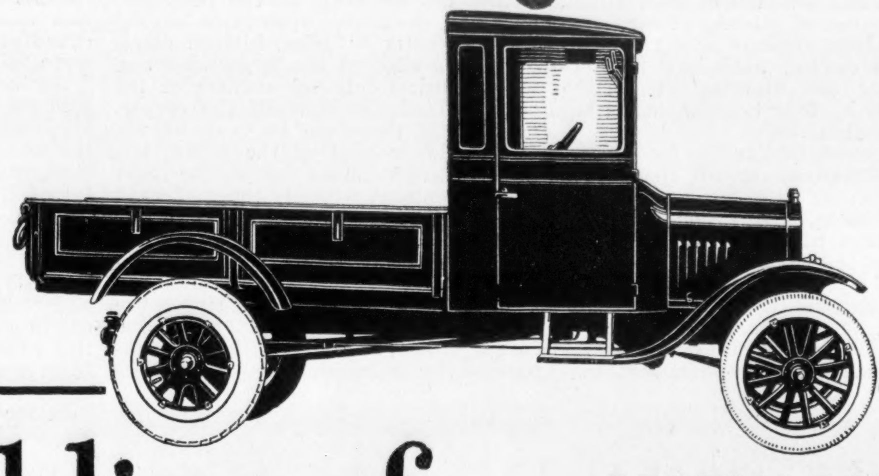

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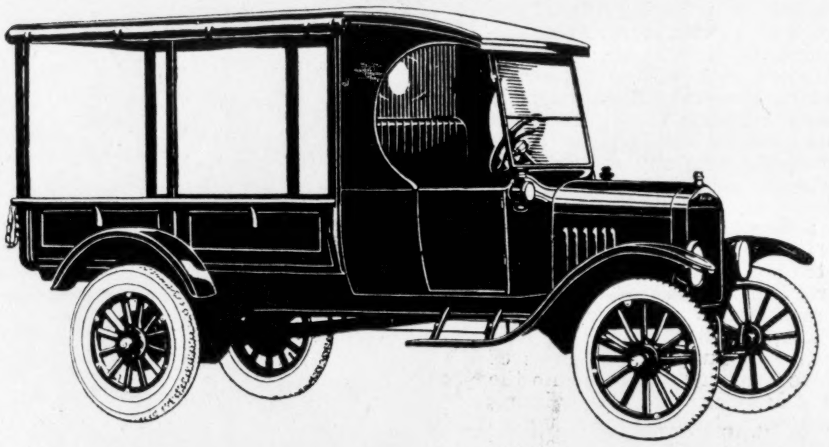

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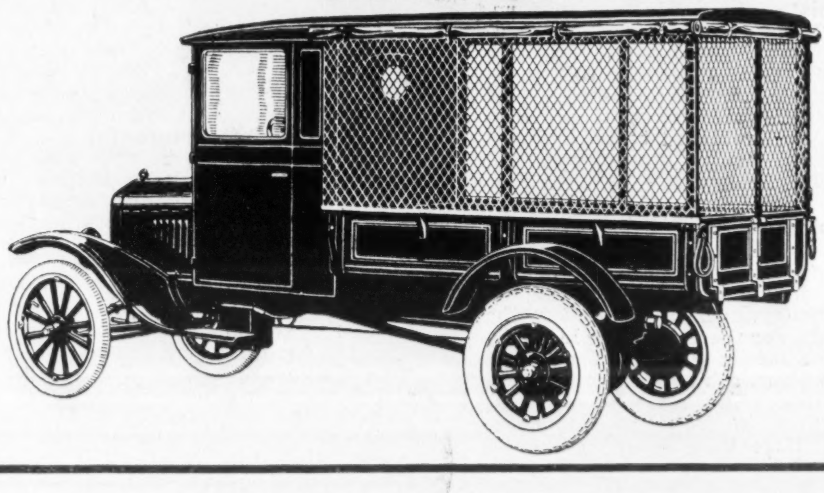

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$560.00
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Widely used for package delivery by department stores, express companies, etc., also manufacturers' pick-up purposes. All-steel express body. Rear screens lock securely. Curtains for weather protection. Loading space 48" x 86". With open cab, $540.00 f. o. b. Detroit.

TRUCKS

AND DELIVERY CARS

The Curse of the Golden Cross

Continued from page 21

supposed to be an English lecturer, he spoke with a rather occult foreign accent.

"You see, my dear Professor," cried Lady Diana with trenchant cheerfulness, "your Byzantine mummy was simply too exciting to be missed."

Fortunately the clergyman himself appeared at this stage, a gray-haired, good-looking gentleman with a droop accentuated by double eyeglasses.

"I hope you are none of you superstitious," he said pleasantly. "I ought to tell you, to start with, that there are supposed to be all sorts of bad omens and curses hanging over our devoted heads in this business. I have just been deciphering a Latin inscription which was found over the entrance to the chapel; and it would seem that there are no less than three curses involved: a curse for entering the sealed chamber, a double curse for opening the coffin, and a triple and most terrible curse for touching the gold relic found inside it. The two first maledictions I have already incurred myself," and the Rev. Mr. Walters smiled in his benevolent manner. He went on:

"Guy de Gisors, a lord of the manor here early in the thirteenth century, had set his heart on a beautiful, black horse in the possession of an envoy from Genoa, which that practical merchant prince would not sell except for a huge price. Guy was driven by avarice to the crime of pillaging the shrine and, according to one story, even killing the bishop, who was then resident here. Anyhow, the bishop uttered a curse, which was to fall on anybody who should continue to withhold the gold cross from its resting place in this tomb, or should take any steps to disturb it when it had returned there. The feudal lord raised the money for the horse by selling the gold relic to a goldsmith in the town, but on the first day he mounted the horse the animal reared and threw him in front of the church porch, breaking his neck. Meanwhile the goldsmith, hitherto wealthy and prosperous, was ruined by a series of inexplicable accidents, and fell into the power of a Jewish money lender living on the manor. Eventually the unfortunate goldsmith, faced with nothing but starvation, hanged himself on an apple tree. The gold cross, with all his other goods, his house, shop and tools, had long ago passed into the possession of the money lender. Meanwhile the son and heir of the feudal lord, shocked by the judgment on his blasphemous sire, had become a religious devotee in the dark and stern spirit of those times, and conceived it his duty to persecute all heresy and unbelief among his vassals. Thus, in his turn, the Jew who had been cynically tolerated by the father, was ruthlessly burned by order of the son; so that he in his turn suffered for the possession of the relic; and after these three judgments it was returned to the bishop's tomb; since when no eye has seen and no hand has touched it."

THE pioneer with the big mustache and the broken English did not descend, after all, by his favorite ladder, which indeed had only been used by some of the workmen conducting the excavation, for the clergyman led them round to a larger and more convenient entrance about a hundred yards away, out of which he himself had just emerged from his investigations underground. Here the descent was by a fairly gradual slope with no difficulties save the increasing darkness, for they soon found themselves moving in single file down a tunnel as black as pitch, and it was some little time before they saw a glimmer of light ahead of them. Once during that silent march there was a sound like a catch in somebody's breath, it was impossible to say whose; and once there was an oath like a dull explosion, and it was in an unknown tongue.

They came out in a circular chamber like a basilica in a ring of round arches, for that chapel had been built before the first pointed arch of the Gothic had pierced our civilization like a spear. In the center the dark bulk of the tomb itself, with its lifted lid of stone, was like the jaws of a leviathan.

Whether out of a sense of fitness or from the lack of more modern appliances, the clerical antiquary had arranged for the illumination of the chapel only by four tall candles in big wooden candlesticks.

All eyes went first to the face of the dead, preserved across all those ages in the lines of life by some secret Eastern process, it was said, inherited from heathen antiquity and unknown to the simple graveyards of our own island. The professor could hardly repress an exclamation of wonder, for though the face was as pale as a mask of wax, it looked otherwise like a sleeping man who had but that moment closed his eyes. The face was of the ascetic, perhaps even the fanatical type, with a high framework of bones; the figure was clad in a golden cope and gorgeous vestments, and high up on the breast, at the base of the throat, glittered the famous gold cross upon a short gold chain or rather necklace. The stone coffin had been opened by lifting the lid of it at the head and propping it aloft upon two strong wooden shafts or poles, hitched above under the edge of the upper slab and wedged below into the corners of the coffin behind the head of the corpse. Less could therefore be seen of the feet or lower part of the figure, but the candlelight shone full on the face; and in contrast with its tones of dead ivory the cross of gold seemed to stir and sparkle like a fire.

Professor Smail's big forehead had carried a big furrow of reflection, or possibly of worry, ever since the clergyman had told the story of the curse. But feminine intuition, not untouched by feminine hysteria, understood the meaning of his brooding immobility better than did the men around him. In the silence of that candle-lit cavern Lady Diana cried out suddenly:

"Don't touch it, I tell you!"

But the man had already made one of his swift leonine movements, leaning forward over the body. The next instant they all darted, some forward and some backward, but all with a dreadful ducking motion as if the sky were falling.

As the professor laid a finger on the gold cross, the wooden props, that bent very slightly in supporting the lifted lid of stone, seemed to jump and straighten themselves with a jerk. The lid of the stone slab slipped from its wooden perch, and in all their souls and stomachs came a sickening sense of down-rushing ruin, as if they had all been flung off a precipice. Smail had withdrawn his head swiftly, but not in time, and he lay senseless beside the coffin, in a red puddle of blood from scalp or skull. And the old stone coffin was once more closed as it had been for centuries. The leviathan had snapped its jaws of stone.

LADY DIANA was looking at the wreck with eyes that had an electric glare as of lunacy; her red hair looked scarlet against the pallor of her face in the greenish twilight. Smyth was looking at her, still with something doglike in the turn of his head; but it was the expression of a dog which looks at a master whose catastrophe he can only partly understand. Tarrant and the foreigner had stiffened in their usual sullen attitudes, but their faces had turned the color of clay. The vicar seemed to have fainted. Father Brown was kneeling beside the fallen figure.

Rather to the general surprise, the Byronic lounger, Paul Tarrant, came forward to help him.

"He'd better be carried up into the air," he said. "I suppose there's just a chance for him."

"He isn't dead," said Father Brown in a low voice, "but I think he's pretty bad. You aren't a doctor, by any chance?"

"No, but I've had to pick up a good many things in my time," said the other. "But never mind about me just now. My real profession would probably surprise you."

"I don't think so," replied Father Brown, with a slight smile. "I thought of it about halfway through the voyage. You are a detective shadowing somebody. Well, the cross is safe from thieves now, anyhow."

While they were speaking Tarrant had lifted the frail figure of the fallen man with easy strength and dexterity and was carefully carrying him toward the exit. He answered over his shoulder, "Yes, the cross is safe enough."

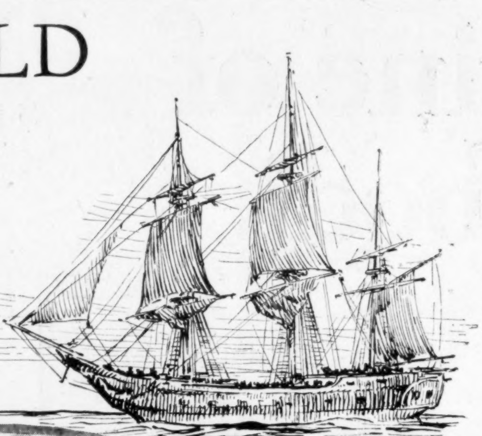
"You mean that nobody else is," replied Brown. "Are you thinking of the curse too?"

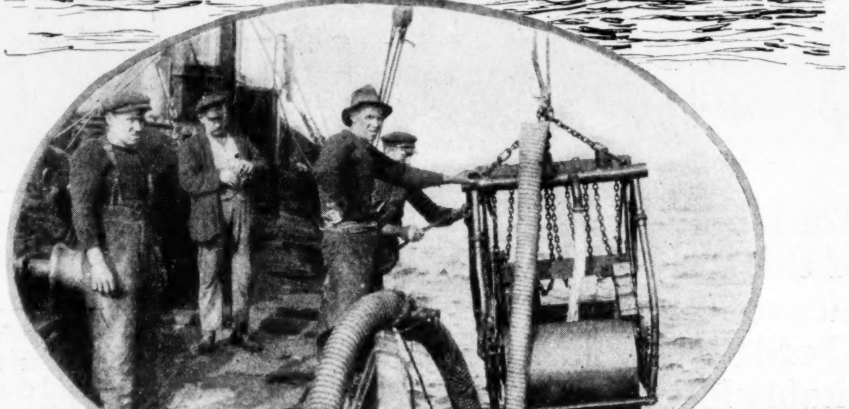
Father Brown went about for the next hour or two under a burden of frowning perplexity that was something beyond the shock of the tragic accident. He assisted in carrying the victim to the little inn opposite the church, interviewed the doctor, who reported the injury as serious and threatening though not certainly fatal, and carried the news to the little group of travelers who had gathered round the table in the inn parlor. But wherever he went the cloud of mystification rested on him, the thing that had happened grew more and more difficult to explain.

Leonard Smyth had come merely because Lady Diana had come, and Lady Diana had come merely because she chose. They were engaged in one of those floating society flirtations that are all the more silly for being semi-intellectual. But the lady's romanticism had a superstitious side to it, and she was pretty well prostrated by the terrible end of her adventure. Paul Tarrant was a private detective, possibly watching the flirtation for some wife or husband; possibly shadowing the foreign lecturer with the mustache, who had much the air of an undesirable alien. But if he or anybody else

(Continued on page 40)

Taking GOLD *from the* SEA





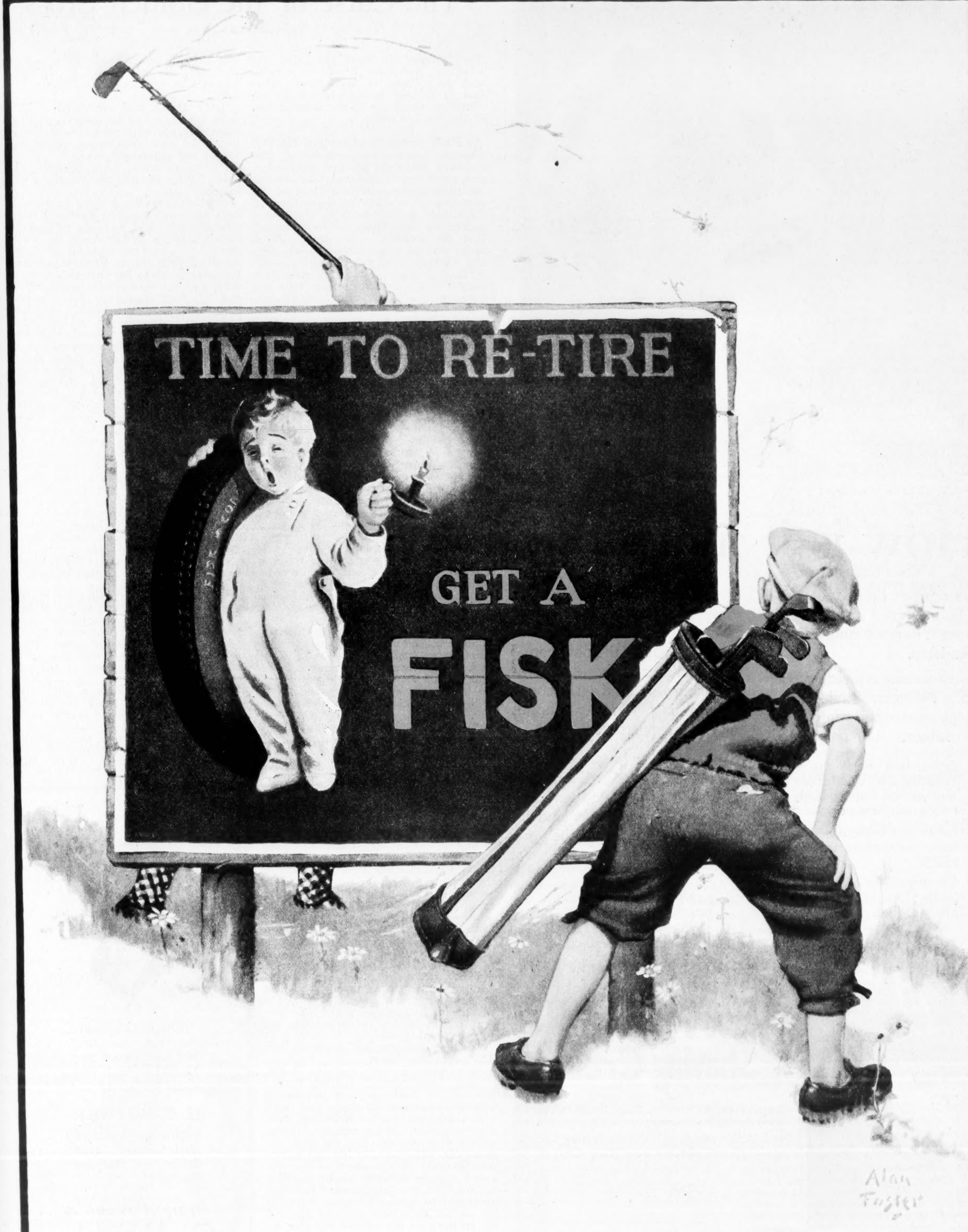
By L. M. SOLOMON

ON a bright sunny morning early in October, 1799, H. M. S. La Lutine set sail from an English port for the Continent. It was a cheerful departure, for she was loaded down with coin and bullion destined to pay the British troops warring on the European mainland. For contrast, picture a dingy utilitarian trawler setting out from a Dutch port in October one hundred and twenty-five years later—its mission the finding of that selfsame load of bullion stored in the Lutine's hold.

La Lutine never reached port and her treasure never lined the pockets, even momentarily, of His Majesty's troops. During the storm that arose on October 9, 1799, she was wrecked off the coast of Holland near the town of Vlieland. Her crew, with the exception of one man who died before he could be taken back to England, perished with her. The treasure went down also and most of it is still buried beneath the shifting sands of the Netherlands coast.

When La Lutine sank, her treasure was estimated at £2,275,000, most of it insured by Lloyd's, which naturally became highly interested in salvage. The Dutch Government stepped in to claim salvage rights and, despite British protests, in 1801 granted salvage rights to the bullion fishers on condition that the Netherlands receive two thirds of any treasure recovered. Finally the British complaints became so insistent that the Dutch ceded a half interest in the remainder to Great Britain for Lloyd's. This led to a determined salvage attempt in 1857 which proved the most productive of all. A total of £99,893 was recovered, of which £22,162 went to Lloyd's.

Two Delft technical students, P. Van der Walle and D. Heking-Colenbrander, are making the present treasure attempt. They have high hopes of success based on a new device to take the place of deep-sea divers and their bulky diving gear. They are using an apparatus, invented by themselves, which combines the features of a suction pump and a steam shovel bucket. With it they are now busily drawing up the sands that have mingled with the hulk and cargo of the Lutine and sifting out the gold from the mass of material brought to the surface.


TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A
FISK
Alan Foster

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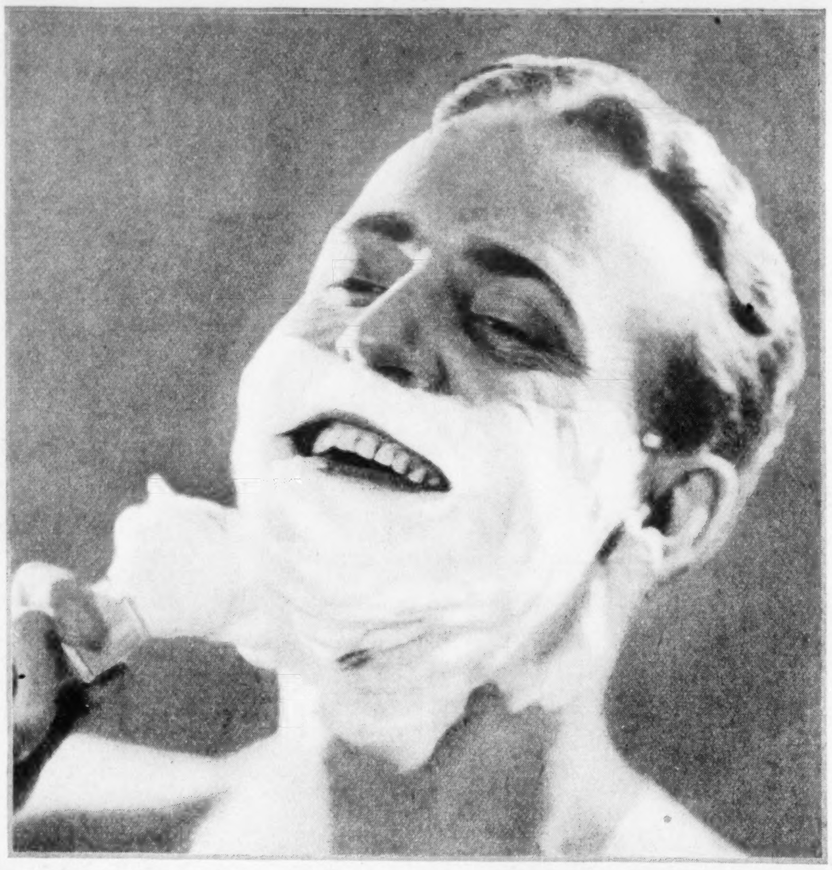

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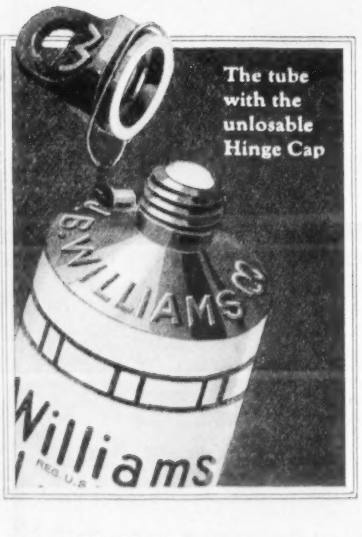

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The Curse of the Golden Cross

Continued from page 38

had intended to steal the relic, the intention had been finally frustrated and, to all mortal appearance, what had frustrated it was either an incredible coincidence or the intervention of the ancient curse.

A FEW moments afterward his private perplexities suffered a momentary dispersal at the news of a new calamity. The moment he entered the little parlor where the rest of the company were collected, something in their pale faces told him they were shaken by something yet more recent than the accident at the tomb. Even as he entered Leonard Smyth was saying, "Where is all this going to end?"

"It will never end, I tell you," repeated Lady Diana, gazing into vacancy with glassy eyes; "it will never end till we all end. One after another the curse will take us; perhaps slowly, as the poor vicar said, but it will take us all as it has taken him."

"What in the world has happened now?" asked Father Brown.

There was a silence, and then Tarrant said, in a voice that sounded a little hollow:

"Mr. Walters, the vicar, has committed suicide. I suppose it was the shock unhinged him. But I fear there can be no doubt about it. I myself found his black hat and clothes on a rock jutting out from the shore. He seems to have jumped into the sea. I thought he looked as if it had knocked him half-witted, and perhaps we ought to have looked after him, but there was so much to look after."

"You could have done nothing," said the lady. "Don't you see the thing is dealing doom in a sort of dreadful order; the professor touched the cross, and he went first; the vicar had opened the tomb, and he went second; we only entered the chapel, and we—"

"Hold on," said Father Brown in a sharp voice he very seldom used. "This has got to stop."

A heavy though unconscious frown was on his face, but in his eyes was no longer the cloud of mystification—a light of almost terrible understanding.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered. "I ought to have seen it long ago. The tale of the curse ought to have told me."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Tarrant, "that we can really be killed now by something that happened in the thirteenth century?"

FATHER BROWN shook his head and answered with quiet emphasis:

"I won't discuss whether we can be killed by something that happened in the thirteenth century. But I'm jolly certain we can't be killed by something that *never* happened in the thirteenth century—something that never happened at all."

"Well," said Tarrant, "it's refreshing to find a priest so skeptical of the supernatural as all that."

"Not at all," replied the priest calmly; "it's not the supernatural part I doubt. It's the natural part. I'm exactly in the position of the man who said, 'I can believe the impossible but not the improbable.'"

"That's what you call paradox, isn't it?" asked the other.

"It's what I call common sense, properly understood," replied Father Brown. "It really is more natural to believe a supernatural story, that deals with things we don't understand, than a natural story that contradicts things we do understand. Tell me that the great Mr. Gladstone, in his last hours, was haunted by the ghost of Parnell, and I will be agnostic about it. But tell me that Mr. Gladstone, when first presented to Queen Victoria, wore his hat in her drawing-room and slapped her on the back and offered her a cigar, and I am not agnostic at all. That is not impossible; it's only incredible. But I'm much more certain it didn't happen than that Parnell's ghost didn't appear, because it violates the laws of a world I do understand. So it is with that tale of the curse. It isn't the legend that I disbelieve. It's the history."

Lady Diana had recovered a little from her trance of Cassandra, and her perennial curiosity about new things began to peer once more out of her bright and prominent eyes.

"What a curious man you are!" she said. "Why should you disbelieve the history?"

"I disbelieve the history because it isn't history," answered Father Brown. "To anybody who happens to know a little about the Middle Ages, the whole story was about as probable as Gladstone offering Queen Victoria a cigar. I know enough to see that this story is stuff and nonsense from beginning to end. It was impossible for a money lender to distrain on a man's shop and tools. It's exceedingly unlikely that the guild would not have saved a man from such utter ruin, especially if he were ruined by a Jew. Those people had vices and tragedies of their own; they sometimes tortured and burned people. But that idea of a man, without God or hope in the world, crawling away to die because nobody cared whether he lived—that isn't a medieval idea. That's a product of our economic science and progress. The Jew couldn't have been a vassal of the feudal lord. The Jews always had a special position as servants of the king. Above all, the Jew couldn't possibly have been burned for his religion. Some poor Christian might be burned alive for making a mistake about a trifle of theology, while a rich Jew might walk down the street openly sneering at Christ and the Mother of God.

"WELL, that's what this story is like. It was never a story of the Middle Ages; it was never even a legend about the Middle Ages. It was made up by somebody whose notions came from novels and newspapers and was probably made up on the spur of the moment.

"We have to do with a plot. But the plotter did not think the details of medieval history would matter much to anybody. And his calculation in a general way was pretty nearly right, like most of his other calculations."

"Whose calculations? Who was

"None but the brave deserves the fair." Bill was brave and Barbara—well, who could be fairer?

H. C. WITWER begins his stories of Bill Grimm, taxi driver, and Barbara Baxter

in next week's **Collier's**

right?" demanded the lady with a sudden passion of impatience. "Who is this person you are talking about?"

"I am talking about the murderer," said Father Brown.

"What murder?" she asked sharply. "Do you mean that the poor professor was murdered?"

"Well," said the staring Tarrant gruffly into his beard, "we can't say murdered, for we don't know he's killed."

"The murderer killed somebody else, who was not Professor Smail," said the priest gravely.

"Why, whom else could he kill?" asked the other.

"He killed the Rev. John Walters, the vicar of Dulham," replied Father Brown with precision. "He only wanted to kill those two, because they both had got hold of relics of one rare pattern. The murderer was a sort of monomaniac on the point."

"It all sounds very strange," muttered Tarrant. "Of course we can't swear that the vicar's really dead either. We haven't seen his body."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Father Brown.

THERE was a silence as sudden as the stroke of a gong—a silence in which that subconscious guesswork that was so active and accurate in the woman moved her almost to a shriek.

"That is exactly what you have seen," went on the priest. "You have seen his body. You haven't seen him, the real, living man, but you have seen his body all right. You have stared at it hard by the light of four great candles, and it was not tossing suicidally in the sea, but lying in state like a prince of the church in a shrine built before the Crusades."

"In plain words," said Tarrant, "you actually ask us to believe that the embalmed body was really the corpse of a murdered man."

Father Brown was silent a moment; then he said, almost with an air of irrelevance: "The first thing I noticed about it was the cross, or rather the string suspending the cross. Naturally, for most of you, it was only a string of beads and nothing else in particular, but, naturally also, it was rather more in my line than yours. You remember it lay close up to the chin with only a few beads showing, as if the whole necklet were quite short. But the beads that showed were arranged in a special way; first one and then three, and so on; in fact, I knew at a glance that it was a rosary, an ordinary rosary with a cross at the end of it. But a rosary has at least five decades and additional beads as well; and I naturally wondered where all the rest of it was. It would go much more than once round the old man's neck. I couldn't understand it at the time, and it was only afterward I guessed where the extra length had gone to. It was coiled round and round the foot of the wooden prop that was fixed in the corner of the coffin, holding up the lid. So that when poor Smail merely plucked at the cross, it jerked the prop out of its place and the lid fell on his skull like a club of stone."

"By George," said Tarrant, "I'm beginning to think there's something in what you say. This is a queer story if it's true."

"WHEN I realized that," went on Father Brown, "I could manage more or less to guess the rest. Remember, first of all, that there never was any responsible archæological authority for anything more than an investigation. Poor old Walters was an honest antiquary who was engaged in opening the tomb to *find out* if there was any truth in the legend about embalmed bodies. The rest was all rumor, of the sort that often anticipates or exaggerates such finds. As a fact, he found the body had not been embalmed, but had fallen into dust long ago. Only while he was working there by the light of his lonely candle in that sunken chapel, the candlelight threw another shadow that was not his own."

"Ah," cried Lady Diana with a catch in her breath, "and I know what you mean now! You mean to tell us we have met the murderer, talked and joked with the murderer, let him tell us a romantic tale and let him depart untouched."

"Leaving his clerical disguise on a rock," assented Brown. "It is all dreadfully simple. This man got ahead of the professor in the race to the churchyard and chapel, possibly while the professor was talking to that lugubrious journalist. He came on the old clergyman beside the empty coffin and killed him. Then he dressed himself in the black clothes from the corpse, wrapped the body in an old cope which had been among the real finds of the exploration, and put it in the coffin, arranging the rosary and the wooden support as I have described. Then, having thus set the trap for his second enemy, he went up into the daylight and greeted us all with the most amiable politeness of a country clergyman."

"He ran a considerable risk," objected Tarrant, "of somebody knowing Walters by sight."

"I admit he was half mad," agreed Father Brown, "and I think you will admit that the risk was worth taking, for he has got off after all."

"I'll admit he was very lucky," growled Tarrant, "and who the devil was he?"

"As you say, he was very lucky," answered Father Brown, "and not least in that respect. For that is the one thing we may never know."

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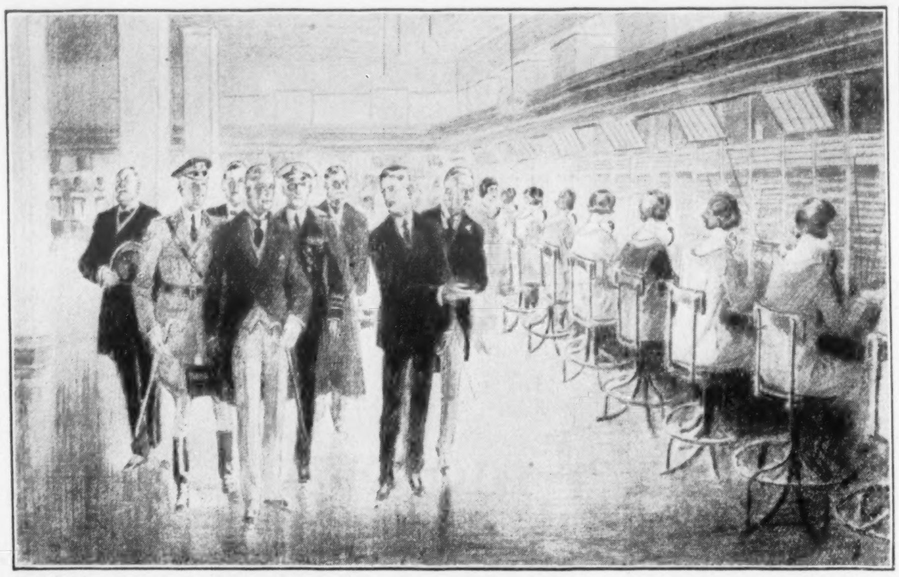

Within the means of all

Visitors from foreign countries invariably wonder at the number of telephones in America. "Why is it," they ask, "that nearly everybody in America has a telephone, while in Europe telephone service is found only in a limited number of offices and homes?"

First of all, telephone rates in the United States are the lowest in the world for the service given. Here, since the beginning, the best service for the greatest number of people has been the ideal. By constant improvement in efficiency and economy the Bell System has brought telephone service within the means of all. From the start, its rate policy has been to ask only enough to pay fair wages and a fair return on investment.

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The REDDY TEE

The Buzz Saw

Continued from page 13

sound very cordial, we decided to wait till the next day.

In the morning when me and Harry went over to the sawmill, the first person we run into was the old foreman.

"The boss is getting worse all the time," he said. "His brain has gone frazzly over that buzz-saw puzzle."

"Is he working on it now?" asked Harry.

"Is he working on it now!" said the foreman. "Why, man, he worked on it all day yesterday, and he must have worked on it all last night, because he's still up there in his office."

"Suppose we go up and see what he has to say," said Harry. He gave the foreman a couple more cigars, and remarked, "When you tell him about how the demonstration came out, he'll be sure to take the Earthworm."

AS WE started for the office, young Smith came in and went along with us. We knocked at the door, and a tired voice inside said, "Come in." We did.

Mr. Benson was flopped down in his chair, about as tired and weary and disgusted looking an old feller as I have ever seen. His white hair was all rumpled up, and his blue eyes, that had been so bright, looked dull and sleepy. The room was full of stale tobacco smoke, and a dozen cigar butts were strewed around the floor.

"Good morning," said Harry cheerfully. "We've come to tell you about the demonstration.

"Look," said young Smith, "you finished your puzzle!" He pointed to the buzz saw on the desk in front of old Jake. It was now covered with letters.

"It's a peach," said young Smith. "It's a wonder. And it's all finished.

"No," said old Jake, slow and sad. "It's not complete. You see," he explained, "in fitting in these words I started at radial No. 1, 'alarm.' I then worked right around the circle clockwise, filling in all the words as I came to them. I was able to choose them in such a way that the radial and spiral words made a perfect interlock, and everything went fine till I got around to the starting point, where I had to join the two ends to make a perfect circle. That's where I ran into trouble."

"It looks all right to me," said young Smith, squinting down through his big spectacles. "Everything fits in—'smelt'—'bleat'—'drear'—'foyer'—

"Yes," said old Jake, "but there is one flaw."

"Oh, I see," said Harry. "There is no such word as 'Croat,' at No. 32."

The old man looked at him sort of disdainful. "A Croat," he said, "is an inhabitant of some place called Croatia. I know because it's been in two different puzzles I've done in the last month. That word is all right. The trouble," he went on, "is in spiral No. 29, 'bryam.' "

"That's all right," I said, trying to help. "William Jennings Bryan."

"No," said old Jake, "the way it is here, it's 'bryam,' not 'Bryan.' Old William Jennings spells it with an n, not an m. I've got to fix that some way. I don't want any flaws in this thing."

"Right you are," said young Smith, and we all studied the diagram on the saw.

"It's too bad," said Harry, "that you missed the demonstration yesterday. We sure pulled a lot of logs."

"If I changed it to 'Bryan,' " said Jake, "I would completely ruin radial No. 1, 'alarm'—I would have to put in a totally new word ending with n, and that would throw out three or four other words. Or, I could throw out 'bryam' altogether—but that would ruin 'dread,' 'foyer,' and 'Croat.'

"I could change spiral No. 28 to 'Sleek,' said old Jake, "and that would make radial No. 32 either 'croak' or 'crook'—but that wouldn't help much."

"If you made it 'crook,' " suggested Smith, "you could change 'bryam' to 'broom.' "

"No good," said Jake, "because that would change 'foyer' into 'fooer,' and there ain't any such animal."

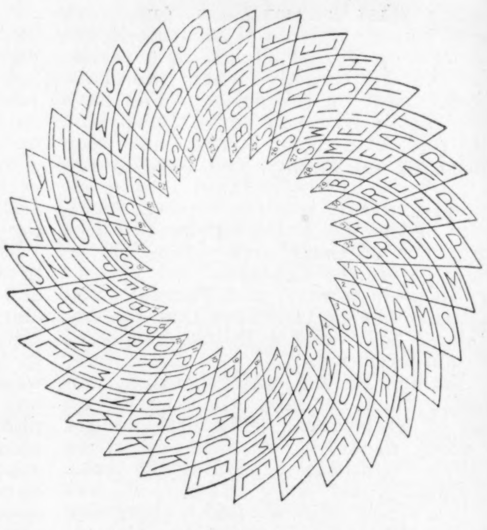
Suddenly he grabbed his hair.

"Holy cross-eyed catfish!" he yelled. "This thing is driving me crazy. So near and yet so far. Here I have worked day and night. I have made the greatest crossword puzzle of the age, and right at the end I get tangled up on just one letter and lose out."

"You might rub out a dozen or so words," said Smith, "and come at it with an entirely new start."

"No," said Jake, bringing down his fist on the table. "I will not rub out a dozen or so perfectly good words. I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. I would give a thousand dollars," said old Jake, "for the right word to put in here to straighten this out."

"I'll tell you what you might do," said Smith. "Change radial No. 32 from 'Croat' to 'croup'—that's a children's disease." Smith reached over, took the crayon and made the change. The puzzle then looked like this:



"You see," Smith went on, "that changes spiral No. 28 from 'sleet' to 'sleep'—so that's all right."

"But it's still no good," said the old man. "Look at spiral No. 29—'bryum'—there is no such word."

"Oh, isn't there?" said Smith. "I guess I didn't study botany for nothing. Have you a dictionary, Mr. Benson?"

Yes, Mr. Benson had a dictionary. Young Smith opened the big book, and pointed to a word in the b's:

"Bryum. *n.* Bot. A genus of moss."

OLD Jake looked at it—sure enough, it was a real word. He looked at his buzz-saw puzzle—it was complete; it was perfect. He jumped up and grabbed young Smith by the hand, and hit him on the back.

"Fine and dandy!" he shouted. "Boy, you're a wonder! You're good!"

Smith smiled. "The puzzle is the thing that's good," he said. "Absolutely new design—all good dictionary words—no word shorter than five letters—no abbreviations—no unkeyed letters. All you have to do now is to work out the definitions, and you'll have the finest crossword puzzle in the world—and by the way, I won't hold you to that offer you made of a thousand dollars for the right word—but I have my order blanks right here, and I am in rather a hurry to get home, and I certainly would appreciate it if you would sign up for a couple of tractors—just as easy to do it now as to-morrow."

As Smith slapped his order blanks down on the desk, old Jake turned to his foreman.

"Is the tractor this guy sells any good?" he asked.

"Well," said the foreman, "in the demonstration it seemed to me the other one worked the best."

"Will this guy's tractor run at all?"

"Yes," said the foreman, "it will run."

"All right," said old Jake, "That's enough. Any company that hires men as bright as this young man must be a pretty good company."

And right then and there he signed up for two Behemoths. Harry Burke raved around and talked and pleaded and argued and pretty near got down on his knees and prayed. But the old man didn't pay any attention—just set back in his chair and looked at his silly puzzle with a smile of complete happiness. And finally even Harry realized that the sale was lost.

We went back to the hotel, me and Harry, and as we started to pack up our stuff and get ready to load our tractor back in the box car, Harry said:

"I sure was right when I said that bird was just plain cuckoo."

"Yes," I said. "But you was wrong when you said a college education could never be any use in the tractor business."

STEPHEN AVERY

who wrote of "The Incompatible Angels" is the author of "The Gilded Pheasant," which tells of a man who held his wife cheaply. You have only to look at Harold Brett's illustration to know from her face, as she sits in the reastaurant overhearing the other man's story, what she will do. . .

In Next Week's COLLIER'S

"Just Dying to Go on the Stage"

Continued from page 17

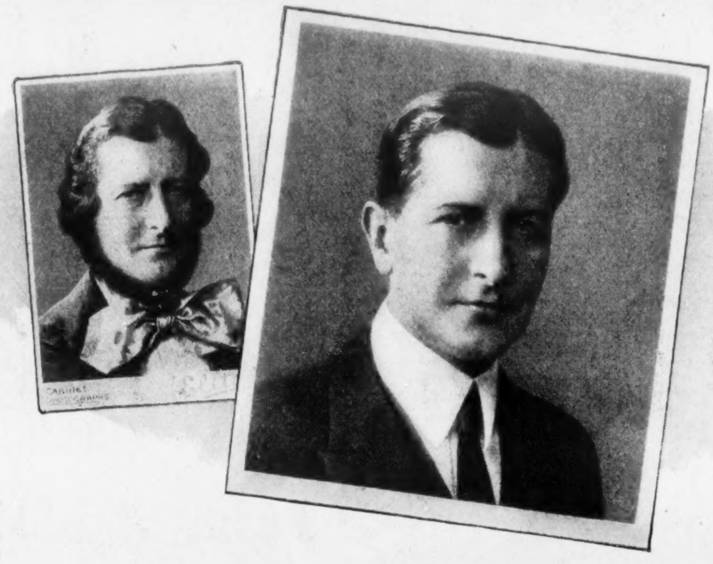
center in the world and produce many and varied plays, and perform many and varied parts—a combination that shall be a standard for the entire United States and that shall, in due course, be emulated by every other big city in the Union. It may be contended that if such a splendid combination were established in New York all rising young actors would become mere copies of the members of this standard company. I don't think there is any danger of this; again the geographical conditions interfere. The country is too large for all the aspiring students to come to New York and sit at the feet of their idols. But the influence of the New York group would be felt throughout the country.

There was a time in England when all the young actresses were talking and moving as nearly as they could like Ellen Terry, and all the aspiring young tragedians were shadows of Henry Irving. Even to-day I detect in the English actresses a great tendency to imitate Gladys Cooper and Sybil Thorndyke—a most praiseworthy endeavor if not carried too far. But this is due to the comparative smallness of the country. Theatrically speaking, London is England. Of course, there is considerable activity in the English provinces, but the largest provincial cities, such as Manchester and Liverpool, have not the same relative importance to London as Chicago and Boston have to New York. Whereas the American actor of distinction covers the entire United States, and is therefore frequently absent from New York for as long as two years or even more, the London actor remains in London, speaking generally, from one year's end to the other. And so the entertainment for the London playgoer is furnished by a more or less restricted group of actors.

The student who desires to be an actor naturally goes to London to study style, and so it is quite understandable that there should be many imitators of the reigning favorites. And, after all, this practice of copying should not perhaps be altogether deprecated. If the student has aptitude above the average what he absorbs from others will assimilate with his native ability, his own personality will break through and the original source of his inspiration will be no longer recognizable. Whereas, if he has no ability of his own, he might as well imitate somebody who has. Unfortunately it is much easier to copy the bad attributes of a great actor than the good ones. That is the real danger of imitation. Henry Irving had a strange staccato delivery and a queer walk; both detracted from his impersonations, and both, I believe, he fought against more or less unsuccessfully. But of course the earliest thing that the budding young actors learned, as first aid to becoming great tragedians, was to talk and walk like Irving at his worst. Ellen Terry had a queer sing-song way of delivering her poetic lines, which in itself was rather irritating, but coupled with her beautiful voice and her peculiar charm of manner it was quite acceptable; and in time you rather loved it. All the young actresses of her time kept doing it for years and you wanted to smack them for it.

As a matter of fact we are very dependent on one another. An actor hardly ever fails to seize an opportunity to see his brother actor at work and it is seldom time wasted. If he is not always fortunate enough to learn what to do, at least he can observe what to avoid. Artists (including actors) of one country should be eager to learn from artists of another. No nation can afford to say, "We are sufficient to ourselves." The university of art should be acknowledged and the exponents of the arts should be welcome and encouraged by all countries. The present system of including artists in the immigration quota which is in force in the United States, and of limiting the duration of the visit of a foreign artist, which is in force both in England and in America, seems to me exceedingly short-sighted policy. Speaking of my own calling, I know that both countries have profited by the example of each other. The visit of William Gillette to London many years ago with a splendid American company, playing "Secret Service," stimulated and improved the melodrama of the British stage. The all-American "Belle of New York Company" if it did not actually revolutionize musical comedy in England at least considerably influenced it to its great advantage. And I think it will be freely admitted that the British actor in America has not been without value to the American stage. I am hoping that some powerful influence will be brought to bear to break down these barriers which can only be to the ultimate detriment of both countries.

FASHION PLAYS QUEER PRANKS



What a difference a few years make in fashions! It would take a constitutional amendment to make us adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted.

If the purpose back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and hoop skirts that left no room for doubt was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since girls and women have gone in for knickies and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

The horror of such a requirement becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

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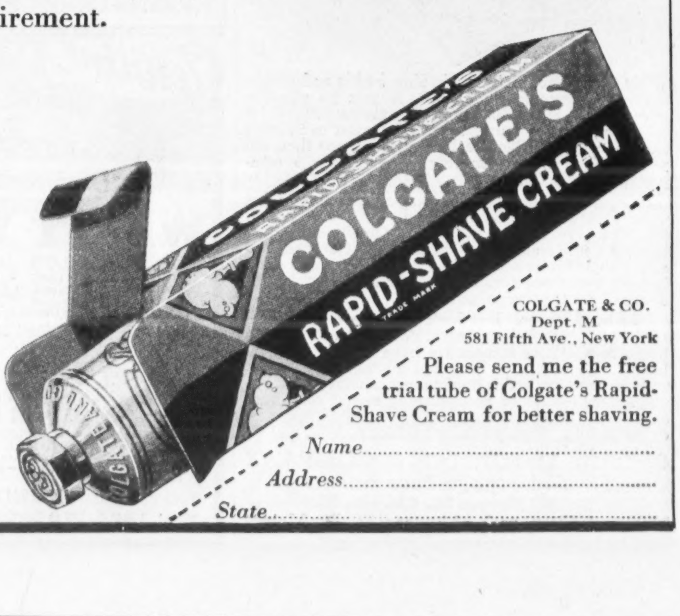

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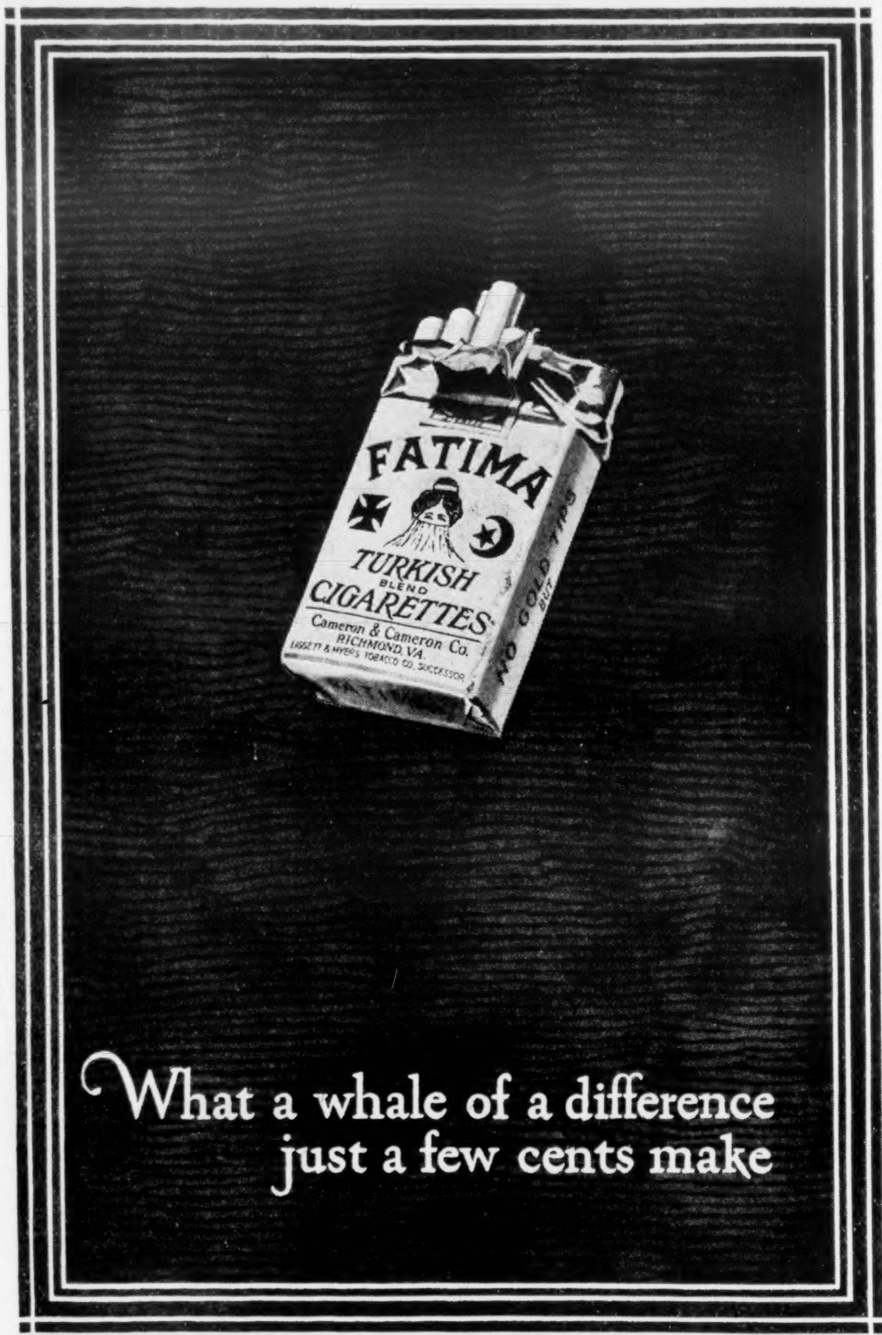
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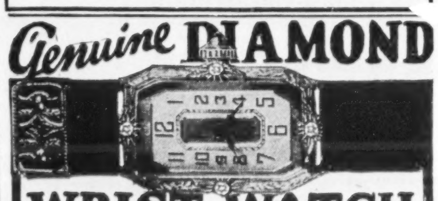

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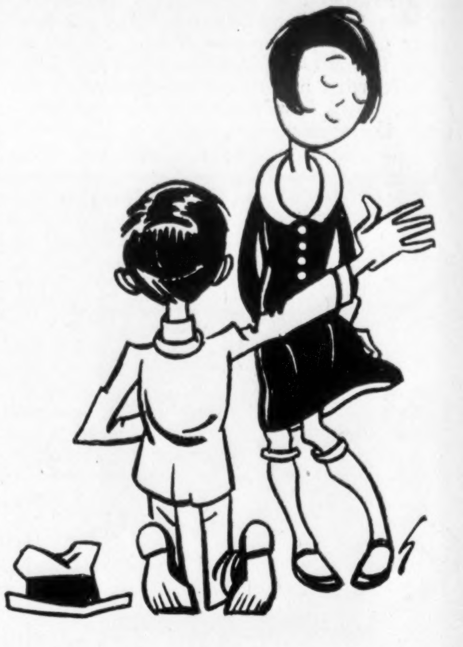
Why Men Don't MARRY



BUT it seems they do. At least the majority of those who entered our recent contest on the question think so. And it was a representative group of contestants from every state in the Union, Mexico, Nova Scotia and even France. There were half again as many men as women, and it must be admitted that a bigger percentage of the men than of the women had a pessimistic outlook on married life although, even at that, the romanticists carried the day—believing firmly that "love will find a way" to crash through all this "new-woman idea of freedom."

William Johnston, who lives in New York City, felt—still feels probably—so strongly that too many people are going through life without marrying that he wrote us a piece about it, which we printed, together with a contest offer, in our March 14th issue. His gloomy outlook aroused opposition and as one of the third-prize winners wrote in her letter—"the matrimonial situation may be critical in New York" but in the majority of the smaller cities and towns throughout the country it is quite the other way.

Most of the women felt that men marry later in life than they used to but they do marry—all but those few dyed-in-the-wool bachelors who will always be on deck to be cynical about their married brothers and sisters.

Both men and women stood up for their own sex, of course.

A letter from Manila, which came too late to be entered in the contest, tells us that in the Philippines there is "a custom of trial marriage, whereby a permanent arrangement is usually deferred until there is evidence that the family will not be childless. This custom is theoretically confined to a few pagan tribes living in the mountains. Practically speaking, the great mass of the people retain many vestiges of pagan custom from three hundred years ago, and it is quite usual to 'stand, three, before the priest' at the marriage altar." The writer of the letter feels that there may be something to say for this pagan custom.

But for the bachelors for whom Mr. Johnston is fearful one of the third-prize winners would suggest "a cottage, one of the sprawling, cozy kind with vines and hollyhocks. Marry her; put her in it. Before you know it, she will be trying a new kind of muffins, or darning the worn place in your favorite shirt. And even if, in the end, she insists upon a housekeeper and a governess while she commutes it to business with Hubby, it is infinitely better than waking up some bleak morning to find yourself sixty and alone."

First Prize—$50

By Mrs. Bess Lowry
Plain City, Ohio

Dear Sir:

In 1923 there were 1,223,825 marriages and 165,139 divorces in the United States. Approximately one marriage out of seven goes on the rocks. Obviously both marriage as an institution and divorce as a rectifying process are flourishing.

Of course there are males who look askance at matrimony just as there are females who decline the adventure.

Roughly speaking, the males are (1) The variety too selfish and self-contained to admit equality in the opposite sex. (2) Those unwilling to relinquish personal pleasures that the family circle would eliminate. (3) A class numerically estimated at millions, just one jump ahead of coffee and doughnuts themselves. Indifferent providers and so, matrimonially speaking, "selling platers" at the best. (4) Such males as have sipped the dregs of matrimonial shipwreck and decline to reembark.

The female at all ages is receptive. But in proportion as her earning capacity has increased she has cultivated circumspection. She wants the proof of the pudding in advance. In other words, as her sphere of usefulness enlarges it behooves the pursuing male to show that he is something more than a flash in the pan.

Perhaps that explains why in certain circles matrimony is lagging.

Second Prize—$25

By Maxwell Shane
Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

There is no specific reason why men won't marry to-day—because they *will* marry and *do*.

Aside from individual problems, such as money, and, of course, the right girl, it does take a bit longer for the young man of to-day to make up his mind. The reason is this: He doesn't know how to handle the *new* American girl. She wants a husband just as much as ever before, but she has hedged herself round with an impersonation of freedom, which makes her harder to approach.

She talks about men's affairs. Whether she understands them or not is a different matter. She smokes men's cigarettes and holds down a man's job. Isn't it harder to approach the marriage subject with such a worldly-wise woman than with the sweet young thing of yesterday?

But fear not for America.

The average young man soon pierces the pose of conventional unconventionality, and finds behind it the real girl. Then he pops the question. And does she accept? Well—

I am still enough of a romanticist to feel that where love is involved, fur wraps, maids and other expensive apprehensions will take a back seat, and marriage will come to the front.

THIRD-PRIZE WINNERS
$5 Each

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Mrs. Elizabeth W. Fillmore
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Atlanta, Georgia
Mrs. Gilpin Lewis
Salt Lake City, Utah
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Seattle, Washington
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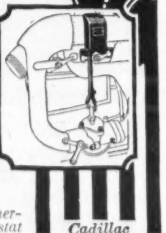

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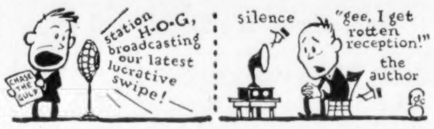
Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

A Good Cause

IN Wheelersburg, Ohio, Homer Hoover, known far and wide as "The smiling magazine man," has been bed-ridden since the tragic moment in 1895 when paralysis overcame him while fighting a forest fire. He writes me as follows: "Since buying that radio set Jack and Jill are wondering what they'll do with those phonograph records. They are useless and in the way, they say. The answer is easy. Pass 'em along to the shut-ins (and shut-outs) who have to depend upon the phonograph for entertainment. They'll appreciate them more than I can tell you. I thank you."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Its Greatest Sin

THERE is one sin which broadcasting has undoubtedly committed most profusely. It certainly indulges to the fullest extent in any of the latest popular song hits despite the prohibition of the copyrighters.

The Cost of Jazz

IN CONNECTION, however, with the recent furor over copyrighted music it is interesting to note that sixty-nine broadcast stations pay royalties for the privilege. According to a statement made by Gene Buck, president of the Composers' Society, these sixty-nine stations paid $34,000 in royalties during 1924, or approximately $500 each. This is not an excessive fee for a year's operation.

Removing Corrosion

EDWARD MEISEL, JR., of Bay City, Mich., sends this tip along to fans: "Corroded 'A' battery clips may be easily cleansed by connecting to a storage battery, or an 'A' battery charger, and then immersing them in a crock containing a strong salt-water solution. If the clips are held about one inch apart, they should be thoroughly cleansed in five minutes."

In the Good Old Summer Time

EVEN in the summer time when static and outdoor sports take away somewhat from the popularity of radio, you will find our radio map of great help.

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Send in your order now, with 25c in stamps, to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City. And after your map arrives, look it over and send us any suggestions you may have for its improvement. We pay $10 for all suggestions worth incorporating in the map.

Here's a Chance to Help

MR. F. M. HERRICK, editor of Tycos, Rochester, N. Y., a meteorological bulletin, makes an excellent suggestion to me in a letter. He states that before it is possible to determine the effect of weather on radio reception it will be necessary to compile definite data from actual observations. He asks that all radio fans make such observations, record them at the time of reception, such as temperature and general weather conditions; what the barometer reading is at the moment and what is the condition of radio reception as regards local and distant stations; how far reception can be made that night and similar facts. Keep a record of this type and then send it to Mr. Herrick.

Sunset's Blight

NEXT to static electricity, sunset is the greatest deterrent to efficient transatlantic radio telephone communication that Nature exerts. During the past two years daily tests across the ocean have been made.

Summarized, these show that during the winter months satisfactory conversation can be carried on all hours of the day with the exception of that period when sunset is making its progress across the three-thousand-mile expanse of water separating the old and new worlds. During the summer months commercial telephone communication will be possible during the morning, evening and night hours, exclusive of heavy static periods, the tests show.

Inauguration of the service awaits completion of the big station at Rugby, England.

Easy Pin Money

DON'T forget that we're paying $10 for all radio stories sent us by our readers which are worth printing. They must tell some interesting and unusual experiences or else give new and useful suggestions which might be followed out by the rest of us.

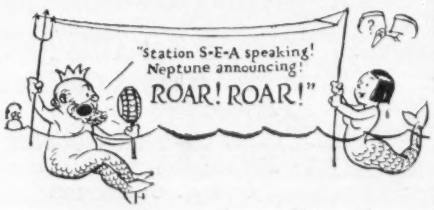
All such stories must be original, brief and to the point. Send them to Jack Binns, care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

A Good Ground

MR. F. C. HENDERSHOT of Spencer, Ind., asks how to make a good ground connection when there is no water pipe in the house. He says there are thousands of homes with radios, but which have no running water in the house.

Very well, Mr. Hendershot. Solder your ground wire to a large copper plate and bury this deeply enough to have it in moist earth. It is well to moisten the earth around such a ground connection from time to time with water.

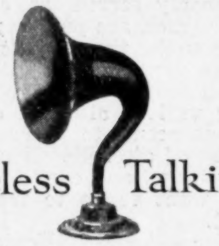
If you live in sandy territory put up a counterpoise aërial in place of a ground connection.


"Station S-E-A speaking! Neptune announcing! ROAR! ROAR!"

Broadcasting at Sea

DURING the past few months there has been a determined effort to provide passengers on transatlantic liners with musical entertainment aboard ship picked up by radio from broadcast stations in this country and Europe. Most of this has been done on American ships.

The British regulations sternly prohibit this on the ground that it might interfere with distress calls. In these days of multiplex radio telegraph and telephony this fear seems ungrounded to us.



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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

"I SUSPECT that Collier's doesn't want to know the facts about prohibition, and wouldn't publish them if it did," says H. E. Cotton, of Wisconsin Rapids, writing in answer to our invitation for facts about prohibition enforcement. He's wrong on both counts, and we hereby smash his last statement to bits by publishing the pick of the letter crop.

There's Always an Oasis

To the Editor of Collier's:

Is the prohibition law operative or enforcible in this community?

I do not know whether this is an average community; bootleggers are arrested and prosecuted when caught, but there does not seem to be any dearth of things alcoholic to drink.

Pure pre-Volstead whisky is very scarce, but there are substitutes. Wine is commonly served at card parties, when the men are present; home brew is common in the majority of homes, stills are owned and operated by many, and housewives exchange recipes for making various alcoholic drinks.

No one seems to be suffering from the want of alcoholic stimulants; it is easy to make, and easy to get if they do not want to go to the trouble to make it.

P. S. L.,
Frederick, Md.

The Northwest Scores High Dry

To the Editor of Collier's:

There is no federal criminal law more thoroughly enforced in this state than the prohibition law. This is due to the fact, I think, a breach of that law seldom escapes detection and offenders seldom escape conviction. At the present time both our federal and state prohibition officers are efficient.

BARTLETT SINCLAIR, Boise, Idaho.

It's Laissez Faire in Peotone

To the Editor of Collier's:

This is a country town of about 1,800 residents. It had at one time five or six saloons, but voted them out before prohibition under our local option law.

No one appears to take the prohibition law seriously. Farmers make gallons of wine and home brewers operate extensively.

No attempt is made to enforce strictly the law and this attitude apparently meets with the approval of the citizens. Arrests are made only in cases of extreme drunkenness. Under a strict enforcement of the law many prominent citizens would be in jail for the possession of illegal liquor.

W. F. BRASHEARS, Peotone, Ill.

The Price He Paid

To the Editor of Collier's:

My work as a special edition newspaper publisher has taken me into practically every southern state since the enactment of the Volstead law. Never yet have I failed to buy bootleg. It is true, in some localities booze is hard to get. But it is there and one can get it if only willing to pay the price.

C. FARMER,
Cooperhill, Tenn.

The Cures are Closing Up

To the Editor of Collier's:

The Keeley Institute movement used to have fifty institutes scattered over the country from coast to coast. The parent institute at Dwight had great buildings housing several hundred patients in that one alone. Nearly all of the fifty are now closed and Dwight has moved out into a little brick bungalow where they are now caring for about an average of thirty patients notwithstanding that most of the other fifty have gone entirely out of business.

Prohibition put the Neal Institutes out of business and the Chicago Washingtonian home.

The superintendent of one of our local largest factories said, "The great metropolitan dailies try to tell us that 'Prohibition doesn't prohibit,' but I know better. Men who used to be off nearly every Monday, and often at other times, work steady now. One of my men who never heard of a bank account in saloon days now pays his bills by check and has $700 in the bank."

GEORGE H. MCCLUNG, Kankakee, Ill.

Sometimes It's Drink and Die

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a salesman covering all or parts of six or seven states and I have never seen a town, big or little, where I could not get either home brew, real beer, hooch or alleged Scotch and American whisky and generally all of them.

It is no more trouble to get it now than before prohibition, but is considerably more expensive and a great deal more dangerous to drink it.

H. C. LESLIE, Jacksonville, Ill.

A Dry Takes the Offensive

To the Editor of Collier's:

If Americans are drinking more than ever and are paying the prices so authoritatively quoted by the special wet writers, why isn't America broke, with most of her money in the hands of foreign liquor exporters? How is it that foreign liquor exporters are going broke while savings banks, stores, building and loan associations and other institutions dependent upon the prosperity of the American public are reporting better business than ever before in history?

If we are drinking more than ever and the stuff is ten times as deadly, why are not most of our people dead instead of kicking around under the lowest death rate in history? How is it possible for bootleggers to distribute more booze through knotholes in obscure alley fences than was distributed by the brewers and distillers while their stuff was being distributed by the train load from the most convenient corner locations?

In fact, almost any wet propagandist's argument can be completely disposed of by matching it with another, equally wet but absolutely inconsistent with the first.

It is true that there is still crime, there is still drunkenness. But there is infinitely less than there would be without prohibition and other conditions the same. Dry law transgressions are not being entirely prevented; but the way of the transgressor is becoming increasingly hard. The path of least resistance is daily leading more into the course of law obedience.

O. G. CHRISTGAU, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Coué's Old Slogan Works Here

To the Editor of Collier's:

When the 17 saloons in this town of 12,000 closed their doors there was a great "holler" from the thirsty ones, but the most noise, or rather the greatest indignation, came from the property owners of the buildings in which the saloons flourished. . . .

I believe prohibition enforcement is the same here as elsewhere—that conditions are getting better every day and officers are getting the spirit of the movement and getting results. . . . Without question greater effort is being made and better results are being gotten from day to day.

FARMER,
Austin, Minn.

The Faith of a Fourteen-Older

To the Editor of Collier's:

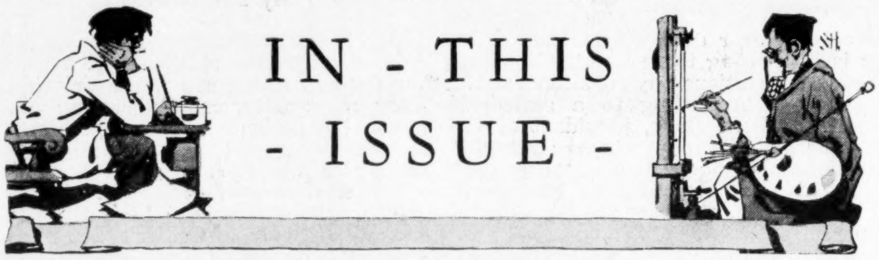
Little Bobby Burns, age fourteen, sells his papers every evening on my corner. Bobby and I are pals because I keep his roller skates and coaster wagon oiled.

Drunks are not a rare thing on our corner and occasionally stumble over Bobby's wagon.

Bobby says it is against the Constitution to drink whisky. He says the Constitution is the foundation of our government.

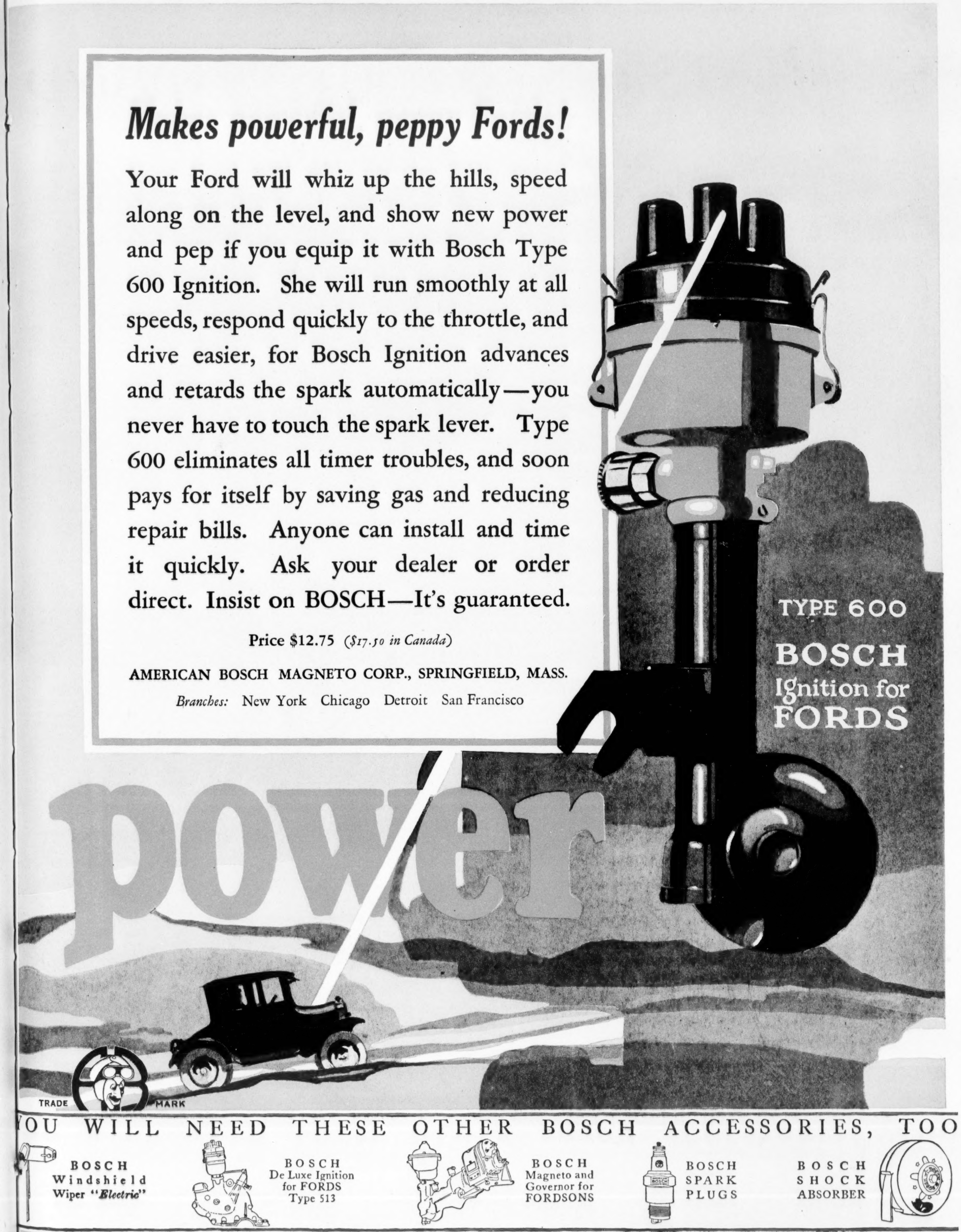
I have often wondered since Bobby told me that just what he thinks about the foundation of our government—and Bobby is bright and learning every day.

NELSON CORBETT, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.



IN - THIS - ISSUE -

SPEND YOUR VACATION AT THE NORTH POLE
Vilhjalmur Stefansson punctures some old ideas about the Arctic . . . . Page 5
ROSE-LEE
A story of youth and lovers. By James Oppenheim Page 7
THE BOOK OF BASEBALL ETIQUETTE
H. I. Phillips shows, among other things, the correct way to mob an umpire . . . . . Page 10
THE BUZZ SAW
Selling tractors is as simple as crossword puzzles. By William Hazlett Upson . . . . . . Page 12
WOMEN WITH THE WALLOP
By Grantland Rice . . . . Page 14
HE KNEW WASHINGTON
Letters from an eyewitness of the first inauguration . . . . Page 15
"JUST DYING TO GO ON THE STAGE"
A distinguished actor recalls people and scenes. By George Arliss . . . . Page 16
USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL
Proved by pictures . . . . Page 18
THE CURSE OF THE GOLDEN CROSS
Father Brown solves a murder mystery. By Gilbert K. Chesterton . . . . Page 20
THE PACE THAT KILLS
By Uncle Henry . . . . Page 22
IS DEMPSEY'S CROWN FOR SALE?
An inside story. By Bill Cunningham . . . Page 23
THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE
Willa Cather's new novel transfers its scenes to the Southwest . . . . Page 24
EDITORIALS . . . . Page 26
ARE YOU WELL EDUCATED? THINK IT OVER
By Dr. Frank Crane . . . . Page 27
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
By Jack Binns . . . . Page 45



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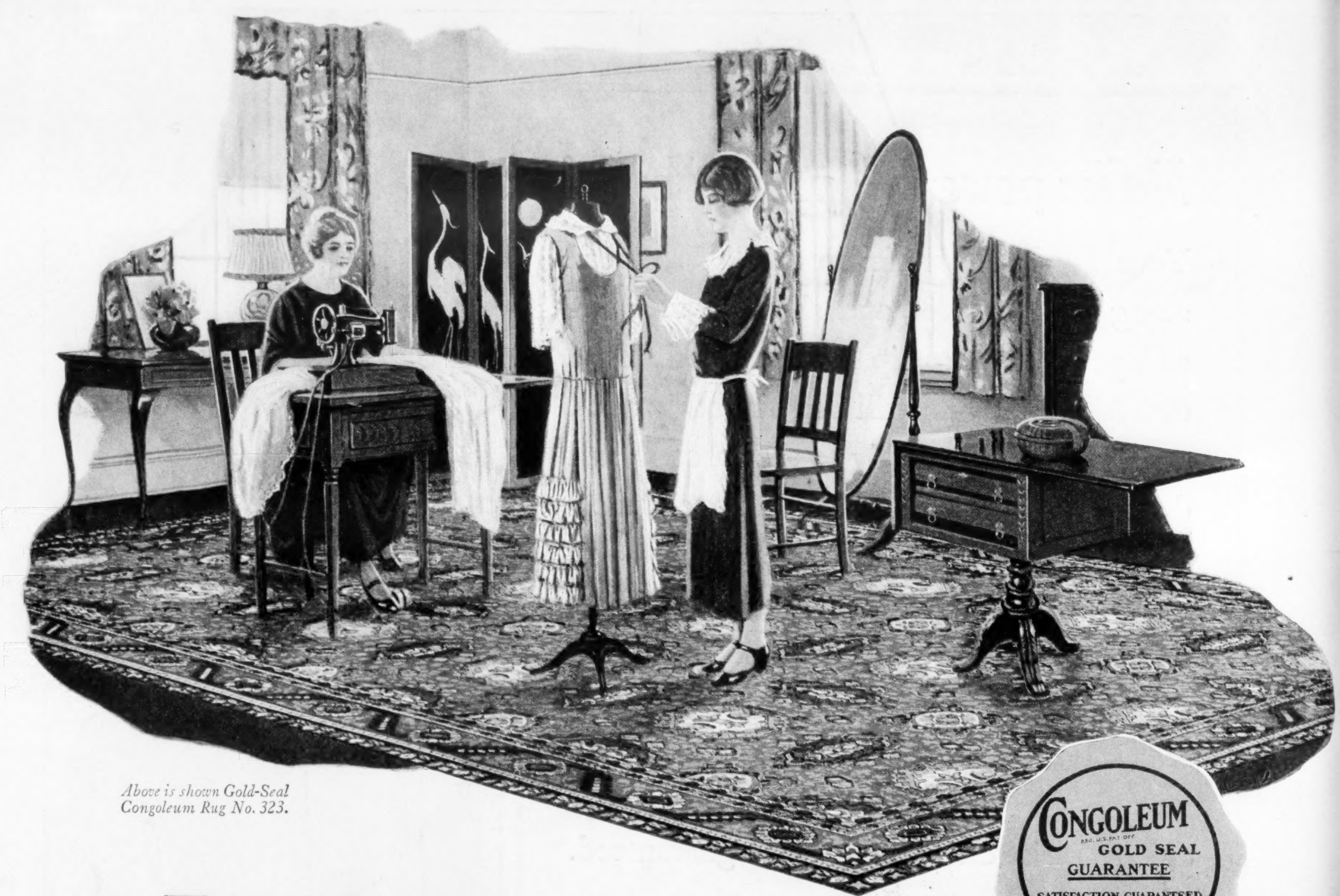

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